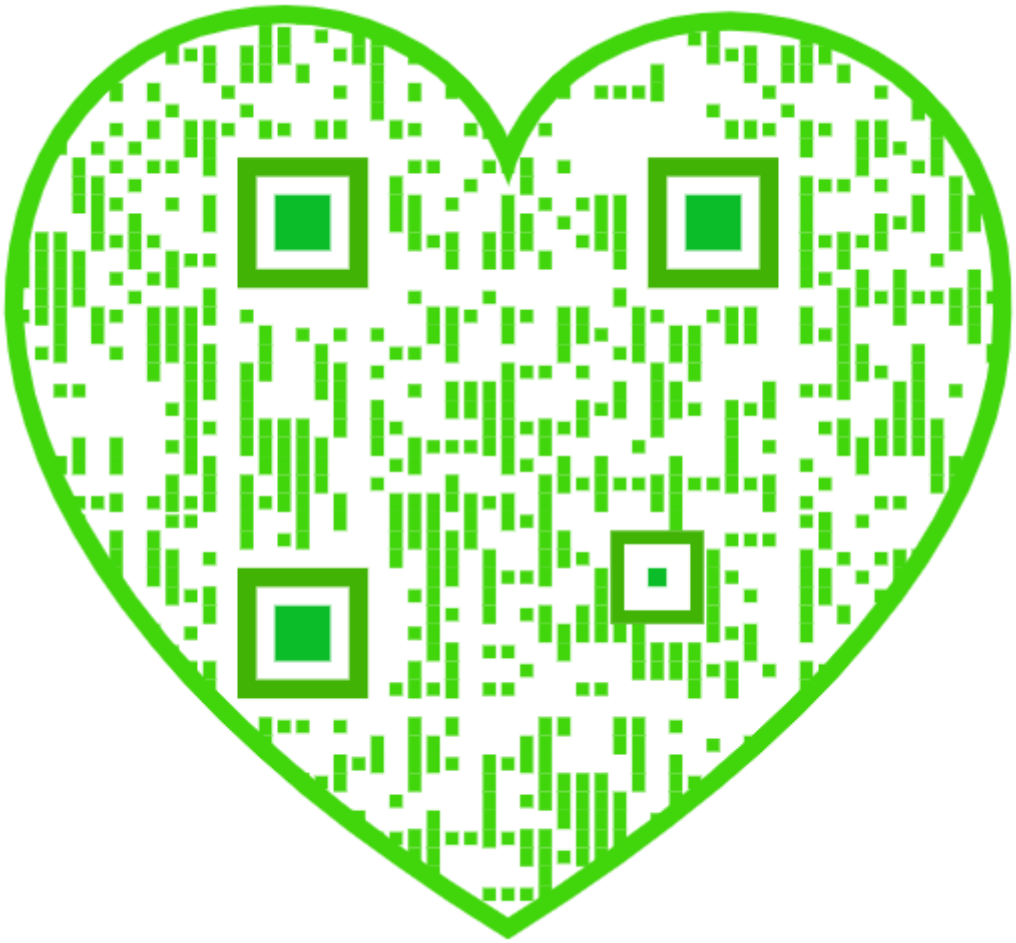
BARNARD'S

DRAWING

FROM

NATURE.



FRONTISPIECE, PLATE 1.

FOREGROUND PLANTS.

DRAWING FROM NATURE:

A SERIES OF

PROGRESSIVE INSTRUCTIONS IN SKETCHING,

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

Lectures on Art delivered at Rugby School.

ILLUSTRATED BY EIGHTEEN COLOURED PLATES, AND NUMEROUS WOODCUTS.

BY

GEORGE BARNARD,

PROFESSOR OF DRAWING AT RUGBY SCHOOL; AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS," "FOLIAGE AND FOREGROUND DRAWING," "SWITZERLAND," ETC.

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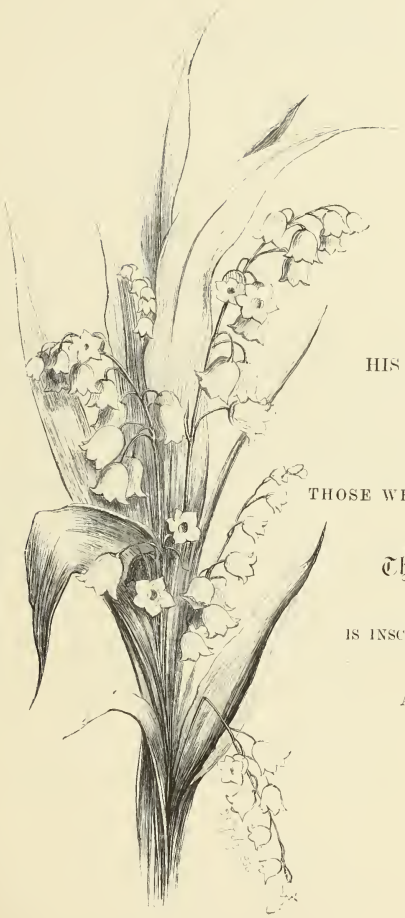

TO

HIS CHILDREN

AND

THOSE WHO LOVE NATURE

This Work

IS INSCRIBED BY THE

AUTHOR.

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DRAWING FROM NATURE

INTRODUCTION.

"Drawing is of the greatest use in after life, and above all, it has the effect of leading to accurate habits of observation and a more distinct knowledge and mechanical facility than almost any other kind of manipulation; it is a sovereign remedy for correcting idle habits, and of the greatest benefit to the scholar; it is a most admirable adjunct to education."—LORD BROUGHAM.

DRAWING taught upon sound principles, contributes in no mean proportion to the development of the intellectual powers. The habit of close observation, with the exactness and dexterity required in the practice of this art, educates not only the eye and hand, but materially assists in strengthening the mind. To accomplish this, however, it is essential that drawing be pursued with the same devotion, and with the same opportunities as other branches of education. It must not be treated as a mere pastime, to be followed or not, according to the whim of the moment, and for the neglect of which a deficiency of talent or the urgency of other studies, is considered a more than sufficient excuse. What youth is allowed to plead "a want of taste" for Latin or Greek? The answer would be, they are indispensable; these studies of men's thoughts and actions elevate and refine his own mind and language, enabling him to speak and act like a true gentleman.

Dr. Temple says "neither mathematics nor physical science touch the strictly human part of our nature; the fact being that all education really comes from intercourse with other minds. . . . That which supplies the perpetual spur to the whole human race to continue incessantly adding to our store of knowledge, that which refines, elevates, and does not merely educate the moral, nor merely the intellectual faculties, but the whole man, is our communion with each other, and the highest study is that which most

promotes this communion. . . . That study will do the most, which most familiarizes a boy's mind with noble thoughts, with beautiful images, with the deeds and the words which great men have done and said, and all others have admired and loved."

Drawing also does much of this, and adds that which mere abstract study wants,—the power of accurate observation, and the ability to express the result in a language intelligible to all. To effect this, Drawing must be to the pupil a bonâ fide study, the fruit of his own observation, and of his own thoughts, as well as of the training of his hand, and the dexterity and grace of his manipulation. It must not be a parrot-like imitation of the ideas or language of another—a mere repetition without sense or reflection: this is not drawing, but copying, the preliminary practice before we arrive at the Art of *Drawing from Nature*.

Nothing has such a tendency to weaken not only the dexterity of the hand but the power of accurate observation, as the habit of copying hastily and carelessly the ideas of others, without referring continually to the reality. To prevent this indiscriminate and ape-like repetition and misdirection of energy, copying should be used only as a means of acquiring the power of handling the instrument. That once attained, the pupil should begin to draw the simplest forms from real objects. In fact, as soon as he can draw straight lines, let a perspective drawing of a cube be shown him, together with the object itself. After he has closely examined the solid form on all sides, let him take a position in which the real cube will appear the same as in the drawing; let him look at it through a transparent plane, such as a sheet of glass in a frame, and let him trace upon it with a crayon of hard soap the edges of the cube as they appear to him from that point. Then substitute a piece of wood or paper for the glass, let him hide the cube with it by holding it at arm's length, and then, having lowered and raised it several times, let him place the paper on the table, and by an effort of memory draw the form he has previously traced on the glass; with a moderate amount of care and attention he will succeed in producing it, almost as accurately as it appears on the transparent medium. A cube and circle thus truly and carefully studied, drawn in every position and reasoned upon, will produce clear and determinate ideas with which to lay a foundation of exactitude in drawing, and will also remove one of the causes of obscurity in simple ideas, which Locke tells us

"seem to be either dull organs, slight impressions, or weakness of memory." Memory, the storehouse of ideas, is greatly developed and strengthened by the young draughtsman's endeavouring, after an attentive study of any object, to draw it from recollection; in this manner ideas of the connexion of lines and solid forms will become inseparable in his mind, and he will afterwards greatly benefit by having clearly understood the subject from the outset.

A rapid communication between the eye, memory, and hand is also established, and the great gulf which so often exists between copying and drawing from real objects at once bridged over; while the true artist will find that, after a little practice, the power of communicating his thoughts by drawing will, in many instances, be more agreeable and complete than that of writing.

Locke again confirms us in this opinion, when he says that "drawing helps a man often to express in a few lines well put together what a whole sheet of paper in writing would not be able to represent or make intelligible."

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute," say the French, and I think it is worth a little trouble to render this formidable "premier pas" as short and easy as possible, and I have sometimes found my pupils assisted and encouraged by a description of some of the difficulties which attended my first attempts to draw from nature—difficulties which I doubt not were increased by my having for too long a time directed my attention to mere copying.

As the reader will perceive, my first attempt was a very simple affair; yet, though I have since sketched many complicated subjects, both at home and abroad, I do not believe any one cost me so much real labour, elicited so many sighs and despairing exclamations, or produced in my eyes so poor a result for a long afternoon's work. I should mention, that at the time of making it I could copy the most elaborate lithographs with such success, that partial judges pronounced my imitations, not only equal, but even superior to the original. A shrewd master and sincere friend, however, declared sufficient time had been spent in what has been denominated "laborious idleness," and one fine summer's afternoon he desired me to take my sketching materials and go up the banks of the Thames to Putney, with injunctions not to return without a sketch from Nature, even if it were merely a post with a rope tied round it.

I sallied out, feeling very much as a boy who cannot swim must do upon being thrown into deep water, without corks, or even any one to hold up his

chin, for I had never drawn from real objects before. The disconsolate way in which I wandered up and down the banks, abounding with rich and picturesque subjects, such as old boats, ships breaking up, mills, bridges, trees, and water-plants, is still deeply impressed on my memory. Some of these objects I doubtless saw, but thought too difficult, others not sufficiently picturesque; so that at last, in sheer desperation, I sat down before the very object my master had suggested. This first sketch would have been accomplished with less difficulty had my friend made it with me, explained a little of the practical use of perspective; but the mental discipline I underwent was valuable, for it lowered my pride in my neat copies, and taught me to see Nature for the future with humility, if not with love.

I just now alluded to the difficulty I experienced in my choice of a subject. The eloquent author of "Modern Painters" tells us we are "to reject nothing, select nothing, and scorn nothing." Now, presumptuous as it is to scorn the least portion of a creation which has been declared perfect, we are surely quite at liberty, as regards Art, both to reject and select those objects, and those effects only, which in our opinion are most fitted for representation. In reality, we begin to select from our earliest childhood; the eye discriminates without our being conscious of any effort. The great object of Art is to choose and combine such forms, colours, and effects, as shall best convey to the spectator the inspiration of the moment, or the scene which has impressed the artist's mind with beauty, sublimity, or repose. A figure moved by passion, and presenting for the instant a striking and powerful idea of the emotion, passes through innumerable variety of positions, one of which only can be seized and

portrayed. That most suited to convey the truth we select, the others are rejected. As an instance of this selection, a racehorse at full speed doubles his legs under him, and they remain in that position as long as in the opposite, outstretched; but we find that this doubled-up position does not give the idea of motion or speed, therefore we reject it, and choose the other. In a group of figures moved by a similar emotion, selection of position and action is still more necessary, even to the colour of the draperies, and the most apparently trifling accessories. The same rule holds good in landscape painting; one single point must be selected from which to sketch the entire scene, and once chosen it must be adhered to.

The power of judicious selection must be the result of study, and study, to be successful, must, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "be well directed." The most useful guide in this education is the experience of others. How many pencil or coloured sketches equivalent to notes with the pen, but far more graphic than any words, lie hidden in the artist's folio, evidently ideas rejected, for the time at least, while others, more suited to his present need, are dwelt upon and nurtured till the mere sketch becomes a finished work, and thus the germ of many a future picture may lie encased like the young bud of a fruitful tree awaiting its due season to unfold. Unless, however, this power of selection has been cultivated, it may not unfrequently occur that subjects more interesting, pictures more striking, grouped figures more naturally disposed than those ultimately chosen, have been passed by, or even if sketched, condemned for ever to the obscurity of the artist's folio. Though it is only natural that he should give the preference to the brush rather than the pen, yet, in addition to the hasty strokes of his favourite instrument, a certain portion of word-painting is a valuable auxiliary, and should not be neglected, as it not only enables the artist to recal, by means of a few notes, circumstances and traits of character that must otherwise escape him in the lapse of years, but is highly interesting to those who are associated with him in the same ardent worship of Nature.

How earnestly have many of us longed for a truthful diary of the passing thoughts and feelings of great men, and how carefully have we cherished such as have been left us when certain that they are faithful transcripts of the man, and not made up portraits for exhibition! What lessons to the Art-student are the sketches and studies for a single great picture, and how much

he learns from the artist's corrections, elaborations, and selections, as he follows the one idea through each succeeding stage. These are as valuable in Art as the seared and corrected manuscripts of Pope and Gray can be to the young poet. It is indeed a common remark among students sufficiently advanced in their profession to feel the difficulties of acquiring skill without experience, that one visit to the studio of an eminent painter—one fair examination of his studies, of his rejected and adopted ideas, with a few kindly explanations from himself, is far more instructive than a whole exhibition of his finished productions. Let it be understood that I by no means advise a habit of indiscriminately sketching every scene, or combination of light and shade, or colours, that may present itself to the student. These sketches and notes, to be valuable, must be well defined and carefully made, or they will prove as useless to himself as unintelligible to others. Even some of Turner's folios of loose studies are so utterly unconnected, that not even his most ardent worshippers are able to find any clue to his idea. I remember, when young, once travelling in the *diligence* from Paris to Geneva in company with an amateur, who greatly astonished me by incessantly filling his note-book with rough sketches, in coloured crayons, of every object, no matter of what nature, that we passed upon the road. By the time we reached Geneva the book was about as valuable as so much waste paper, no real meaning being attached to any single scrawl; the only thing acquired was a habit of indiscriminate sketching—as bad as a person talking incessantly without communicating a single idea.

The general desire for a glance behind the scenes—the anxiety to trace the course of a great artist's idea from the moment when it first flashed before his mental vision to the time when, finally embodied, it stood before him a completed work, have induced many artists to exhibit their sketches year by year. In the case of a living painter of historical or poetical subjects this can scarcely be expected; but it is most instructive to examine the sketches and studies of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other old masters that have been preserved. Could the most successful works be traced in this manner to their first conception, they would often be found to result from an idea, an incident, an effect of only a moment's duration, but which, falling on a well-prepared mind, and wrought out by a hand trained to convey an impression, however transient, have laid the foundation of a true work of art. Many artists are

incapable of explaining the process through which their picture arrived at maturity. Wrought up and carried on by the excitement of genius, the steps which led to the result are forgotten; nor could we expect or desire that a Turner or a Landseer should stop in his glorious career, even to assist the neophyte in Art by the history of his progress. It belongs to those who are but a few steps up the ladder of fame to aid the novice in placing his foot safely on the first round. Such, however genuine their devotion to Art, are not so likely to have forgotten the difficulties they encountered in their search after truth, nor the points at which they most felt the need of a friendly helping hand.

CHAPTER I.

ELEMENTARY PRACTICE.

'Exactly in proportion as an artist is certain of his end, will he be swift and simple in his means; and as he is accurate and deep in his knowledge, will he be precise and refined in his touch."—RUSKIN.

STUDY OF PARTS, BEFORE ATTEMPTING WHOLE SUBJECT; PRECISION AND FIRMNESS THUS ACQUIRED — FOLIAGE DIFFICULT TO RENDER TRULY — THE HAND EXERCISED BEFORE DRAWING FROM NATURE—PLANTS SELECTED ACCORDING TO PROMINENCE IN A PICTURE—GENERAL CHARACTER DEPENDANT ON OUTLINE, IN TREES ON DISPOSITION OF TRUNK AND BRANCHES—STUDY OF DETAIL MERGED IN GENERAL EFFECT—TURNER AN ELABORATE COPYIST—CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH TREE TO BE STRICTLY RENDERED; THESE VARIED BY CLIMATE AND SOIL—LITHOGRAPHIC EXAMPLES SUITED FOR COPYING—RESEMBLANCE OF ART AND POETRY—FREEDOM AND DELICACY OF DRAWING VALUED BY PAINTERS OF ANTIQUITY—APELLES—GIOTTO—EXAMPLES OF FOLIAGE, FIGS. 1 TO 10—SHADING, FIGS. 11 TO 14—BRUSH SOMETIMES SUPERIOR TO PENCIL; FLAT AND GRADATED TINTS, PLATE VI.—HIGHEST LIGHTS LEFT IN CORRECT FORMS—STUDIES WITH FULL AND MODERATELY DRY BRUSH—EXAMPLES OF FOLIAGE IN SEPIA, PLATE VII.

THE design of this work being to assist all who have a desire to draw immediately from Nature, I have endeavoured to explain the system found most successful at Rugby and elsewhere. To teach the young student of Nature to observe and execute, is an object worth much care and explanation. I have therefore taken the practice step by step, beginning with the simplest lines and touches, imitating as far as the somewhat perverse nature of wood-cutting will permit, the freedom and dexterity of a trained hand. I have already found by the large amount of success of former works, that the pupil may be much assisted by previous careful study of the different

parts before the entire object is attempted. As the road that is patiently trod step by step is likely to be better known than that over which one is whirled in an express train, so the examination of Nature in detail in this effort tends greatly to increase the knowledge of the whole; observation, mind, and hand all working in unison.

In careful studies of this kind, there will be so much life and reality that every observer, whether educated or not, will at once perceive that the artist is well acquainted with the subject he has been treating. Such a result is worth a good deal of patient labour. In addition to this, the study of objects in detail gives precision and firmness to the hand, and a habit of faithful copying is acquired, which is afterwards of the greatest use in rendering the more elaborate tones of the middle and distant portions of a picture.

There are, however, some objects so multitudinous in their parts and so changeable in their position and form, that something more than a strict adherence to the rules of copying is required. Foremost among these stands foliage, whether of trees, shrubs, or the more humble plants of the field and common. At this point in the young artist's study, my experience has taught me that great assistance can be rendered him by a well-considered method, proved by repeated trials to be an effectual means of arriving at the desired end. Do not let me be misunderstood. In no way would I substitute this method or any theory for drawing from Nature. What I advocate is, that before the student begins that course of study, he should so educate and train his hand that strokes, touches, and tints in every direction and of every quality and strength can be executed by the hand *alone*, leaving the higher powers of the mind free to embrace more important points. Not pretending to a knowledge of botany, I have simply viewed trees and plants with a painter's eye; treating them as parts of a picture, and as they affect the unscientific observer. Artists have little to do with many plants which interest the botanist, their attention being directed to the general appearance; in the following pages I have therefore selected only such objects as are at once the most common and distinct in character, or those which afford good practice in their graceful forms. A certain knowledge, however, of the principal rules of botany, or perhaps I should rather say accurate observation and acquaintance with Nature, is necessary, that the student may readily recognise each tree and plant, not merely by the leaf and blossom, but by the structure

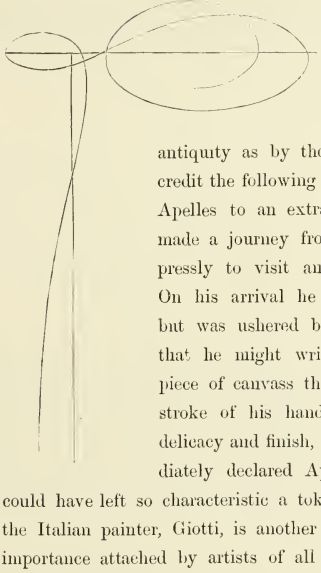
and arrangement of its parts. He cannot be a faithful or effective delineator of Nature without some acquaintance with geology, that its laws be not transgressed when representing the stratification of rocks or fractures in portions of them near the foreground. The general character of an object is first obtained from the outline, or outside form; in trees and plants, this depends first, on the trunk or stem, then on the size or disposition of the branches, and the way in which the smaller shoots or twigs grow and the leaves expand. This careful study of character, upon which the truth of drawing depends, must not degenerate into a timid and servile imitation of details; and when once the important parts are introduced, those not required for effect must be observed by a few broad strokes or glazings. Our celebrated Turner may be quoted as an encouraging example to the young in this close and minute study; from his early days he was an elaborate copyist of Nature, though later all this knowledge was melted into a blaze of coloured light or the obscurity of deep shade, and he often sacrificed much of the truth of detail to experiments in colour frequently intelligible only to himself. Undoubtedly the most important and ornamental objects in landscape are trees and plants, but the great difficulty of representing foliage too often deters students from attempting scenes of which they form the chief attraction. I am, therefore, desirous of lessening this obstacle, by supplying my pupils with a few directions for practice, which may lead, when followed by subsequent intercourse with Nature, to a true and vigorous style in drawing foliage. Each tree having a character of its own, must be represented characteristically, and its individuality preserved, however much it may be modified by climate, soil, or season. A tree in full leaf in the height of summer presents a very different appearance from its autumn or winter aspect, yet as the trunk and ramification of the branches remain unaltered, the species is still discernible.

Much variety occurs in the same kind of tree growing under different circumstances; a forest oak, for instance, differs greatly from the same species growing in a group of two or three, for when planted in close vicinity to other trees, its lateral branches are smaller and weaker, while its height is greater. The influence of soil and climate is more observable in some trees than in others; the oak in favourable situations spreads its broad limbs on every side, and grows to an immense size, increasing in spread more than in height, whilst on craggy rocks and exposed to blighting winds, it becomes diminutive

and shrubby, scarcely overtopping the underwood. The elm, ash, and lime shoot up more rapidly and attain to a far greater height, but do not adapt themselves with equal readiness to unfavourable situations. The way in which each tree grows from the ground must be particularly noticed; whether the roots be prominent or not, the trunk, if much divided near the base; the bark, if rough, smooth, twisted or straight; the distance of the branches from the ground, the manner and place where they separate from the trunk; their size in proportion to the stem or to the mass of leaves; the angles which they make with the trunk or ground; the general growth and direction of the twigs and leaves, whether the latter divide into small clusters and admit much light, like those of the ash, or mass together in greater numbers like the elm. Leaves which group closely together, as the beech, elm, lime, &c. are capable of receiving greater breadth of light and shade than those of the birch, weeping-willow and others; these the student should first attempt. Memoranda of the time of year when the autumnal tints appear on each tree, and of the various changes which take place in the course of the seasons will be found very useful. When the student has thus made himself acquainted with the general character of each tree, as well as the kind of touch which will best represent the shape and growth of the leaf, he should proceed to draw the whole tree from Nature, commencing with a light outline, not only of the chief masses of light and shade of the foliage, but also a correct sketch of the trunk, and the direction of the principal branches, whether seen or not, when finished. In drawing foliage, he should remember that it is not possible to copy minutely each small spray, but let him aim at the general resemblance, and his previous copying of twigs and small branches will give great facility to his execution; accurate and rapid execution being indispensable to good tree drawing, as without it, or with too laboured a touch, the necessary idea of capability of motion is lost. When the tree is finished the position and direction of the larger branches should be discernible amongst the thickest foliage; these may be ascertained in Nature by a slight alteration of place, and in Art, to produce the same effect, some of the foliage should be made a little thinner or semi-transparent, and the colour of the branch be indicated. The branches thus seen give lightness to the tree; the student must, however, beware of showing the stem and branches too completely, as this would make them appear all on the side nearest the spectator, whereas

they should be placed in the midst of the foliage, sometimes even hidden by the lower masses of leaves, but near the outside, and top more distinctly shown.

The just perspective of branches, though difficult to preserve, should always be considered essential; some should project forward, others retire, and others, again, be placed nearly parallel to the plane of the picture. In colour they are generally darker than the foliage, with the exception of the birch, beech, and aspen, and when in the shadow of green leaves, partake considerably of their tone. The difference of local colour in foliage may in some degree be indicated, even in pencil and chalk, by a broad or general tint put on with long strokes, and the shadow afterwards added in the same manner as in colours. In the extreme distance the character of trees is only distinguishable by their general form, which may be given with a flat tint. In the examples or headings to trees, the leaves of each, and the way in which they grow on the sprays, are given, but the general appearance of a bough of many of the most important trees at a greater distance has been shown in plates. The woodcuts are not placed before the student to be copied, as it is utterly impossible to copy a tree leaf by leaf, but to explain to him the manner in which the character of each touch is derived. The lithographic examples, Plates II. III. IV. and V. showing the touch of the principal trees, and having more freedom, are better suited for practice; also it is the intention of the author to publish a series of larger examples drawn by himself on stone for the more complete training of the student in Drawing. When this is perfectly understood, facility in its application will be gained by drawing foliage in every direction on a large scale. To all those of my readers who possess real artistic feeling, no apology need be offered for the quotations from our poets that will be found in this volume, for the true artist and the true poet are one in sentiment, differing from each other only according to their gifts and in their mode of expression. These charming fragments of poetry will also bring to remembrance many a lovely form or beautiful effect, rendering the descriptions and illustrations with the pen and pencil of double use, for verse, as Sir Philip Sydney says, "far exceedeth prose in knitting up the memory." To the painter who may be unable for a time to seek Nature herself, the exquisite word-painting of his brother artist, the poet, comes as a pure and life-giving refreshment, whilst in their turn the artist's faithful delineations of Nature convey like enjoyment to the true poet.



PERFECT mastery over the hand, and great delicacy of touch, were as much or more valued by the painters of antiquity as by those of modern times; and, if we may credit the following anecdote, were possessed by the great Apelles to an extraordinary degree. It is said that he made a journey from the island of Cos to Rhodes, expressly to visit another celebrated painter, Protogenes. On his arrival he found the latter absent from home, but was ushered by a domestic into the artist's studio, that he might write his name. Apelles approached a piece of canvass that stood on the easel, and with one stroke of his hand produced a line of such exquisite delicacy and finish, that Protogenes, on his return, immediately declared Apelles had been there, as none other could have left so characteristic a token of his visit. The well-known O of the Italian painter, Giotti, is another instance, if one were wanting, of the importance attached by artists of all ages to this portion of study. This perfect control of the hand, this facility of execution, is equally necessary to the skilful delineation of trees, and can only be the result of repeated efforts and practice in the elementary exercises.

Let the student begin with the simplest lines, and practise well each exercise, until the difficulties are entirely overcome. The hand can generally make lines and curves in some directions with more ease than in others; but as foliage grows in all positions, a corresponding freedom should be obtained with the pencil, before elaborate drawings are attempted. Taking, therefore, Fig. 1 to begin with, the student should first sketch a light boundary line of an oval form, and then make strokes all round it, radiating from the centre, and increasing in strength to the outer termination. In Fig. 2, the lines are slightly curved, and more difference made in the strength of the touch. In Fig. 3 the application of these curved lines with their corresponding parts may be traced; together they give a form which is like the point of a leaf, the other part being hidden in the general mass; the

extremities of leaves, which show against the sky, or are relieved by shadow, are always more easily seen than the other portions. The space enclosed

Fig. 1.

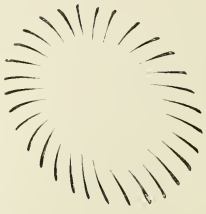


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

by this series of touches, is supposed to be a mass of leaves, on which the light falls undivided by shadow. No particular foliage is attempted in these exercises, but with some variation they form the touch of many trees, such as the elm, ash, walnut, chestnut, &c. The oak, sycamore, thorn, and trees with concave or jagged leaves, require a different touch, such as Fig. 4, which is a boundary line made with concave touches, and these and Fig. 5, being

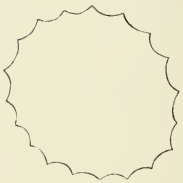


Fig. 4.

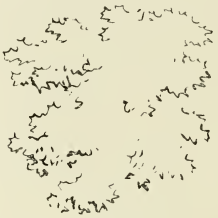


Fig. 5.

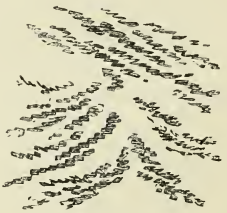


Fig. 6.

in a contrary direction to those hitherto practised, should be copied until the pupil has acquired a power of drawing the foliage of such trees. Care should be taken that the whole mass of leaves represented should project rather than recede; and to effect this the outline must have more strength on the side opposite the light, thus indicating the direction in which it comes. In Fig. 6, the touches commence as before, from the inner part, and are carried outwards to the right or left, thus showing the direction taken

by the foliage of the beech, lime, &c.; if the touch is made short and thick, it will give the leaves a corresponding character. Fig. 7. The foliage of bushes

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

and shrubs being more upright than that of trees, the touches should generally be drawn in the same direction, or slightly varying on all sides from the perpendicular. Fig. 8. Strokes placed nearly parallel, and pointing upwards, give the usual appearance of the leaves of firs, which grow on the upper side of the branches; these are not difficult to execute, but they should be drawn in masses and about the same length, for the edges of these tints

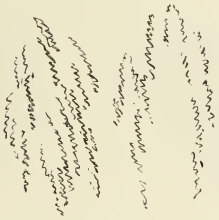


Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

give the form of light and shade. If the touches are too much separated, they will appear rather like individual leaves than clusters of foliage. The short wavy and zig-zag touch in Fig. 9 imitates the angular and upright leaf of the poplar; or in the reverse direction the hanging foliage of the weeping birch. Fig. 10. These strokes give the general direction of the weeping willow, the long leaves of which hang nearly perpendicular to the earth;

they are slightly curved, but enclose no large mass of light, as the foliage is thin and scattered.

Figs. 11, 12, 13, and 14, show the practice which is necessary to give clearness and transparency in shading. By using the power of increasing or

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

diminishing the depth of tone, and varying the direction of the strokes, to correspond in some degree with the character of the foliage in the last figure, the shade may be drawn in such a manner that the light shall be left of the right shape, and very little outline is required to finish it. It is unnecessary to give the shape of leaves in the mass of shadow; but the extremities should

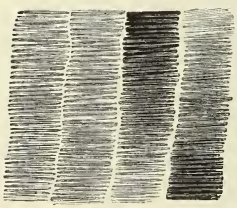


Fig. 13.

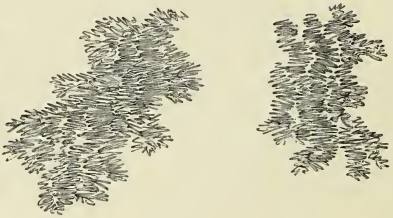


Fig. 14.

be drawn with attention, the character there appearing distinctly marked. As these studies have to be repeated when the student takes up the brush, I have thought it advisable to explain its use by a few observations and examples, in sepia, as given in Plates VI. and VII.

To become aware of the power possessed by the instrument he is handling is a great step. In many respects the brush is superior to the pencil, and

when certain difficulties in the management, which meet him in the outset are overcome, he will find himself amply repaid. The facility with which an outline in pencil can be produced compared with the difficulty of combining form with light, shade, and colour with the brush, tempts the pupil to study too entirely with the former, and trust far too much to his memory for the colour he sees in Nature. He should early take the brush in hand, and with it study to maintain a correct outline, and he will find that after a certain course of patient practice, success will follow.

Flat tints, such as Plate VI. Figs. 1 to 6, can be laid in a tenth part of the time it would take to produce the same effect with pencil or chalk; and might show the real colour of the object, instead of a neutral gray, when more skilfully graduated or varied, as Figs. 7, 8, and 9. The hand can, moreover, be trained to give a definite and yet varied edge to the tints; the forms when thus carefully produced at the commencement, or with the first tints, will be found infinitely superior to an unsupported outline, which is utterly opposed to Nature.

One important point to bear in mind is the form of those portions of the paper which are left white to represent the highest lights, and also the form of the first tints put on; because if the first tint represent the natural colour of the object, such as a mass of foliage, the light should in most instances fall on the convex outline, or outside, but if it is the second tint or shadow that is being put on, then the attention must be drawn to the convex forms left of the first flat tint. Now, it is well known that very delightful qualities of tone are obtained by floating on abundance of colour, but this is frequently at the expense of a great loss of correct drawing, and much time is afterwards spent in trying to recover it. I should rather recommend that such studies as those in Plate VI. be made early in the pupil's progress, and a perfect command of the brush, either in a full or moderately dry state, obtained. With this amount of skill in the manipulation of his instruments, he will find in Plate VII. and the following pages of this work abundant opportunities for practising his art, and acquiring the touch necessary to indicate the character of all parts of the foreground, whether it be foliage, plants, or rocks; and having thus studied Nature close at hand and in detail, he will have gained facility, and have more enjoyment when he takes pencil in hand to make a sketching tour.

CHAPTER II.

ON TREES.

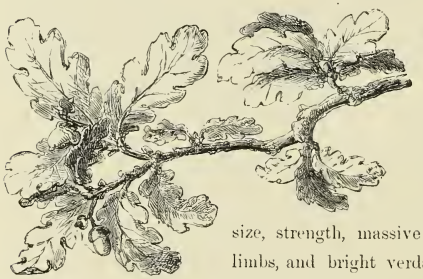
"Much can they praise the trees so straight and high
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall.
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forest all;
The aspen, good for staves; the cypress, funeral
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound."

SPENSER.

THE OAK—*Quercus Robur.*

"Those green robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall Oaks." KEATS.

PRECEDENCE OF THE OAK—OPINIONS OF EVELYN AND GILPIN AS TO PICTURESQUE CHARACTER—ROOTS, DIFFICULTIES OF, AFFECTING GROWTH OF BRANCHES—SIR T. DICK LAUDER—CHÊNE DE SULLY—OAKS WITHOUT LOWER BRANCHES DESTITUTE OF TRUE CHARACTER—FOLIAGE, COLOUR OF—MOSSES ON OAK—POLLARDS REMAINING GREEN—USES OF OAK-BARK, GALLS, ETC.—MISS MITFORD—OAK-FELLING.



PRECEDENCE in the table of trees is generally given by artists to the Oak, our national tree, and I think it deserves that mark of distinction, on account of its great size, strength, massive trunk, spreading, sinuous limbs, and bright verdant foliage, as well as for its extreme longevity. Vigour is expressed in every portion of a healthy Oak; it has a vigorous youth, vigorous prime, and vigorous old age. It

LEIGHTON BROS

is in the last of these three stages that the Oak becomes the most attractive to artists, for with age the picturesqueness of its appearance greatly increases. Writers on forest trees, and on the picturesque, differ from artists as to the suitability of the Oak to form, whether singly or in groups, the principal object in a picture. Two of the most celebrated of the former, Evelyn and Gilpin, advocate it strongly, and Evelyn almost creates a picture with his pen when he says:—"Thus let his Majesty's Forests and Chases be stored with this spreading Tree, at handsome intervals, by which grazing may be improved for the feeding of deer and cattle under them; benignly visited by the gleams of the sun and adorned with the distant landskips appearing through the frequent glades and vallies."

Gilpin also expresses his opinion very decidedly:—"The Oak is the noblest ornament of a foreground, spreading from side to side its tortuous branches and foliage, rich with some autumnal tint. In a distance, also, it appears with equal advantage, forming itself into beautiful clumps, varied more in shape, and perhaps in colour, than the clumps of any other tree. The pine of Italy has its beauty, hanging over the broken pediment of some ruined temple. The chestnut of Calabria is consecrated by adorning the foregrounds of Salvator. The elm, the ash, and the beech, have all their respective beauties, but no tree in the forest is adapted to all the purposes of landscapes like the English Oak."

Yet in spite of these opinions, and Gilpin's oft quoted sentence of the Oak being "confessedly the most picturesque tree in itself, and most accommodating in composition," artists in general think that the elm, ash, or Spanish chestnut, stand far before it in the facility with which they form parts of a picture. Poets, again, have not been backward in offering their tribute to the beauty of this tree in its venerable old age, and Spenser gives a beautiful description of

> "A huge Oak dry and dead,
> Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,
> Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head,
> Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold,
> And half disbowelled stands above the ground,
> With wreathed roots and naked arms,
> And trunk all rotten and unsound."

The roots, as mentioned by the poet, often show above the ground, and, to quote Gilpin again:—"Whether it be a malady or not, the heaving of the

roots above the ground is very picturesque." The trunk is large in proportion to its height, which, according to Loudon, does not exceed on an average fifty feet; the branches, which mostly grow in a horizontal direction, are spreading, knotty, tortuous, and often of great extent. "Shire Oak," for example, so called because the rain drops from its branches into three shires, measures ninety feet from bough-end to bough-end, and is calculated by Mr. Hatton to be capable of shading two hundred and thirty-five horses.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is of opinion that the difficulties encountered by the roots in their efforts to spread affect the branches, thus accounting for the knotty, gnarled, and twisted appearance of Oaks growing on rocky ground. The smaller branches and twigs are twisted like the larger limbs, the foliage being principally at their extremities, and the leaves, growing in every direction, require a starlike or radiating character in the touch. The last-mentioned writer describes it thus:—"Large horizontal arms, thickly set with crooked branches, terminating in clubbed, abrupt twigs, and closely covered with smooth, glossy leaves forming the richest foliage, irregularly swelling into the boldest outline we know of in vegetable Nature." This character of the Oak, though always sufficiently evident, admits of some diversity, and departs more or less from its normal state when growing singly, or in groups of two or three; for then the branches project boldly in an almost horizontal direction, but if from a sapling it is surrounded by other trees, its branches have a decided tendency upwards towards the light and air. As an example of this growth, and at the same time an object of great interest, the author has introduced in the paper on Fontainbleau, a study of a celebrated Oak called the "Chêne de Sully" in the Vallon d'Egremont. The lowest branch of this fine tree, although much mutilated by time, still stretches out to a considerable distance, having in all probability found an opening in a horizontal direction; but several great limbs higher up are, immediately on separating from the trunk, contorted upwards, thus modifying to a certain degree the general character. There are many other Oaks in this noble forest growing entirely devoid of branches for the greater part of their height; amongst the most conspicuous is Le Pharamond, which, though it may reach the height of one hundred feet, has no more of the Oak character than a massive column of stone.

The foliage is grouped in star-like and spreading tufts. Gilpin describes

the genuine bark of an Oak to be of an ash colour, though it is difficult to distinguish any part of it from the mosses that overgrow it, for no Oak, I suppose, was ever without a greater or less proportion of these picturesque appendages.

When in full leaf, the masses of light and shade are well defined, and not difficult to imitate with a concave or angular touch; the roundness of the whole mass must, however, be preserved. "In spring the budding Oak displays great variety. Among neighbouring Oaks the bud of one is a tender green, of another almost yellow, of a third an ochre brown, perhaps nearly inclining to red; yet each of these, as it opens, will probably accord harmoniously with the tint of its neighbour. The colour of the leaves is in summer a cool green, sometimes enlivened by the yellower shade of young shoots which occasionally make their appearance late in the season, thus mingling the early spring tints with the more matured and uniform garb of summer. In autumn the tones become rich and deep, varying from yellow ochre to the richest madder; the leaves cling to the tree until the approach of winter: indeed, Evelyn mentions *pollards* that retain their leaves *green* all winter, but he qualifies it by stating that they are generally "such as are sheltered in warm corners and hedgerows." With the exception of evergreens, the foliage of Oaks alone can with propriety be introduced into sporting subjects.

The great extent to which Oaks are cultivated, and the numerous uses to which every part of the tree is applied, give rise to various incidents highly interesting to the landscape painter. Collecting acorns and gall-nuts, and Oak-barking, are among the most prominent of these, though perhaps the most striking, because "last scene of all," is the felling of the giant monarch himself. Of this Miss Mitford gives so pleasing, and even artistic a description that with it I am tempted to conclude these remarks upon the Oak.

"We had nearly threaded the wood, and were approaching an open grove of magnificent Oaks on the other side, when sounds, other than of the nightingales burst on our ears, the deep and frequent strokes of the woodman's axe, and, emerging, we discovered the havoc which that axe had committed. Above twenty of the finest trees lay stretched on the velvet turf. There they lay in every shape and form of devastation; some, bare trunks stripped ready for the timber carriage, with the bark built up in long piles at the side; some, with

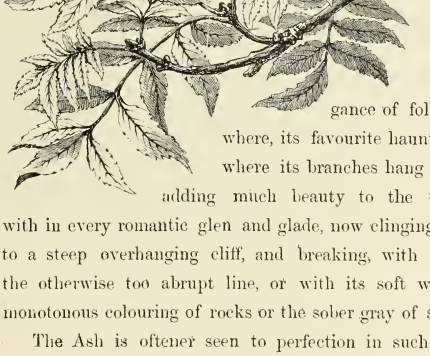
the spoilers busy about them, stripping, hewing, hacking; others, with their noble branches, their brown and fragrant shoots all fresh as if they were alive —majestic corpses, the slain of to-day; the grove was like a field of battle. The young lads who were stripping the bark, the very children who were picking up the chips, seemed awed and silent, as if conscious that death was around them, the nightingales sang faintly and interruptedly a few low, frightened notes like a requiem. Ah! here we are at the very scene of murder; the very tree that they are felling; they have just hewn round the trunk with those slaughtering axes, and are about to saw it asunder. After all it is a fine and thrilling operation. Into how grand an attitude was that young man thrown, as he gave the final strokes round the root; and how wonderful is the effect of that supple and apparently powerless saw, bending like a riband, and yet overmastering the giant of the woods, conquering and overthrowing that thing of life! Now it has passed half through the trunk, and the woodman has begun to calculate which way the tree will fall; he drives a wedge to direct its course; now a few more movements of the noiseless saw; and then a larger wedge. See how the branches tremble! Hark how the trunk begins to crack. Another stroke of the huge hammer on the wedge, and the tree quivers, as with a mortal agony—shakes, reels, and falls. How slow, and solemn, and awful it is! How like to human death in its commonly esteemed heroic form! Cæsar in the Capitol, Seneca in the bath, could not fall more sublimely than that Oak."

THE ASH—*Fraxinus Excelsior.*

"Amid the brook,
Grey as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young Ash rises from the rock:
And there the parent lifts its lofty head,
And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts."

SOUTHEY.

ASH, FAVOURITE HAUNTS OF—FARMERS' PREJUDICE AGAINST—FINE SPECIMENS AT NETLEY AND BOLTON ABBEYS—NOT PICTURESQUE IN AGE—ITS LIGHT FOLIAGE USEFUL IN A PICTURE, BUT FALLING BEFORE AUTUMNAL TINTS—FINE COLOUR OF STEM.



As the oak is the Hercules of our woods, so the Ash is called the Venus, for it is inferior to none in height, gracefulness of form, or elegance of foliage. Though seen everywhere, its favourite haunt is the mountain stream, where its branches hang gracefully over the water, adding much beauty to the scene. It is to be met with in every romantic glen and glade, now clinging with half-covered roots to a steep overhanging cliff, and breaking, with its light elegant foliage, the otherwise too abrupt line, or with its soft warm green relieving the monotonous colouring of rocks or the sober gray of some old ruin.

The Ash is oftener seen to perfection in such scenes as these than in cultivated land, owing to the prejudice which exists, whether with or without cause, against the droppings from its leaves, in consequence of which it is very often lopped of all its lower branches, presenting to the eye a distorted, mangled stem, with a bushy head of foliage. An object of this kind may be useful in a picture to indicate with truthfulness the presence of cultivation, but for the Ash in its beauty, artists must seek spots either as yet untouched

by man, or already forsaken by him, as Netley and Bolton Abbeys, where the Ash forms a marked addition to the beauty of the ruins.

In mountain scenery too, "it appears to peculiar advantage, waving its slender branches over some precipice, which just affords it soil sufficient for its footing, or springing up between crevices of rocks: a happy emblem of the hardy spirit which will not be subdued by fortune's scantiness."

The form and general appearance of the Ash is naturally affected by the situation in which it grows. In woods, where it has to contend with other trees, it usually rises with a clean, straight stem to a great height before the head begins to expand, the side branches, when thus situated, decaying and being thrown off at an early period from want of room and air. On the verge of woods, or when planted singly or unencumbered by other trees, though generally carrying up a leading stem, it throws out numerous side branches.

Unlike the oak, the Ash does not increase in picturesqueness with old age, "the foliage becomes rare and meagre, and its branches, instead of hanging loosely, often start away in disagreeable forms. In short, the Ash often loses that grandeur and beauty in old age, which the generality of trees, and particularly the oak, preserve to a late period of existence."

The branches at first keep close to the trunk and form acute angles with it; but as they strengthen, they generally take an easy sweep, and the separation of the leaves corresponding with the lightness of the spray, the whole forms an elegant drooping foliage, and is very useful in composition, carrying off with its pendant branches the heaviness of other trees.

The foliage does not combine in such large masses as that of the elm, but is separated into little clusters or bunches; this separation gives an opportunity of showing the character of the stem and branches more than in most other trees.

The leaves are late in appearing, and generally fall early in the autumn, seldom arrayed in that glorious garb assumed by other denizens of the wood, but dying in sober russet brown. The colour of the stem is a fine gray, frequently relieved by the various yellows and light greens of lichens and mosses.

The leaf of the Ash is a beautiful combination of curved lines, and may be considered as a long ellipse with pointed terminations. The careful practice which is necessary to make these curved lines freely in every direction,

is of great service in drawing all other kinds of foliage; time is well employed on these elementary studies before the complete tree is attempted. In this practice the pupil should notice that when the stroke is drawn back towards the centre, the curve should be the same as the outward form, and the touch darker at the outside. This increase of force gives relief to the tips of the leaves, and by its diminution towards the centre, allows the mind to imagine the other parts, where they are mingled together and are less distinct.

After the pupil has acquired facility in these practices, let him proceed to indicate the outline of a bough or large cluster of leaves, first sketching in with a light, free hand a boundary line, consisting of larger or smaller parts of ovals. The touch may now be given with a certain degree of freedom, still using the boundary line as a guide, but sometimes allowing the leaves to project beyond, and again withdrawing them within, and permitting the touch to fade away in the mass of leaves. Care should be taken not to loop the touch, as this has a very unnatural appearance, nor yet to make the darkest part towards the centre, as this causes a harsh line, and destroys the perspective of the group. An entire branch may now be attempted, and should be carefully sketched with a light outline forming the general boundary line, giving at the same time the direction of the light and shade; the shadow should be put in with care and attention to the form of the lights left. The outline is now added with varied strength, according to the light and shade, and the branches vigorously defined with a sharp clear touch; sometimes they may be nicely imitated by commencing from the thickest part, and allowing the touch to die away towards the extremities.

THE SERVICE—*Pyrus Domestica.*

THE true Service is a native of the south of Europe, but is also to be found in England both as a tree and shrub. It is not of sufficient importance to be much noticed by those who study drawing from Nature, but as the foliage is sometimes thought like the ash, it is as well to mention the principal differences. It is decidedly smaller and not so graceful in the ramification of its branches; the fruit, about as large as a small plum, is also an important distinction, and remains long on the tree.

THE ELM—*Ulmus Campestris.*

"Enormous Elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green
New from its silken sheath."

TENNYSON.

MASSIVE BRANCHES—BREADTH OF LIGHT AND SHADE IN FOLIAGE—TOUCH EASY—DIFFERENCE IN DRAWING ACCORDING TO SEASON—FINE EXAMPLES AT ETON AND RUGBY—PATRIARCH OF THE VILLAGE.

THIS noble tree attains to a greater height than most of its companions, and possesses many of the attributes of beauty. With the mention of the Elm, there arise memories of the stately avenues, splendid parks and manorial homes of old England, forming in its associations a striking contrast with the graceful ash.

Some writers object to the Elm holding a principal place among picturesque trees, on the plea of want of decided character, one even going so far as to say that an Elm, when rough and old, may easily be mistaken for an oak.

The object of the present work being to direct the student's attention to the principal and distinctive features of each tree, both when fully clothed in summer and also when bare of leaves in winter, I hope to point out characteristics in the Elm, decided enough to prevent the possibility of any such error.

The limbs of the Elm divide early from the trunk, and are generally massive; the trunk does not increase in size near the ground. The foliage is excellent for its breadth of light and shade, forming round masses, which are more easily imitated than those of most other trees. The smallness of the

leaves in proportion to the size of the tree, and their loose appearance, give to the Elm, notwithstanding the large clumps of foliage, a natural lightness. The leaves grow along the whole length of the twig and give somewhat of an oval form to the mass, and the distance between the branches of this tree, combined with their not projecting laterally so far as those of the oak, &c. make its height appear greater than many others. The student will not fail to remark that the fulness of foliage gradually increases till the height of the season, when the second or midsummer shoots appear, and the leaves attain their full size, so the mode of his study will be in some degree modified; thus, in winter the trunk and branches even down to the smallest twigs can be all seen and copied, and it requires some discrimination to select only those which are the most important, keeping up aërial perspective as much as possible, by means of differing degrees of strength or colour. In spring the breaking out of the tender green leaves materially alters the appearance of the twigs and extremities, the thickening visibly increasing day by day; still the trunk and branches can be nearly all completed before the buds and opening leaves are added. In full summer, the foliage being more massed and the branches and trunk in some parts entirely hidden, consequently in drawing a tree at this season, they must be delicately sketched in, and when the foliage is drawn the visible portions alone of the trunk and branches are darkened and finished; but before the wane of the year begins, the scales are turned, and there appears to be a gradual thinning of the foliage, until the frost and first winds of autumn produce sudden havock.

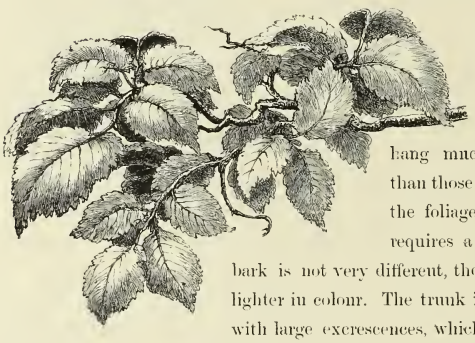
The colour of the foliage is a tender green in spring, which contrasts admirably with the olive tint of the early oak leaves, changing, however, in summer into a dark and rather brownish glossy green, and in autumn decaying into a rich, clear yellow. In March or April the Elm throws out a beautiful bloom of a dark crimson colour, in the form of a spicated ball about the size of a nutmeg. The bark in colour is a darker and colder brown than that of the oak, cracking when old into irregular long pieces, and becoming lighter with age. The Elm groups remarkably well, owing to the frequent gaps between the branches, which relieve what would otherwise be too heavy in the broad masses of foliage. Some fine examples for study in the grouping of this tree may be seen in the playgrounds of Eton and Rugby.

It is a favourite tree for planting singly on some uncultivated patch of

ground, either at the entrance or centre of a village, and in such situations generally attains to a greater size and age than usual. Planted on the triangular piece of grassy ground so frequent in our hamlets, it assumes the character of patriarch of the place, and generation after generation of village children pursue their sports under the sheltering arms of "The old Elm-tree."

THE WYCH, OR MOUNTAIN ELM—*Ulmus Montana.*

FOLIAGE MORE SPREADING AND LARGER IN TOUCH THAN COMMON ELM—WENS ON TRUNK—RESEMBLANCE TO BEECH—NATIVE OF SCOTLAND.



This is a large and beautiful tree, with wide-spreading pendant branches, which hang much more negligently than those of the common Elm; the foliage also is larger, and requires a bolder touch. The bark is not very different, though perhaps a little lighter in colour. The trunk is frequently covered with large excrescences, which, though not so disfiguring as the enormous wens on the lime, require a skilful and judicious hand to render their introduction into a sketch successful. At a distance it is sometimes difficult to distinguish this tree from the beech; but the branches, although they often droop as much, do not turn up at the extremities, like those of the beech.

The foliage is rich, neither clumpy nor heavy, owing to the wide spread of its branches, while the head is generally finely massed.

The bold, yet graceful character of the Wych Elm, combined with the facility afforded by the greater separation of the branches and largeness of the foliage, should cause the young student to notice this tree. The trunk and

branches may be more shown than in the common Elm, for they are of much importance in determining its general figure; but care should be taken to arrange the quantities truly, for if there be a want of foliage on the nearer side, it will not appear round, but have the head thrown over to the other side of the trunk, and the general balance of the tree will be lost; for although the firm hold that the roots take of the ground prevents the necessity of that strict attention to counterpoise that would be observed in a stationary figure, yet a certain degree of balance is agreeable. On wild and rocky ground a tree may have a good effect when projecting from crags and hanging over a mountain stream, and evidently supported by its root; but in a park or more level ground, it would not look natural to have the head so far from the perpendicular. While speaking of the general appearance of trees, such as the Mountain Elm, in an avenue or park, we should always bear in mind that the squared, cut off appearance of all the branches about five or six feet from the ground is not only exceedingly unnatural, but unpicturesque, and is occasioned by the sheep and cattle, that are sure to crop off all the twigs and foliage in their reach, thus producing a formal and ungraceful outline. This the artist endeavours to avoid by taking advantage of accidental breaking or decay of the limbs, or by the perspective causing the branches near at hand to appear higher, while those farther off are lower.

This tree is a native of the Lowlands of Scotland, and though it does not attain to such perfection in the Highlands, is still a very common and handsome tree in those regions, adding greatly to the beauty of the rocky scenery in which it is found.

It is a subject of regret to landscape artists that so beautiful a tree should be so little cultivated in England. There are, however, some fine specimens at Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and one of these, hanging over the iron gate, was last May covering the ground around it with its green blossoms. Another fine example may be found near the Church at Kenilworth, and, nearer London, in Cashiobury Park there is a magnificent avenue of Wych Elms.

THE BEECH—*Fragus Sylvatica.*

CONFLICTING OPINIONS—BRIGHTNESS OF BARK, AUTUMNAL TINTS PARTICULARLY FINE—BURNHAM BEECHES—BRANCHES LONG AND PENDANT—STRATIFIED FORM OF FOLIAGE.

THERE is more diversity of opinion respecting the beauty of the Beech than that of any other English tree. Evelyn speaks of it as one of the largest and handsomest of our Sylva. "They make spreading trees and noble shades, with their well furnished and glistering leaves, when planted at forty feet distance, and though unpropitious to corn and grass, are of all the rest most refreshing to the weary shepherd."

White of Selborne also declares it to be "the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs;" whilst Gilpin, who might be thought to view it with an artist's eye, thinks it "rather a displeasing tree, made up of littlenesses. The branches are fantastically wreathed and disproportioned, turning awkwardly among each other, and running often into long unvaried lines. In full leaf it is equally unpleasing; it has the appearance of an overgrown bush. This bushiness gives a great heaviness to the tree, which is always a deformity; what lightness it has disgusts." He is rather more lenient to it in composition, but to a real admirer of the beech such qualified praise as the following is anything but satisfactory. "We mean not to repudiate even the heavy, luxuriant Beech in picturesque composition. It has sometimes its beauty and oftener its use. In distance, it preserves the depth of the forest, and even on the spot, in contrast, it is frequently a choice accompaniment." And he concludes by particularly recommending it "where a thick, heavy tree is wanted!"

Elm
Beech

If, however, the opinion of modern painters were consulted it would be found to differ greatly from Gilpin's; for there is certainly great picturesque beauty in the trunk, roots, and lower branches, the colour of which is a charming gray, (though Gilpin says, "a dingy olive,") often beautifully varied with rich mulberry brown spots of lichens and mosses, which sometimes encircle the trunk, giving the rotundity with great distinctness. Others are remarkably free from all such picturesque blemishes, and then, through the strata-like foliage, we catch bright glimpses of the clear, thin bark as the stem ascends tapering towards the sky. This bright, thin bark is most attractive to the idle or enamoured swain, whereon to try his skill in carving; and to such an extent is this carried, that fine trees have been seriously injured by these vulgar attempts at fame, and artists, who value the faintest touch of Nature, whether in moss or lichen, are driven away in despair at the mutilated aspect of the poor victim.

In spring, there is a transparent delicacy of tender green on its leaves, and earlier still, the rich colour of the buds visibly affects the tone of the woods. The leaves are thin, and in summer of a deep, shining green. In no tree are the decaying hues of autumn more beautiful than in the golden Beech, its foliage changing from green to the brightest orange, then to glowing red, and eventually to a russet brown, in which state the leaves generally remain on the tree through the winter. It is particularly partial to hill-sides and all declivities; its characteristic beauty adds much to forest and secluded scenery.

Underneath its pendant branches rest the stately deer, or amongst its roots burrows the wild rabbit or fox. The shade is so complete that grass does not flourish beneath it; instead, we have a short dry moss. The tone is altogether solemn and quiet, "a dim religious light" is shed around

> "Where the broad Beech its ample shade displays;"

or,

> "The grey, smooth trunks distinctly shine
> Within the twilight of their distant shades."

Gray loved it, and makes it the favourite resort of "the youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

> "Here at the foot of yonder nodding Beech,
> That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

In one of his letters to Horace Walpole, Gray gives an excellent description of that characteristic spot, Burnham Beeches, situated about four miles from Stoke Pogis. "I have, at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as much as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable Beeches (almost every one being pollarded) and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

> 'And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
> In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of Fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'

"At the foot of one of these squats me, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve, but I think he did not rise to read Virgil as I commonly do there."

With respect to the principal points to be noticed in the drawing of this tree, the branches are slender in proportion to their length, they separate nearly horizontally from the trunk, bend downwards for the greater part of their length, and turn up again at the extremities. The leaves do not form large groups, but continue along the twig, and should be represented in short touches; as they spread over the whole surface, the mass of foliage is not much divided, the shade being complete. The waved or strata-like form of the foliage should be marked.

THE HORNBEAM—*Carpinus Betulus.*

CLOSELY RESEMBLES BEECH, BUT FOLIAGE MORE PICTURESQUE—USED FOR GARDEN HEDGES—EPPING FOREST—ETYMOLOGY.

In England, the Hornbeam is a much smaller, but proportionately more spreading tree than the beech; its leaves, being serrated and less polished, form a more picturesque foliage, though its disposition in horizontal tiers is

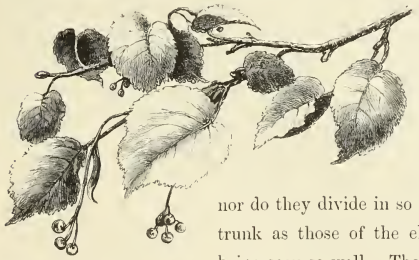
very similar. Indeed, the distinction between the two trees is almost too nice for the purposes of Art, particularly if the beech be stunted or very spreading. It bears pruning so well, that it is frequently used for garden-hedges, being then planted with great regularity, and interlaced; of course, in this condition, the artist has but little to do with it. The Hornbeam is very common both as a stunted or polled tree, and also as bushes in Epping Forest. Its etymology, Mr. Twining says, is derived from the great use made of its wood for the yoke of oxen.

THE LIME, OR LINDEN TREE—*Tilia Europæa.*

"When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade,
When the sun was high, and the river nigh,
A musical murmur made:
When, floating along like a wingèd song,
The traveller bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the Lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop."

BARRY CORNWALL.

COLOUR AND LUXURIANCE OF LEAVES—FORMS FINE AVENUES—FRAGRANCE OF BLOSSOMS—DELIGHTFUL SHADES—FORMAL IN YOUTH—GREAT SIZE WHEN ALONE—CELEBRATED LIMES—SOMETIMES MISTAKEN FOR PLANE—LINNÆUS.



THIS is a stately and beautiful tree, resembling the elm in size and general appearance, but of a more formal and conical shape. The branches are not so large, nor do they divide in so marked a manner from the trunk as those of the elm, and this prevents their being seen so well. The leaf is larger, broader, and more pendent, and the whole appearance of the foliage closer and more shelving than in the above-mentioned tree. The colour of the leaves is a

soft pale green with a large proportion of yellow in it, and their great luxuriance is the peculiar characteristic of the Lime. This same luxuriance, however, renders it less capable of grouping well, as the masses of light and shade become too heavy. It may sometimes be placed, with good effect, on a lawn, where its branches are allowed to sweep down to the ground uninjured by cattle. The Lime forms a grand avenue, as at Cashiobury Park near Watford, also at Bushey Park, the windows of Hampton Court Palace looking down several fine avenues. Many of our country churches have avenues of polled Limes leading to the principal porch.

The blossoms "which at dewy eve distil their odours" affect the general colour and form of the foliage more than those of the elm, and may be indicated by a lighter green, and a somewhat more pendent stroke. It is to these fragrant blossoms and the luxuriant shade afforded by its sheltering arms, that much of the partiality generally evinced to the Lime is to be ascribed, and Lauder only gives expression to the feelings of many when he says, "Before leaving the Lime-tree we may notice the delightful associations we have with it, from the recollection of the days of our youth, when, in many an hour of listless idleness, we have sheltered ourselves beneath its impenetrable shade, and, stretched out on the turf below, have listened to the mingled hum of the million of bees which busily collected the honey from its fragrant flowers, whilst no other sound was heard in the summer air, but the occasional sudden, though rare, twitter of the skimming swallow, or the distant cooing of the amorous ringdove; and when all was silent on the earth, save the gentle cropping of the nibbling sheep, or the distant lowing of the kine from the shallows of the river, whither the raging heat had driven them."

I have already mentioned that when young, or indeed up to an age of perhaps sixty or seventy years, the Lime has a formal appearance, with little variation in its masses of foliage, as is the case with many of those at Cashiobury Park; but let some accident occur, such as the breaking down of a large branch, or the removal of a neighbouring tree, they then present charming pictures.

When planted on some village green, and its branches protected from injury by being trained young, the growth of the Lime becomes very remarkable, its character in such instances seeming to undergo a complete change. The branches spread out parallel with the ground to considerable distances, and

supported, as they often are, by numerous props, it bears some resemblance to the gigantic banyan tree of the East, the similarity of appearance being sustained by the custom of the inhabitants to loiter about and even carry on their various occupations beneath its welcome shade. Such trees are much more common in Germany than in England, several being famous in local history and in poetry, like that under which Martin Luther stood and preached the doctrines of the Reformation; or that huge tree at Fribourg, which commemorates the victory of the Swiss over Charles the Bold, in 1476. This tree is old, but a Lime-tree, older yet, supposed to have been planted a thousand years ago, stands at no great distance from it, and has a trunk thirty-six feet in circumference.

The Rev. C. A. Johns mentions several remarkable Lime trees described by different authors. "At Chalouse, in Switzerland," says he, "there stood one in Evelyn's time, under which was a bower composed of its branches, capable of containing three hundred persons sitting at ease; it had a fountain set about with many tables formed only of the boughs, to which they ascended by steps, all kept so accurately and so very thick that the sun never looked into it." He mentions another famous Lime at Neustadt, in Wirtemberg, which gave a distinctive name to the town. Its huge limbs were supported by numerous stone columns bearing inscriptions. This tree was still in existence, Loudon tells us in his Arboretum, in 1838, the trunk being eighteen feet in diameter, and beneath its broad shadow the people of Neustadt were, like the men of former generations, accustomed to sit and eat fruit: many gooseberry trees having sprung up in the crevices and hollows of the bark, furnishing a supply to those who came to sit beneath the shelter of the old tree.

This great variety of character in trees, frequently the result of local circumstance, is liable to confuse persons who are otherwise keen observers. An instance of this want of close observation came under my notice in one of my sketching tours, and will perhaps serve to explain the difficulty which exists in distinguishing the species of tree from a distance.

Travelling in Nassau, and following as nearly as I could Sir Francis Head's "Footsteps of an Old Man," I was struck with his description of a remarkable *plane* tree, growing in the village of Frauenstein. He says: "But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost hori-

zontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose *déshabille*, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in the wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post. As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history." Sir Francis Head then describes his search for the history of this beautiful tree, in a sort of doomsday book as large as a church Bible, and abstracts from it the "Legend of the great *Plane*-tree of Frauenstein." His legend is not the sole attraction possessed by the village, but having sketched the castle, and being anxious to see and draw any extraordinary tree, I sought it out, and it proved after all to be a Lime, a fact evident enough to a careful observer from the leaves alone, without an examination of the limbs and trunk.

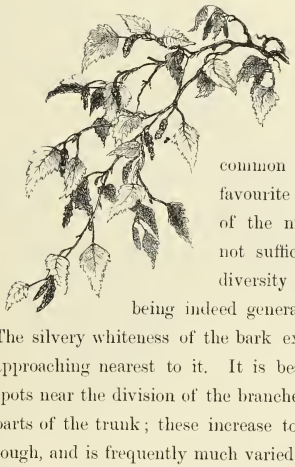
Another circumstance of interest attached to the Lime, is that the ancestors of the great Swedish botanist owed their name to a Linden-tree growing near their dwelling. Grindling Gibbons, the famous carver, used the wood of the Lime for almost all his beautiful works.

The touch which indicates its leaves is not unlike that for the beech, but it is rather bolder, and the masses of foliage are not disposed so much in strata. The trunk is subject to wens or rough swellings, which disfigure its form.

THE BIRCH—*Betula Alba.*

"Most beautiful
Of forest trees—the Lady of the woods."
COLERIDGE.

DELICATE FOLIAGE—SILVERY BARK—SHORT ZIGZAG TOUCH—PERFECTION IN HIGHLANDS—VARIOUS USES—FAVOURITE WITH POETS.



A SMALL triangular leaf, light airy foliage, and a rounded, but scattered head, are the most noticeable points in this elegant tree, which happily is common throughout Britain. It is deservedly a favourite both with poets and painters, being full of the most beautiful contrasts. The foliage is not sufficiently large or clustered to give much diversity of light and shade, the colour of the sky being indeed generally perceptible through the whole of it. The silvery whiteness of the bark exceeds that of any other tree, the beech approaching nearest to it. It is beautifully varied by rich mulberry brown spots near the division of the branches, and by rings of darker colour in many parts of the trunk; these increase towards the root; the trunk becomes very rough, and is frequently much varied in its direction near the ground. Gilpin remarks that the delicate forms and silvery stems of the Weeping Birch "are generally marked with brown, yellow, and silvery touches, which are peculiarly picturesque, as they contrast agreeably with the dark green hue of the foliage. But only the stem and larger branches have this varied colouring; the spray is of a deep brown."

The sprays are long, and the leaves grow some distance from each other on alternate sides; this joined with their triangular shape causes a short zigzag touch to be the truest for their imitation. The Birch grows best and has

the finest effect when mingled with varied and heavier trees, being too light to group well by itself. It flourishes in the Highlands of Scotland, where it mingles with the mountain ash and aspen.

With these trees, differing so much in character, it is well contrasted; but, although it does not afford much relief of light and shade in its foliage, the stem and branches will always give it a striking character, the latter often hanging or weeping a considerable length, and when their tips are laved in a clear mountain stream, or reflected in the translucent waters of the Scottish lakes, this graceful tree well deserves the poetical name of "the lady of the woods." Painters from Nature travel and study now much more than formerly, frequently locating themselves for whole months on the borders of some wild lake, or in some lonely spot; when thus deprived as it were of the wealth of subjects which surrounded them in more favoured localities, it is astonishing to find how other beauties arise, and seem to recompense them for those they have lost. Thus the Birch in the Highlands of Scotland becomes to the inhabitants, and to the artist who is studying them and their habits, a most important feature. The stronger stems are the rafters of the cabin; they are also pinned down on the roof of heather, and their silvery sheen in such situation contrasts well with the surrounding purple and brown. Sledges, carts, barrows, and baskets are all made of the Birch, and are very picturesque, forming many a study on a wet day, with the introduction of a rustic boy or lass (*vide page* 40). Almost all the cordage used in the Highlands is made of withies of twisted Birch; and as the Birch sows itself, if only a few specimens are left standing, when other trees are cut down, it is not wonderful that it should form a large proportion of the copse-wood both in England and Scotland. The allusions of the poets to this tree are very numerous, each endeavouring to bestow on it a more beautiful name.

THE WALNUT—*Juglans Regia.*

"Her timber is for various uses good;
The carver she supplies with useful wood.
She makes the painter's fading colours last.
A table she affords us, and repast.
E'en while we feast, her oil our lamp supplies,
The rankest poison by her virtue dies."

COWLEY.

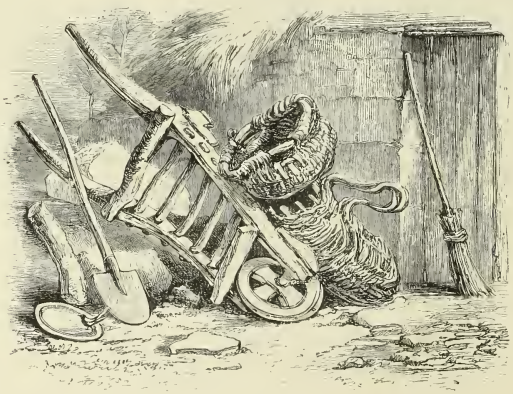
CHARACTERISTICS, STRENGTH AND MASSIVENESS—FEW SMALL TWIGS—TOUCH RESEMBLING ASH, BUT HEAVIER—LARGE WALNUTS AT HEIDELBERG—PICTURESQUE IN ENGLAND.

THE general character of the Walnut is strength and massiveness, with thick, wide-spreading limbs and lofty well balanced head. The branches are almost as bold as those of the oak, and in some measure atone for their early loss of foliage by their beautiful ramification. The Walnut, of all trees, is the one possessing the fewest small twigs and sprays to interfere in drawing the larger branches. The bark is light in colour, but deeply furrowed. The leaves are lighter and of a warmer hue than those already described, contrasting well with the dark tints of the elm and beech, somewhat resembling those of the ash, but should be imitated with a heavier touch. The foliage is late in appearing, and falls with the first frost of autumn.

Gilpin and Selby both agree that the Walnut is most picturesque standing alone, whilst Evelyn advocates its being planted in avenues, and mentions the great extent to which the cultivation of this tree is carried between the Neckar and Maine, especially in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, where its massive beauty contributes much to the landscape. Thus again he says:—"They

render most graceful avenues to our country dwellings, and do excellently near hedge-rows; but had need be planted at forty or fifty feet interval, for they affect to spread both their roots and branches. The Bergstrasse which extends from Heidelberg to Darmstadt is entirely planted with Walnuts; for so by another ancient law, the Borderers were obliged to nurse up and take care of them, and that chiefly for their ornament and shade, so as a man may ride for many miles about that country under a continued arbor, or close walk; the traveller both refreshed with the fruit and the shade." It is also seen in great luxuriance in the walks about Interlaken, where it has attained in some instances to an immense size. In England it is frequently met with in farmyards, and about cottages, and its rich colour harmonises well with rustic buildings.

The Walnut is less liable to be torn up by tempests than other trees, as it possesses a remarkably strong tap-root which affords it a powerful anchorage. It is believed that this tree has been in England since the time of the Romans, who called it "Juglans," or Jupiter's nut, to distinguish it from acorns and beechmast. The hickory tree of North America is another of the same order; this as well as the Walnut is greatly valued for its nuts, and for the strength and tenacity of its timber.



BIRCHEN IMPLEMENTS.

THE SYCAMORE—*Acer Pseudo-Platanus.*

"Nor unnoticed pass
The Sycamore, capricious in attire
Now green, now tawny; and ere autumn yet
Has changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright."

COWPER.

IMPENETRABLE SHADE—GLOWING AUTUMNAL TINTS—RESISTS BENDING EFFECT OF SEA WINDS—GROWS WELL IN COLD COUNTRIES—HONEYDEW—BLACK FUNGUS ON LEAVES—EXAMPLES AT KENILWORTH—DIFFERENCE OF LEAF WHEN COMPARED WITH PLANE.

THE great Maple or Sycamore is, according to Gilpin, "a grander and nobler tree than the smaller maple, but it wants elegance; it is coarse in proportion to its bulk. It forms, however, an impenetrable shade, and often receives well contrasted masses of light. Its bark has not the furrowed roughness of the oak, but has a species of roughness very characteristic. In itself it is smooth, but it peels off in large flakes like the plane's, to which it, in other respects, bears a near resemblance, having patches of different hues, seams, and cracks, which are often picturesque." Lauder also says, with the feeling of an artist, that "the spring tints are rich, tender, glowing, and harmonious. In summer its deep green hue well accords with its grand and massive form; and the browns and dingy reds of the autumnal tints harmonise well with the other colours of the mixed grove, to which they give a fine depth of tone."

One circumstance connected with the Sycamore should not be overlooked by artists: it is almost the only tree that can resist the effect of the sea

breezes, and maintain its upright position and natural form near the sea. The Sycamore is consequently much planted on our coasts, and should in a truthful picture form an exception to the general rule of making trees slope away from the ocean.

Miss Pratt remarks that "the winds of high hills also leave it unhurt, and it is therefore often to be seen by the door of the cottage or farmhouse standing in exposed situations, while on mountains in the North of Europe it is a common tree. It grows in Norway by the sea-shore, is plentiful throughout Germany and Switzerland, in the North of Poland and Lithuania, attaining on a tolerable soil a very large size, and rapidly rising from a young shoot to a goodly tree." It is so common in England, that, though it is not truly wild, Bishop Mant enumerates it among the trees which adorn the vales and groves of upland or lea.

Sycamores have sometimes attained to a large size in Britain; Lauder mentions one that measured above seventeen feet in girth. The leaves of the Sycamore are often rendered clammy to the touch by a sweet substance called honeydew, which recent naturalists regard as an exudation of the leaves themselves. Plants growing beneath the tree are frequently much injured by the dropping of the sweet liquid. In autumn also, the foliage of the Sycamore is often disfigured by a black fungus, which gives the leaves the appearance of having had large drops of ink scattered upon them. In some seasons these spots are very abundant, and in one year the author of "Flowering Plants and Ferns" saw a row of Sycamores in which almost every leaf was thus disfigured, so as to attract the notice of those who rarely observed plants. "The Sycamore is never more attractive than in the early spring, when the young tender green foliage is shooting forth, and when the small pink scales, which at first envelop the handsome lobed leaf, are just being scattered around the tree by every gust of wind. When autumn is on its way, the more sober red of the gradually ripening winged seed vessels, as well as the varied hues of the foliage, are also very ornamental among the deepening tints of the wood." It is at this season of the year that the author has frequently admired some fine examples growing close to the wall of the Tilt-yard, Kenilworth Castle, where they harmonise extremely well with that part of the ruin called the Watergate.

The decaying autumnal tones of the Sycamore Maple in England can give

us, after all, but a faint idea of the glorious array of colours presented by woods in North America, in which the White and Scarlet Maple abound. They are represented there as showing some of the richest colours of the rainbow, and as too intense and too suddenly contrasted to be pictorial. Far more lovely must the Scarlet Maple appear in spring, when it has deep red flowers and slender rosy leaf stalks and branches contrasted with the tenderest green of the opening buds.

The pupil should pluck a leaf from a Sycamore in bloom, when no mistake can arise, and compare it with a plane leaf, and he will find that though apart they may have been thought alike, when side by side there is a marked difference. The leaf of the Sycamore is five-lobed, and unequally serrated, while that of the plane is more deeply indented, with a very remarkable angularity about the sides of the final lobe.

The leaves are imitated with a free, angular, and concave touch, partaking of the oak character in some respects, but differing much in the general disposition of the branches and twigs. The blossoms are drooping clusters of green flowers, which appear about May, and in autumn change to winged seeds of a crimson colour, giving, when abundant, somewhat of that hue to the whole foliage. As there is with some persons a difficulty in distinguishing between the plane and the Sycamore, it is worth while to notice the blossoms and seeds of both. Those of the Sycamore are very conspicuous, and affect the touch and character of the foliage. The seeds which are perfected hang in pairs, and have been thus described—

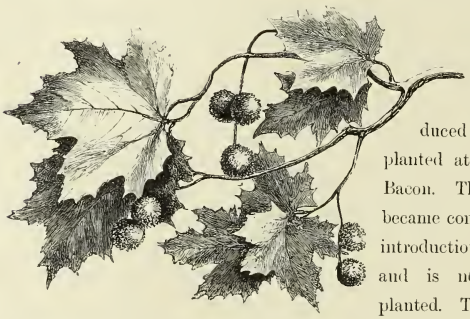
> "The branching Sycamore that veils
> His golden shoots in dark green scales,
> Which still, as on the fabric goes,
> Each pair to each succeeding shows
> Its produce in a transverse line,
> That step by step they all combine
> To frame by constant interchange,
> Of cross-like forms a gradual range."

THE PLANE—*Platanus Orientalis and Occidentalis.*

"And broad leaved Plane-trees in long colonnades
O'er arched delightful walks."

SOUTHEY.

FIRST INTRODUCED BY LORD BACON—BARK PEELS OFF—PALE FOLIAGE—LARGER AND MORE ANGULAR LEAF THAN SYCAMORE—ABLE TO LIVE IN THE SMOKY ATMOSPHERE OF LONDON.



THE first trees of this species are said to have been introduced into England and planted at Verulam by Lord Bacon. The Occidental Plane became common soon after the introduction of the Oriental, and is now more generally planted. The artist's chief distinction between the two species consists in the leaves of the Oriental being more deeply indented than those of the American Plane.

The Plane is not so regular and formal as the sycamore in its growth, and its branches spring more frequently from the lower part of the stem. The bark is of a light ash colour, and very apt to scale off in irregular patches, leaving the light wood exposed, thus pleasantly breaking the sameness of tint in the stem with brighter touches of colour.

Loudon recommends it as a "handsome tree to stand singly or in groups upon a lawn, where there is room to allow its lower branches, which stretch themselves horizontally to a considerable distance, to bend gracefully towards the ground and turn up their extremities. Indeed, the characteristic of this tree is the combination which it presents of majesty and grace, an expression which is produced by the massive and yet open and varied character of its head. In this respect it is superior to the lime."

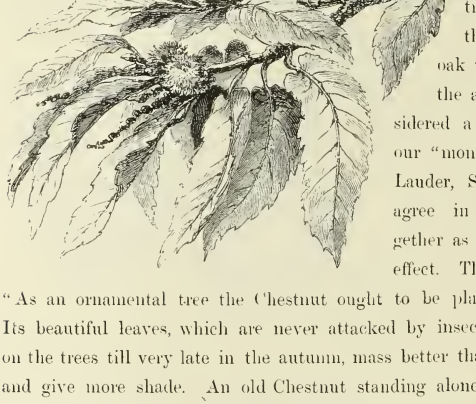
The greater freedom of the head allows the light to flicker through, and it often falls with good effect upon the lower masses of foliage, which would otherwise lie in too heavy shadow.

The chief objection to the Plane is the pale colour of its foliage, which neither contrasts nor harmonises with the green of other trees. Late in the year, however, its mellow tints agree well with the warm hues of autumn. The leaf resembles that of the sycamore, though rather more angular and considerably larger (see cut). The seed-vessels are round prickly balls, which become very conspicuous as the leaves fall. This tree is very common in the squares and parks of London, being less injured by a smoky atmosphere than most others; indeed there is one that contrives to thrive in the dense neighbourhood of Cheapside.

The foliage is much like that of the sycamore already described, although perhaps more marked from the freer separation of the branches and from the leaves being oftener seen complete, owing to their greater size. The touch must therefore be broader, sharper, and the masses of foliage more scattered over the tree, affording less massive light and shade.

THE SWEET OR SPANISH CHESTNUT—*Fagus Castanea.*

RIVAL TO THE OAK IN BEAUTY AND MAJESTY—FINE SPECIMENS IN THE ITALIAN VALLEYS—FREQUENTLY DRAWN BY SALVATOR—EXCEEDINGLY BRITTLE WOOD—FLOWERS NOT CONSPICUOUS.



This fine and stately tree, which combines the strength of the oak with the elegance of the ash, is by many considered a formidable rival to our "monarch of the woods." Lauder, Selby, and Bosc all agree in classing them together as equal in picturesque effect. The latter (Bosc) says: "As an ornamental tree the Chestnut ought to be placed before the oak. Its beautiful leaves, which are never attacked by insects, and which hang on the trees till very late in the autumn, mass better than those of the oak, and give more shade. An old Chestnut standing alone produces a superb effect. A group of young Chestnuts forms an excellent background to other trees; but a Chestnut coppice is unsupportably monotonous."

Mr. Twining has described with such strong artistic feeling the varieties which are to be seen of this fine tree, that I am induced to borrow the passage from his work. "On crossing the passes which lead from Switzerland to Italy, the transition of vegetation is abrupt and striking; forests of wild Chestnuts either replace the fir on the sides of the mountains, or give interest to the nearer scene by the fine massing of their foliage, and the variety of their growth. Four distinct characters may be observed. It is in some cases a low tree, with a rounded and spreading head, somewhat resembling a large and full grown apple-tree. Elsewhere the bole has large dimensions, but it bears very diminutive branches, the tree having been reduced, either by

lopping or by the decay of the wood, to a mere trunk without limbs; sometimes, however, grotesquely irregular in shape, and not unpicturesque. In some sheltered and favoured situations of the valleys, the Spanish Chestnut rises to a lofty and spreading tree, being a most handsome specimen of the vegetation of those parts; whilst on the rocky and precipitous slopes of the mountains it either becomes the low and spreading tree before mentioned, or assumes the character of a mere bush."

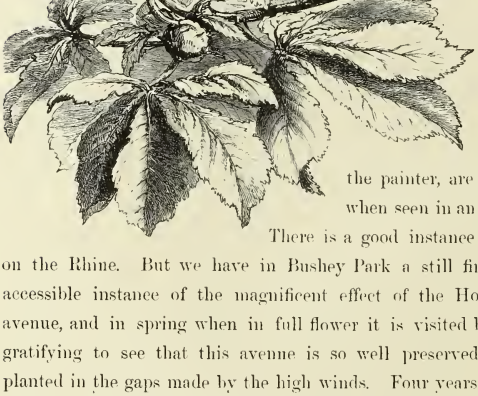
It will thus appear that in mountainous countries, and on the slopes of the Alps and Pyrenees, it has much irregularity, and becomes exceedingly picturesque; it is the tree most frequently introduced in his pictures by Salvator, who valued it for another reason, viz. the wild and savage effect produced by the action of storms on its brittle wood, tearing off a branch, or withering a portion of the tree. The trunk and branches are large in proportion to the quantity of foliage; the bark is divided into deep wide furrows, which sometimes take a spiral direction, and give the trunk a twisted appearance. The leaves are large and long, collected into bunches, but do not radiate so strikingly as those of the horse chestnut. Their colour is in summer a pleasant moderately cool green, and in the autumn they turn to a golden yellow, so that they form an agreeable and conspicuous contrast to many others in that declining season. The touch is firmer, longer, and more marked than that for the ash. The flowers are not so prominent as those of the horse chestnut, and being green and pendent, do not so much affect the general touch and colour.

HORSE CHESTNUT—*Æsculus Hippocastanum.*

"Horse Chestnut, foremost of the wood
To dare his lengthening germs protrude,
Dark, clammy, hard, prepared the first
To hear the enlivening call, and burst,
With foliage cleft and spiral bloom,
The cerements of that living tomb."

BISHOP MANT.

FORMAL IN SHAPE BUT HANDSOME IN AVENUES—BRILLANCY OF AUTUMN COLOURING—BLOSSOM DIFFICULT TO INTRODUCE IN A PICTURE.

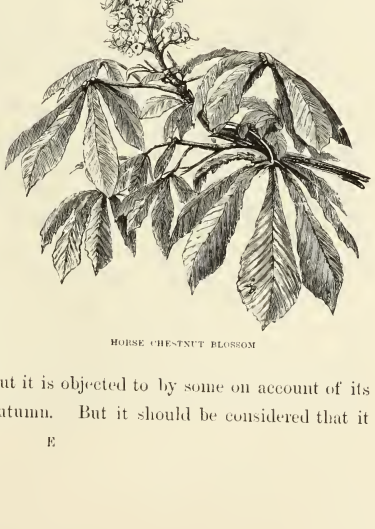


THIS cannot be called a picturesque tree, its shape being very formal, but the broad masses of foliage, although too defined and unbroken to be agreeable to the painter, are grand and majestic when seen in an avenue or in groups. There is a good instance of this at Biberich on the Rhine. But we have in Bushey Park a still finer and much more accessible instance of the magnificent effect of the Horse Chestnut in an avenue, and in spring when in full flower it is visited by thousands. It is gratifying to see that this avenue is so well preserved, young trees being planted in the gaps made by the high winds. Four years ago at Whitsuntide several of the finest trees were blown down or broken short off near the roots, tearing away the branches of others in their fall, and being in full blossom they formed a mass of beautiful ruin, rather melancholy to witness, but greatly enjoyed by the crowd of holiday folks, who, with the deer, soon cleared away all the flowers and foliage.

The trunk in general is well shaped, but is not much varied in colour from the foliage, being greenish in tone. The sombre hue of the leaves in summer is early changed by the frosts of autumn, when it becomes richly mingled with ochre and sienna tints.

The pyramidal flowers which appear about the end of May are beautiful taken singly, as in the illustration, but difficult to introduce with good effect in a landscape. Indeed there is hardly a tree in full bloom, when the blossom is white, that appears well in a picture; the mass of white required to represent it with any degree of truth becomes too glaring to harmonise with the rest of the landscape. I would therefore advise the young artist either to avoid the introduction of those trees whose blossom is so striking, into his spring subject, or to wait until they have assumed a more sober and tree-like aspect.

Evelyn, however, speaks more favourably of this tree, so that I venture to add his opinion. "The Horse Chestnut is a tree of singular beauty, the leaves are large, fine, and palmated, and appear very early in the spring. It is naturally uniform in its growth, always forming its head into a regular parabola. In the spring it produces long spikes of rich and beautiful flowers. This tree is a native of the East, and is said to have been brought into Europe in 1610, at which time also the laurel was introduced into the English gardens. But we have reason to believe that this tree was brought from Constantinople, and made a denizen of England, almost an hundred years before the above mentioned period. The Horse Chestnut is very proper to be planted for avenues or walks; but it is objected to by some on account of its leaves falling off early in the autumn. But it should be considered that it



HORSE CHESTNUT BLOSSOM

shoots out proportionably earlier in spring, which, together with its beautiful flowers, makes it an ornamental and desirable tree."

The Sweet or Spanish Chestnut and the Horse Chestnut are widely separated in the eyes of the Artist and Botanist, although they are sometimes confused by the public.

The former is decidedly the most picturesque tree, associated by the freedom and wildness of its growth with rocks, mountains, and all that is savage and grand; while the latter is, from its stately and pyramidal form, more appropriately placed on the lawn or in the park.

The foliage is imitated with a bold touch, somewhat like that of the Spanish chestnut, but radiating more directly from centres, as several leaflets spring from one stalk.

THE LOMBARDY OR COMMON POPLAR—*Populus Dilatata.*

"The Poplar there
Shoots up its spire and shakes its leaves i' the sun
Fantastical." BARRY CORNWALL.

CONICAL FORM—PLEASANT VARIETY—GREAT SUPPLENESS OF STEM—LEAVES TRIANGULAR—WAVED SHORT TOUCH.

THIS species of Poplar, although not introduced into this country until the last century, has so marked and peculiar a character, and has been so much cultivated, that it is generally understood when the Poplar is mentioned.

Its conic form distinguishes it from all other deciduous trees; in general the direction of its branches is at very acute angles from the stem, and some authors consider its claims to picturesque beauty as slight, on account of this formal shape, but Gilpin mentions one recommendation that it possesses, that of yielding to every breath of air and of waving from top to bottom in gentle sweeps, or as Leigh Hunt expresses it,

"The Poplar's shoot,
Which like a feather waves from head to foot,"

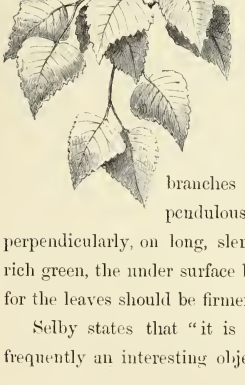
returning to its original shape when at rest. In groups of three or more, at different distances from the spectator, it is certainly picturesque, and pleasantly varies the more rounded forms of other trees. The stem is very rough and irregularly marked, generally in old trees having deep divisions corresponding to the intervals between the roots.

The leaves are almost equilateral triangles, and placed on alternate sides of the twigs, with their points upwards; they may be imitated with a zig-zag or waved short touch. In early spring the foliage is a tender yellow green. It has no very decided masses of light and shade.

THE ASPEN OR TREMBLING POPLAR—*Populus Tremula.*

"When Zephyrs wake,
The Aspen's trembling leaves must shake."

HARDY—RINGS ON STEM—LONG FOOTSTALKS TO LEAVES—ELLEN'S ISLE—IMPATIENT OF PRUNING—TREMBLING LEAVES.



A CHARACTERISTIC tree and a hardy native of England and Scotland, associating with the mountain ash and birch, and slightly resembling the latter.

The stem is straight, the bark smooth, and generally of a light gray, though not so glossy as the beech, becoming darker towards the root; sometimes varied with rings of a brown shade, which when well drawn give it rotundity. The branches strike out rather stiffly at first, but become pendulous towards the extremities. The leaves hang perpendicularly, on long, slender, flat footstalks; their colour is a dull but rich green, the under surface being much lighter than the upper. The touch for the leaves should be firmer and darker than for those of the birch.

Selby states that "it is excellent in contrast with other trees, forming frequently an interesting object on the wooded slopes of Highland scenery,

adorning in Scotland the margins and hanging woods of its most beautiful lochs. Upon Loch Katrine, it mingles with the birch, and clothes, almost to the exclusion of the other trees, the classic islet of the Lady of the Lake."

The Aspen has been found by tree cultivators to be impatient of pruning, or as Evelyn quaintly remarks, "*he* takes *ill* to have his *head* cut off," so that artists generally find it in all its native beauty.

The one distinguishing characteristic of this tree yet remains to be noticed —the trembling motion of its leaves, which has perhaps made it a greater favourite with poets than with painters. So easily indeed do they move with the slightest breeze, that they have been by some considered as an emblem of perpetual motion, whilst two of our great descriptive poets have chosen the rare instants of repose in the Aspen as typical of the intense calm which sometimes pervades all nature. Thus Thomson says,

> "A perfect calm that not a breath
> Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
> Or rustling turn the many trembling leaves
> Of Aspen tall."

THE ABELE—*Populus Alba.*

> "The green woods moved and the light Poplar shook
> Its silver pyramid of leaves."

TALL WITH ROUNDED HEAD—LIGHT GRAY BARK—DOWNY WHITE ON UNDER SIDE OF LEAF.

This species of Poplar is a tall, spreading tree, with a rounded head. The trunk is covered with a smooth light gray bark, and the downy whiteness on the under side of the leaf is very conspicuous. The foliage is more dense than that of the poplars already described, though not sufficiently so to catch such masses of light as the elm, &c.

THE BLACK POPLAR—*Populus Nigra.*

LEAVES LESS NOTCHED THAN OTHER SPECIES—FOLIAGE DIFFICULT TO RENDER IN LIGHT AND SHADE—CATKINS.

ATTAINING a great height, the Black Poplar is also a large and handsome tree, with thick and brilliant coloured foliage. The leaves are heart-shaped, less notched at the edges than the other species, green and smooth on both sides, producing sparkling and ever varying lights, as they flutter in the slightest breeze.

These same lights are too transient for the painter, and were he to attempt to reproduce the effect which pleases the eye in nature, the result of his labour would inevitably be speckled and broken lights, with no decided mass of shade, on which to *rest* the eye.

The foliage is late in expanding, but the short thick catkins, deeply tinged with red, which appear beforehand, have a very ornamental effect on the leafless branches. Some specimens of this poplar are to be seen forming a handsome group near Richmond.

THE COMMON OR WHITE WILLOW—*Salix Alba.*

"Willows in twigs are fruitful—and osiers have their use
And shade for sheep and food for flocks produce."

GEORGICS, BOOK II

FOUND NEAR WATER—OLD STUMPY WILLOWS MOST PICTURESQUE—POLLARDS—OPHELIA.

WHEN untouched by the pruning knife of the planter or the bill-hook of the hedger, this tree grows to a handsome size in the North of England and Scotland, and, according to Selby, forms a "beautiful and interesting feature in a landscape, when growing in an appropriate situation, such as on the banks of a river, the margin of a purling brook, or in one of our low sheltered

haughs, with its silvery plume-like foliage giving an air of grace and lightness to the landscape."

Whether Willows flourish best near the water, or not, may be an open question. It is almost always found in their neighbourhood; and to quote Mr. Twining, "their appearance is generally so much connected with that of water, that Art has often adopted them as a sign wherewith to mark the course of a stream, river, or canal, where these objects are concealed from view." Those Willows which are allowed to run up with that rapid lightness of growth peculiar to them, seem to present no other defect, as light and elegant trees, than too much straightness in the branches, and a loose irregularity in the arrangement of the leaves. It is the old stumpy and hollow Willow, with its thin and shaggy head, which finds, notwithstanding its shattered condition, an honoured place in the foreground, and doubtless owes its usefulness in the composition to those characteristic peculiarities which, in some measure, constitute its ugliness, but distinguish it in a striking manner from every other tree, thus proving that character may, where variety is wanting, become preferable to elegance itself.

Coinciding as artists generally do with these ideas of the necessity of character to give variety, it is not surprising that the Willow, in its polled state, is a favourite tree with them. When old, it has a tendency to divide in the trunk, as well as to form all kinds of angles with the placid streams that reflect it, and it adds greatly to their beauty.

Unlike the weeping willow, it is indigenous to our island, and poets have for ages made us familiar with its image, though none have equalled in beauty Shakespeare's description. Mr. Thorne, in his rambles by the Avon, says, "a Willow thrusting its trunk across the stream reminds us of Ophelia's death—

> "'There is a Willow grows ascaunt the brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;'

a gust of wind raises the under side of the leaves to view, and we then perceive the exquisite correctness of the term 'hoar;'" and not being an artist, he adds, "that deformity, the Pollard Willow, is not so frequent as in most rivers, but the unlopped trees wear their feathery branches graceful as ostrich plumes."

The thoughtful student will be struck not only with the correctness of the term "hoar," but with the great poet's skill in seizing the only natural manner in which he could attract our notice to this peculiarity of the under sides of

the Willow leaves, namely, the reflection of their hoariness in the glassy stream.

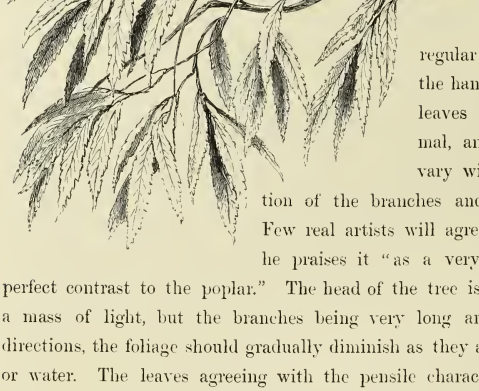
Mr. Thorne gives us yet another pleasing picture of the Willow, mingled with other trees, and as skilful word-painting assists in filling the mind with comprehensive ideas of truth, I will quote his description of a romantic spot on the Avon, called Hatton Rock. "A high and steep bank, raising its brow against the fleecy sky; its side is covered with an intricate variety of the lesser trees and underwood, hazel and thorn, and the long trailing brambles. From the base of the bank the tall high stem of the abele rises above its fellows, the Willows and alders, that fringe the edge of the stream. The river rolls over a stony bed, filling the ear with a quiet melody. As you make your way along the foot of the rock, at every slightest bend a fresh and grateful change is before you. Now the light feathery Willow glitters against the deep green of the alder beyond, the silvery leaves of the white poplar tremble all over with the slight breeze, that moves not a leaf of the oak beside it, a kingfisher darts from beneath the overhanging bush, and is quickly followed by his mate."

The touch for the foliage must be longer than for that of the ash; it has less variety in its direction, which will assist in giving the light feathery or plumy appearance. The colour is a pale ashy green, or warmish gray green, producing a silvery effect, more especially when it is contrasted with some dark full-toned foliage, as that of the alder,—the whole mass, including the shadows, will in this case appear lighter than the tree behind it. The bark, with the twigs, will be rather darker, and is rough. Many of my readers will doubtless have noticed the handsome group of these trees on the South Inch at Perth.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—*Salix Babylonica.*

"Shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the water's brim."

FOLIAGE DIFFICULT TO RENDER—LEAVES LONGER AND AT GREATER INTERVALS THAN COMMON WILLOW—TEARS ON LEAVES—ASSOCIATIONS.



This is not an easy tree to draw well, however simple and regular it may appear, for the hanging masses of close leaves are apt to look formal, and it is difficult to vary with truth the direction of the branches and to avoid stiffness. Few real artists will agree with Gilpin, when he praises it "as a very picturesque tree, a perfect contrast to the poplar." The head of the tree is rounded, and takes a mass of light, but the branches being very long and diverging in all directions, the foliage should gradually diminish as they approach the ground or water. The leaves agreeing with the pensile character of the tree, are longer and placed at greater intervals on the twigs than those of the common Willow. The colour is a light yellowish green. Even Gilpin owns that this tree is not suited to associate "with sublime subjects, such as ruins of abbeys and castles, but it adds to the beauty of humbler scenes, as some romantic footpath bridge, which it half conceals, or some glassy pool, over which it hangs its streams of foliage."

"We pass a gulf in which the Willows dip
Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink."

Birch.

Poplar.

Thorn.

W Willow

LEIGHTON BROS

Howe mentions a circumstance, forming a fertile theme for the poet, though immaterial to the painter, "that the Weeping Willow, in addition to the pensive, drooping appearance of its branches, weeps little drops of water, which stand like fallen tears upon the leaves."

The story of the accidental introduction of this tree into England, and the subsequent rapid increase of Weeping Willows from Pope's famous tree at Twickenham, is well known. Another celebrated Willow, that which overshadows the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, has, if we may believe in them all, innumerable descendants. These, with many other associations, one of great antiquity, give a degree of interest to the tree which it would lack if considered merely in an artistic point of view.

THE OSIER—*Salix Viminalis.*

This most familiar example of the humbler class of Willows is especially valuable for all purposes of basket making and other wicker work, and is generally planted by the side of rivers and streams, or on small islands called "osier hotts" or "aits." The Thames and the Cam are especially noted for this species of Willow. The leaves are long and narrow, of a bluish green, covered underneath with a white hoary down. They appear not unlike shoots of the common Willow, planted upright in regular rows. The touch is the same, but more upright.

THE HAZEL—*Corylus Avellana.*

"And see,
As yet unclothed, the Hazel tree
Prepares his early tufts to lend
The coppice first fruits; and depend
In russet drops, whose clustered rows
Still closed in part, in part disclose
Yet fenced beneath their scaly shed
The pendent anther's yellow head."

HAZEL COPPICES SOMETIMES PICTURESQUE—RICH AUTUMN TINTS—HARBINGER OF SPRING—CATKINS—CHARCOAL BURNING.

Plantations and woods, where the trees are of the same size, do not yield good subjects for the artist, unless they occur on bold projecting surfaces or broken ground; but thus situated, with some difference in the age and distance of the trees, there will be variety in the light and shade. It is therefore of importance, in depicting such scenes, to have in the foreground some incidental break, either in the outline or colour. In the vast forests of America this unpleasing monotony is sometimes happily broken by an old decayed tree or projecting rock, contrasting in strong relief with dark masses of shade. When, in addition to these objects, we find a fallen trunk, or a broken bank partially covered with fern or broom, with a rushing torrent, such a spot forms an excellent foreground to a picture, whilst the distant forest and rounded forms of the wood will increase the variety. In the Hazel coppice there are many opportunities for the introduction of figures in picturesque attitudes, while the rich autumnal tints greatly assist and add to the general harmony of colouring.

One of our favourite poets has described such a scene :—

> "Even now, methinks, I see the bushy dell,
> The tangled brake, green lane, or sunny glade,
> Where on a sunshine holiday I strayed,
> Plucking the ripening nuts with eager glee,
> Which from Hazel boughs hung temptingly."

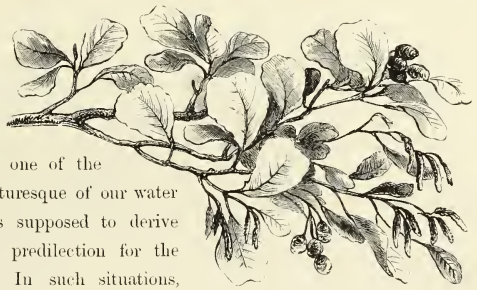
The Hazel presents the appearance of a large bushy shrub rather than that of a tree, owing to the number of suckers thrown up by the root ; it has, however, been known to grow to the height of thirty feet. The bark is rough and of a light colour, but on the young branches and suckers it assumes a bright russet tinge, spotted with white ; the colour of the leaves is a warm darkish green, slightly downy above, but paler and more downy beneath ; in autumn they take a rich yellow tint, and remain late on the tree ; the clusters of nuts, when seen, are lighter than the surrounding foliage. This tree flourishes on hill-sides, especially if the soil be rather moist. Gilpin says: "The Hazel, besides making a prominent part of many a grove in the happiest manner, and tufting and fringing the sides of many a ravine, often presents us with very picturesque stems and ramifications." The Hazel is considered the harbinger of spring, when its pendent tassels of downy powdered flowers and crimson-tipped buds adorn the leafless boughs. The charcoal afforded by this tree is much used in the manufacture of crayons for the artist.

The process of charcoal-burning is interesting, and carried on in picturesque situations. Copse-woods are suffered to grow in some parts of the country—Surrey, for instance—for fifteen or sixteen years, and even then some of the larger trees are spared, so that the whole hill-side is not entirely denuded. When at last the copse is sold, the man who is to convert it into charcoal first builds his hut, and if he has, as is most generally the case, a family, the whole assumes somewhat the appearance of an emigrant's encampment. Nearly in the centre of the wood a round space is cleared, then with a number of long thin poles the charcoal-burner builds a gigantic cone supported by smaller sticks, placed at intervals down the sides ; the whole is roofed in with sods cut from the heathy common, turned root upwards and considerably overlapping each other. Sometimes a small aperture is left on the leeward side as a vent for the smoke, but most generally all cooking, &c. is performed outside the tent. Within, the ground is cleared and strewn with fine dry

sand, the bed is reared on the side opposite the hatch-door, shelves are slung or nailed in various directions ; a chest or two is then introduced, with pots, pans, tubs, broken chairs, &c., and the *ménage* is complete. Soon the man is hard at work, felling away at the copse, while the good woman raises a primitive triangle, lights a fire, boils a pot either for washing or cooking, and busies herself in setting all things straight. A plank is hung to the lowest branch of a neighbouring tree, to which the fowls soon find their way; for be it known that Master Reynard prowls about these woods every night. Huge stacks of wood are presently formed, and another conical, and this time solid, pile is raised, which is carefully protected on the windward side by a screen of woven straw or brushwood, as, if left unsheltered from the wind, the fire would draw all to one side and the wood be burned unequally. When all is complete, live coals are dropped into a hole left in the centre, and soon great volumes of smoke ascend from the pile. The fire is encouraged or subdued by opening or stopping vents in various places, and for forty-eight hours the burner or his mate is seen incessantly hovering about it, or even on the top, enveloped in the wreathing smoke, and anxiously watching the operation on which the successful or unsuccessful result of his labour depends. When sufficiently burned the vents are all stopped, water poured over it, and the whole smoking, steaming mound left to cool. In this state it is a very picturesque scene, with the last rays of the autumn sun streaming through the trees, and lighting the wreaths of smoke into rich salmon or crimson tints, while other parts remain of a dull cool gray, scattered gleams falling on the golden fern or crimson shoots of the surrounding underwood, while perchance some old scathed oak stretches his ragged arms over the whole, with an angry flush on his hoary head at the ravages that have been committed around him.

THE ALDER—*Alnus Glutinosa.*

ONE OF THE LARGEST OF WATER LOVING TREES—BANKS OF THE MOLE AND FINDHORN—TRUNK BLACK—FOLIAGE LIKE BEECH BUT BROADER—SCARLET COLOUR OF BUDS AND YOUNG SHOOTS—PRODUCES GOOD CHARCOAL FOR GUNPOWDER.



THE Alder is not so generally known as from its frequent occurrence might be supposed. It is one of the largest and most picturesque of our water loving trees, and is supposed to derive its name from its predilection for the vicinity of water. In such situations, with a rich soil, it occasionally exceeds sixty feet in height, but the average is from forty to fifty: it sometimes stands singly, but more frequently grows in clumps, rising from the same root or stool.

The Alder may be considered as more closely associated with water or damp situations than even the willow or poplar. If planted in a dry elevated position, it dwindles to a mere stunted shrub. It is by the standing pool, and the dank cool marsh, the limpid brook, the full deep flowing stream, and in the "cool green shadowy river nook," that we must seek the finest specimens of the Alder. With such spots it has become identified, and its dense shade and deep green foliage well harmonise with the surrounding scene. Cowley says:—

> "It loves the purling streams, and often laves
> Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves."

Gilpin tells us that "He who would see the Alder in perfection must follow the banks of the Mole, in Surrey, through the sweet vales of Dorking and Mickleham. The Mole is far from being a beautiful river—it is a quiet sluggish stream; but what beauty it possesses is greatly owing to the Alder,

which everywhere fringes its banks, and in many places forms very pleasing scenes."

Patriotic Lauder assures us that "Not only with tranquil river scenery, but with that of a wilder and more stirring cast, such as is to be found amidst the deep glens and ravines of Scotland, is this tree associated. The Mole may doubtless furnish the traveller with very beautiful specimens of the Alder, but we venture to assert that nowhere will the tree be found in greater perfection than on the wild banks of the river Findhorn, and its tributary streams, where scenery of the most romantic description prevails."

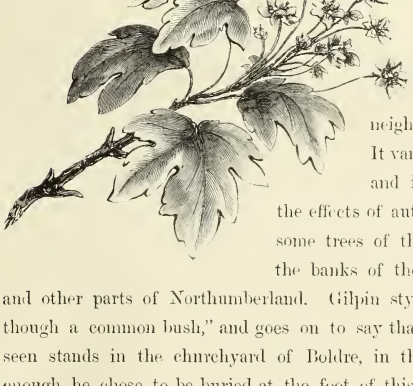
The trunk is almost black in colour, rough, and cracked, and this peculiarity, added to the deep tint of the foliage, has given it the name of the Black Alder. The branches, with their long shoots sweeping the surface of the water, are something like those of the beech, and the foliage has the short wavy line of that tree; but the leaf is much broader, and the colour darker. The leaf is not unlike that of the hazel in general appearance, but when they are examined by comparing the woodcuts, considerable difference will be noticed. The leaf of the Alder, it will be seen, has a longer foot-stalk without the terminating point of the hazel; is not so much serrated, but is more ribbed. It has also catkins of two different shapes, which will not be mistaken for those of the hazel, nor yet for clusters of nuts.

"A very beautiful effect is produced by the spray of the Alder, when the sap begins to rise, towards the end of winter, for then the young shoots and buds seen at a distance give a colour to the tree almost approaching to scarlet. This is peculiarly rich when the trees happen to be blended, as we have seen them, with the pine woods on some distant bank, where they contrast with the dark green of the firs."

The Alder is much cultivated in copses, and cut every five or six years for the charcoal burners, and is particularly prized by those who prepare the charcoal for gunpowder; for this purpose it is cut into lengths and peeled, revealing a wood of the colour of a deep madder red, and the stacks of wood thus prepared are sometimes quite striking objects in the depths of the cool green copses.

THE MAPLE—*Acer Campestre.*

FOUND PRINCIPALLY IN HEDGES; SOMETIMES A HANDSOME TREE—GILPIN—VARIETY AND EARLY APPEARANCE OF AUTUMN TINTS—RICH COLOURING OF BRANCHES AND SHOOTS—CALENDAR OF AUTUMN TINTS OF VARIOUS TREES.



This humble and diminutive tree is common in our hedges and thickets, but is generally reduced by the hedger to the size of the neighbouring thorns and sloes. It varies and ornaments the hedge, and is one of the first to show the effects of autumn on its foliage. Handsome trees of this species may be seen on the banks of the Wansbeck, near Morpeth, and other parts of Northumberland. Gilpin styles it "an uncommon tree, though a common bush," and goes on to say that the largest Maple he has seen stands in the churchyard of Boldre, in the New Forest. Curiously enough, he chose to be buried at the foot of this very tree, and it now overshadows his last resting-place.

The following description from the journal of a naturalist of the changes that the Maple undergoes in autumn forms a good guide to the colourist. "It is the earliest sylvan beau that is weary of its summer suit; first shifting its dress to ochrey shades, then trying a deeper tint, and lastly, assuming an orange vest; thus setting a fashion that ere long becomes the garb of all, except the rustic oak, which looks regardlessly at the beau, and keeps its verdant robe unchanged. Soon tired of this, the Maple takes a pattern from his sober neighbour ash, throws its gaudy trim away, and patiently awaits with all his peers the next new change. When first the Maple begins to autumnize the grove, the extremities of the boughs alone change their

colour, but all the internal and more sheltered parts still retain their verdure, which gives to the tree the effect of a great depth of shade, and displays advantageously the light lively colouring of the sprays." The leaf is somewhat like that of the sycamore; and there is a ruggedness in the branches and shoots, which, with their rich colour, gives them a marked character among the foliage of our shrubs.

As the change of colour in the foliage of trees is very interesting to those who study Nature for the purpose of representation, either with the pencil or the brush, a kind of calendar has been added of the different tints assumed by various trees towards the end of September.

The leaves of the Maple change first of all to an ochrey yellow, then to a deeper tone.

Ash, fine lemon yellow, soon falling, and leaving bunches of seeds of a brown hue.

Hornbeam, bright yellow.

Elm, generally orange, but with some irregular patches of bright yellow.

Hawthorn, tawny yellow, but greatly modified by tones of deep reddish brown, and brilliant clusters of berries. The old thorns in Bushey Park, when lit up by the evening sun, are most gorgeous in autumn.

Hazel, pale ochrey yellow, with browner shades for the clusters of nuts.

Sycamore, a dull brown.

Oak, yellowish green.

Horse-chestnut, a great variety of beautiful rich tones, from pale yellow to bright crimson orange.

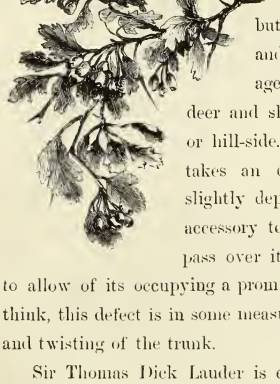
Beech, also finely varied in colour, but more of a maroon colour than the chestnut.

Cherry, most diversified and charming in tints, yellow, red, crimson, maroon, and purple. Leaves of all these colours may be picked up at the same time from beneath the tree, and, when arranged on a table at home, form an admirable study for the young artist.

THE HAWTHORN—*Cratægus Oxyacantha.*

"The Whitethorn bush,
That o'er the leaning stile bends low
Its blooming mockery of snow."
CLARE.

GENERAL FAVOURITE—OFTEN PICTURESQUE, TRUNK ESPECIALLY SO IN OLD AGE—WHITE BLOSSOMS—HEDGES—CHARMING ASSOCIATIONS—RED BERRIES.



As a tree, our general favourite may perhaps not be of much importance in the landscape; but when viewed near at hand, its twisted trunk and branches, with some small portion of foliage, and its straggling roots, amongst which the deer and sheep love to herd, give variety to the park or hill-side. When well grown, and of middle age, it takes an elegant picturesque form, with falling or slightly depending branches, and makes an important accessory to the beauty of English scenery. As years pass over it, the head becomes too round and matted to allow of its occupying a prominent place in a picture, but even then, we think, this defect is in some measure atoned for by the characteristic knotting and twisting of the trunk.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is eloquent in the praise of this, one of his favourite native trees:—"We have seen it hanging over rocks, with deep shadows under its foliage, or shooting from their sides, with most fantastic forms, as if to gaze at its image in the deep pool below; we have seen it growing under the shelter, though not the shade, of some stately oak, embodying the idea of beauty protected by strength." When covered with its white blossoms, it indicates the season of the year better than most trees, these generally appearing towards the end of May. In a hedge-row it is sometimes useful in breaking the monotonous expanse of country; and when blended by distance gives a rich and unrivalled charm to English landscapes.

Among poets, from Shakespeare and Spenser down to the writers of the present day, the Hawthorn has ever been a favourite, and the pleasant associations connected with it of coming summer, and its train of dreamy joys, have perhaps influenced even artists to allow it charms and qualities, which, were it strictly viewed with regard to colour and composition, ought to be denied.

The touch of the foliage is more acute and angular than that of the oak, not allowing such a broad mass of light and shade. The foliage is of a dark cool green colour, varied in autumn by the bunches of bright red berries with which it is adorned.

THE BLACKTHORN—*Prunus Spinosa.*

FLOWERS APPEAR BEFORE LEAVES—EARLIEST OF BLOSSOMS—REASONS FOR NAME.

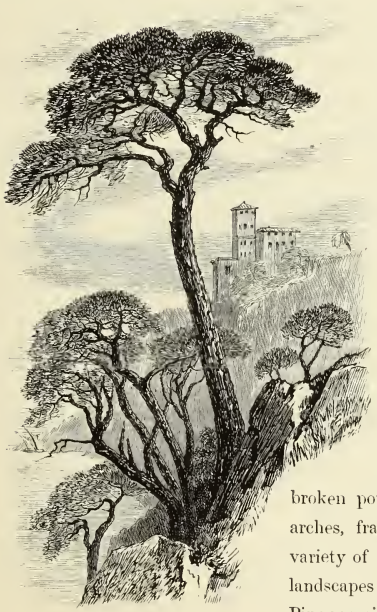
Of much less importance to the artist than the hawthorn, the Sloe may be more properly termed a thorny and crooked shrub, the flowers of which appear in April before any of the leaves. It is this fact which gives it a certain degree of interest, for "all lovers of wild flowers welcome the Blackthorn spray, when its black, woody, leafless boughs are whitened with the snowy blossoms. We may wander forth to see them even as early as March, when winds are blowing, and whirling the few dried leaves which are yet left of the multitude which strewed the pathway of the country wood. There is a wild music among the boughs, as they bend downwards in graceful motions, while the thrush and blackbird are singing to the rich accompaniment. Young flowers peep up from among dry leaves, but as yet no flowering tree or shrub enlivens the wood, save the Blackthorn. Old country people call the winds of March black winds, and say that the Blackthorn is so called, because it flowers at that season; but there is reason enough for its name in the dark wood of the boughs, contrasted too, as it is, by the flowers. A cold March is, however, called in villages a Blackthorn winter. It is very frequent in our woods, coppices, and hedges, gradually acquiring its leaves in April and May, so that when the flowers are disappearing it is clad in delicate verdure." The leaves are long and serrated, and do not grow in clusters like those of the hawthorn.

STONE PINE—*Pinus Pinea.*

"And still the Pine, long haired and dark and tall,
In lordly right predominant o'er all.
Much they admire that old religious tree,
With shaft above the rest, up shooting free,
And shaking, when its dark locks feel the wind,
Its wealthy fruit, with rough mosaic rind."

LEIGH HUNT.

CHARACTERISTIC TREE OF ITALY—RAVENNA—INSIGNIFICANT WHEN YOUNG—DECAY OF LATERAL BRANCHES—BEAUTY OF TRUNK AND FOLIAGE.



THIS is the most characteristic tree of Italy, and flourishes in great luxuriance on the deep sandy banks of rivers, or by the seashore. The Stone Pines of Ravenna are famous for their beauty. "It is not indigenous to our soil, but, like the cedar, is in some degree naturalised, though in England it is rarely more than a puny, half formed resemblance to the Italian Pine. The soft clime of Italy alone gives birth to the true picturesque Pine. There it always suggests ideas of broken porticoes, Ionic pillars, triumphal arches, fragments of old temples, and a variety of classic ruins, such as in Italian landscapes it commonly adorns. The Stone Pine promises little in its infancy as regards picturesque beauty, and does not, like most of the fir species, give early indication of its future form.

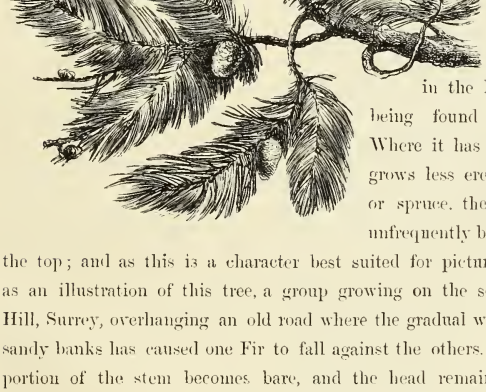
"In its youth it is dwarfish and round headed, with a short stem, and has rather the shape of a full grown bush than of an increasing tree, and it is not until it has attained maturity that its picturesque form developes rapidly. Its lengthening stem commonly assumes an easy sweep. It seldom indeed deviates much from a straight line, but that gentle deviation is very graceful, and above all other lines difficult to imitate. If, accidentally, either the stem or any of the larger branches take a larger sweep than common, that sweep seldom fails to be graceful. Another beauty of the Stone Pine is, that as the lateral branches decay they generally leave stumps, which, standing out on various parts of the stem, break the continuity of its lines. The bark is smoother than that of any other tree of the Pine species, except the Weymouth Pine; its hue is warm, reddish, and liable to peel off in patches, thus producing a roughness of stem effective for the artist. The foliage rivals the trunk in beauty; its colour is a deep gray green, and its form, instead of breaking into acute angles, like many of the Pine species, is moulded into a flowing line, by an assemblage of small masses. When we see an ash or elm from which the lateral branches have been stripped, as is the practice in some countries, we are apt to think that no tree with a head placed on a long stem can be beautiful; yet, in Nature's hands, which can mould so many forms of beauty, it is easily effected." To the artist this circumstance is particularly acceptable, as, from the absence of all lateral branches, he is often enabled to introduce it into the foreground of a picture. The sheath-like leaves of this, and the Scotch fir, which stand upright on the branch, should be imitated by a series of short strokes, care being taken to avoid too great regularity in their arrangement, which would destroy the rounded form of the masses of foliage.

KNIGHTON BROS

SCOTCH FIR—*Pinus Sylvestris.*

"While o'er my head,
At every impulse of the morning breeze,
The Fir grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
Alone I tread the path."—WORDSWORTH.

SPREADING WHEN GROWING ALONE—PICTURESQUE BEAUTY IN HIGHLANDS—DELICIOUS ODOUR OF FIR SPINES—TRUNK, FINE STUDY OF COLOUR—ROOTS PROTRUDING IN AGE—LEAVES FALLING EVERY FIVE YEARS—TINT FOR FOLIAGE.



THIS, our only indigenous Pine, is very general throughout England and Scotland, in the latter country still being found in vast forests. Where it has space to spread it grows less erect than the larch or spruce, the trunk being not unfrequently bent or twisted near the top; and as this is a character best suited for pictures, I have chosen, as an illustration of this tree, a group growing on the south side of Leith Hill, Surrey, overhanging an old road where the gradual wasting away of the sandy banks has caused one Fir to fall against the others. When the lower portion of the stem becomes bare, and the head remains clothed with a dusky green canopy, contrasting admirably with the yellowish red of the bark, there is scarcely a more picturesque tree. It loses entirely the taper character of its youth and bears a great resemblance to the stone pine, but with more irregularity in its growth, for frequently some straggling limb remains, shooting from the lower part of the trunk, the whole according well with the wild scenes in which it is most often found, towering, as it does,

amid the sublimest parts of the Scottish Highlands. There are some magnificent specimens growing in the vicinity of King's House, in the Pass of Glencoe, that are enough in themselves to tempt an artist to pass more than one day in its uncomfortable looking inn. Others, equally striking, rise among the rocks and falling waters around Killin, and on the small island which contains McNab's grave. One of these is particularly interesting from the accidental growth of a large branch, severed from the main stem, and fallen across another; seemingly not an uncommon event, as it has frequently occurred in other trees, when two branches have chafed and wounded each other, and at last united. The veteran McNab, who shows the grave to strangers, is disinclined to believe this, for he ushers them to the spot with this observation: "Now, sirs, step this way, and you shall see a sight you shall not see again in the three kingdoms."

In forests this Pine assumes a very different though not utterly unpicturesque appearance; the side branches are fewer; the stems are straighter and attain to a much greater height.

Sir T. Dick Lauder has drawn a charming and truthful picture of the solemn grandeur of a pine forest. "At one time we found ourselves wandering along some natural level under the deep and sublime shade of the heavy pine-foliage, upheld high over head by the tall massive columnar stems, which appear to form an endless colonnade; the ground, dry as a floor beneath our footsteps, the very sound of which is muffled by the thick deposition of decayed spines with which the seasons of more than one century have strewed it; hardly conscious that the sun is up, save from the fragrant resinous odour which its influence is exhaling, and the continued hum of the clouds of insects that are dancing in its beams over the tops of the trees. Anon the ground begins to swell into hillocks, and here and there the continuity of shade is broken by a broad rush of light streaming down through some vacant space, and brightly illuminating a single tree of huge dimensions, and of grand form, which, rising from a little knoll, stands out in bold relief from the darker masses behind it, where the shadows again sink deep and fathomless among the red and gray stems, whilst Nature, luxuriating in the light that gladdens the little glade, pours forth her richest Highland treasures of purple heath bells, and bright green bilberries, and trailing whortleberries, with tufts of ferns, and tall junipers irregularly intermingled. And then, amidst the

silence that prevails, the red deer stag comes carelessly across the view, leading his whole herd behind him; and as his full eye catches a glimpse of man, he halts, throws up his royal head, snuffs up the gale, indignantly beats the ground with his hoof, and then proudly moves off with his troop amid the glistening boles."

The bark is frequently cracked in scales of a gray colour towards the root, but becomes redder and smoother higher from the ground. These varieties in colour are much increased by age, when the bark is deeply furrowed and of a rich brown colour. The roots, unlike those of almost every other tree, wander in a direction nearly horizontal, accommodating themselves to the scanty depth of soil in which they are found; and as the tree advances in age, they frequently appear above the surface of the ground, and are therefore much more tough and woody than those of other trees. The foliage is composed of innumerable sharp-edged leaves, which fall every fifth year; they are arranged spirally on the branches in pairs, within a scaly sheath. When young, they are of a bright line, but afterwards assume a bluish tint, probably on account of their peculiar form not allowing much scope for the influence of the solar rays. The leaves approach the perpendicular, are rather curved, and grow on the upper sides of the branches, the latter being frequently seen below. The colour of the foliage may be given with the addition of a little lake, red, or madder

to a cool green. It may be added, that the cones are generally in pairs above the shoots of the current year; their colour varies, being sometimes yellowish or red, though more frequently of a purplish green.

Miss Twamley refers pleasingly to the two trees most usually met with in Scotland, namely, the "gloomy Pine and bonnie birch"—

"The lofty Fir crowns Scotland's hills,
Nor recks the winter's blast;
His root clings firmly to the rock,
Like an anchor stout and fast.

The Pine is king of Scottish woods:
And the queen—ah! who is she?
The fairest form the forest kens—
The bonnie birchen tree."

SPRUCE FIR—*Pinus Albies.*

"There towering Firs in conic forms appear,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies."
PRIOR.

GRACEFUL SWEEP OF BRANCHES—REGULARITY OF FORM AND SAMENESS OF COLOUR DISTASTEFUL TO ARTIST—SALVATOR ROSA—LEAVES DEPENDING FROM BRANCHES.

THE Spruce Fir is conical in form, and considered by many handsomer than the Scotch fir, its lower branches sweeping gracefully on the ground, and gradually decreasing towards the head in tiers of regular foliage. But these very qualities, regularity of form and sameness of colour, render the Spruce Fir, when flourishing and luxuriant, an object of lesser value to the artist. In the elevated and exposed situations in which, especially among Alpine scenery, it so often occurs, we find it assuming a more picturesque form. "Sometimes the tree, shattered by some accident, has lost many of its branches, and is scathed and ragged. A feathery branch here and there, among broken stumps, has often an admirable effect." Lauder describes, with true artistic feeling, the effect of the Spruce Fir in Alpine scenery, in the following passage: "What can be more truly sublime than to behold, opposed to the intensely blue ether, the glazed white summits of Mont Blanc, or the

Jungfrau, rising over the interminable forests of Spruce Firs, which clothe the bases of the mountains, whilst some gigantic specimens, as those we have been noticing, rise in groups among the rocks before us, many of them shivered, broken, and maimed by tempests; their dark forms opposed to all the brilliant prismatic hues of some immense gorgeous glacier."

Salvator Rosa has introduced the Spruce Fir with excellent effect into some of his most sublime compositions.

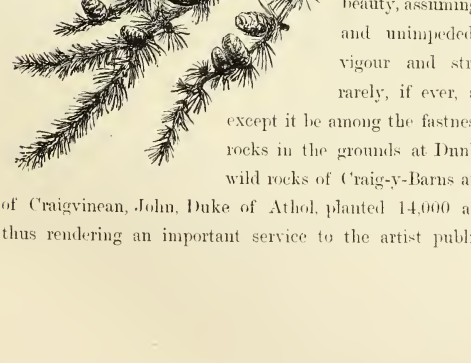
The branches spread out laterally, nearly parallel with the ground, and first bending downwards, curve slightly upward towards their extremities. The smaller sprays may be indicated by a succession of curves slightly deviating from the branches. The leaves are short, and depend from the branch, in contradistinction to the Scotch fir.

THE LARCH—*Pinus Larix.*

"I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the Larch hath hung all her tassels forth."

MRS. HEMANS.

NATIVE OF ALPS AND APENNINES—DUNKELD—HEIGHT EIGHTY TO ONE HUNDRED FEET—GROWING WELL IN HIGH LATITUDES—LARCH BRIDGES—IN PLANTATIONS UNINTERESTING TO THE POET AND PAINTER—LONG GRAY MOSS—PASTURE UNDERNEATH FRESH AND GREEN.



THE Larch is a native of the Alps and Apennines, and grows on their steeps in characteristic beauty, assuming, when uncontrolled and unimpeded in its growth, a vigour and strength of character rarely, if ever, seen in our island, except it be among the fastnesses of our Highland rocks in the grounds at Dunkeld. There, on the wild rocks of Craig-y-Barns and the lonely corries of Craigvinean, John, Duke of Athol, planted 14,000 acres with this tree, thus rendering an important service to the artist public as well as to his

heirs. It is only since about 1725 that the Larch has been introduced into Scotland and England, and it is interesting to notice what was thought of a tree which appears likely to modify the appearance of many of our wild barren hills in Scotland. When at Dunkeld some years ago, I was shown two fine trees, about eighty or ninety feet high, which I was told were the original plants, according to the popular account, that were brought from Italy with orange trees and other exotics, and for some time received a hothouse treatment, but being found to sicken under such a discipline, they were transplanted into the open garden, where they soon began to thrive and grow with the vigour natural to the tree. In its native Alpine regions it grows from the height of eighty to upwards of one hundred feet, and is thus described by Gilpin: "The Larch thrives in higher regions of the air better than any other tree of its consequence is known to do, hanging over rocks and precipices which have never been visited by human feet. After it is felled by the Alpine peasant, and thrown athwart some yawning chasm, where it affords a tremendous passage from cliff to cliff; while the cataract, roaring many fathoms below, is seen only in surges of rising vapour."

I have a most vivid recollection of sketching such rough and precarious bridges in the Via Mala, where, after the remarkably warm wind accompanied by rain (called "the Fön") that fell on the Alps, in 1839, and swelled the mountain streams, these Larch trunks had taken the place of the more solid bridges, swept away by the impetuous torrents. They were far more picturesque to sketch than easy to cross.

In England, the Larch may be a useful, but is not a painter's tree, though, when young, it forms a variety as regards colour in our woods and plantations, especially in the spring, decorated as it then is by the pink tassels of its blossoms. Afterwards, but before our deciduous trees are in full leaf, the Larch is clothed in a foliage of a vivid, lively green, perhaps more pleasing to the casual observer than to the painter.

Wordsworth, I think, must have viewed it with the artist's eye, when he says, "It must be acknowledged that the Larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in form and appearance, especially in spring; but as a tree it is less than any other pleasing. Its branches (for boughs it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree, and little dignity even when it attains its full growth.

"Leaves it cannot be said to have, and consequently it affords neither shade nor shelter. In spring, the Larch becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid, that, finding nothing to harmonize with it, whenever it comes forth a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy lifeless hue; in autumn, of a spiritless unvaried yellow; and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest, for they seem only to sleep, but the Larch appears absolutely dead."

This is a poet's description of the appearance Larches make in our plantations; but surely, had he studied them in their native habitat, he would have been more lenient in his judgment.

The stem is straight, and rising perpendicularly from the root, is thick at its commencement, but decreases more rapidly than that of the fir. The branches are long, slender, rather curved and pendant, tending more towards the perpendicular as they approach the summit. The spray is light and drooping, suiting the delicate foliage which depends from it.

The trunk is more completely seen than in most trees, and is sometimes covered with long gray moss. The Larches in the forest near Grindelwald alluded to by Byron were covered, when the author sketched them, with long festoons of gray moss, presenting a most singular appearance.

The touch for the foliage should be a succession of nearly parallel strokes inclining in an oblique direction from the spray, and occasionally rather curved or waved.

The Larch, though deciduous, is not entirely divested of leaves in winter.

The pasture under these trees is always fresh and green, owing to the fertilizing nature of the leaves, aided perhaps by the light which permeates the foliage.

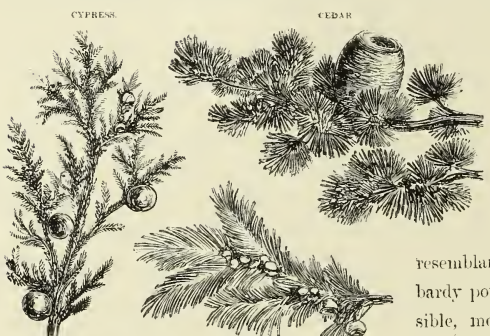
Gilpin tells us that many of Raphael's pictures were painted on larch boards.

THE CYPRESS—*Cupressus Sempervirens.*

"Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner of the dead."

BYRON.

REGULAR CONICAL GROWTH RESEMBLING LOMBARDY POPLAR—CEMETERIES—SCUTARI.



THE Cypress is a flame-shaped, tapering, cone-like tree, with upright branches, growing close to the stem, bearing a striking resemblance to the Lombardy poplar,—only, if possible, more compact, stiff, and conical. When perfect, it tapers with great regularity, beginning low down and terminating in a sharp and delicate point. The summit is sometimes jagged and forked.

A group of Cypresses presents considerable irregularity of appearance, some bearing diverging branches like the yew, whilst others, particularly the old trees, have but a scanty cluster of foliage at the top, the lower part presenting a mass of bare matted branches. The bark is dark and fibrous. The foliage has a very close texture, which gives firmness and precision to the outline of the tree.

It occurs frequently on the coast of Genoa and in the neighbourhood of Florence. It is sometimes planted in our cemeteries, and forms the constant and often only ornament of Turkish burial-grounds, particularly of that at Scutari, where it now waves its melancholy branches over the last resting-place of many an English hero.

THE CEDAR—*Pinus Cedrus.*

"In the midst
A Cedar spread his dark green layers of shade."
TENNYSON.

MAJESTY, STRENGTH, AND LONGEVITY—BEAUTY OF FOLIAGE—MOVEMENT OF BRANCHES—CLASSICAL AND SCRIPTURAL ASSOCIATIONS—TRUNK OFTEN DIVIDED—FOLIAGE MORE TUFTED THAN OTHER FIRS—CONES.

THIS truly majestic tree has been well described by Gilpin as the type of a "lasting tree." Its whole appearance is one of strength, majesty, and longevity.

Strutt remarks that there is something in the air of the Cedar remarkably indicative of its comparatively immortal nature. The foliage is very beautiful. Each branch is perfect in its form; the points of the leaves spread upwards in little tufts, feathering the whole upper surface of the branch, and drooping in graceful curves towards the extremity; whilst the colour exhibits a dark green, harmonizing with the blue tint of the pine and fir, and the gloomy, dusky hue of the cypress.

It is said to possess a peculiarity in raising its boughs, which is elegantly described by Mrs. Franklin:—

"The Cedar thus, when halcyon summer shines,
Graceful to earth its pendant bough declines;
But when on Libanus the snows descend,
To meet the weight, its rising branches bend."

This last attribute, whether really possessed by the Cedar or not, is one too fertile in romantic ideas to be overlooked by poets, and Southey has a fine allusion to it:—

"It was a Cedar tree
That woke him from the deadly drowsiness:
Its broad round spreading branches, when they felt
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven,
And standing in their strength erect,
Defied the baffled storm."

The grandeur and beauty of the Cedar lead us to associate it with classical and Scriptural subjects, and Martin has introduced it into several of his loftiest conceptions.

The trunk is sometimes divided into several large limbs, rising perpendicularly, and from these the lateral branches spring at right angles. The lights and shadows lie in unequal strata or layers, and should be decidedly indicated, the cast shadows also being distinctly marked.

The foliage is difficult to describe, but it may be imitated by a succession of short curved lines generally pointing upwards. It is more in the form of little tufts than that of other firs.

The cones are few in number, but conspicuous from their bright warm colour; they are placed perpendicularly on the upper part of the branch.

THE YEW.—*Taxus Baccata.*

"This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay,
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."—WORDSWORTH.

NEXT IN LONGEVITY TO CEDAR—VILLAGE CHURCHYARDS—FAVOURITE WITH POETS—REASONS FOR CULTIVATION IN OLDEN TIMES—GARDEN HEDGES—WIDE SPREAD OF BRANCHES—FOLIAGE GROWING IN PARALLEL ROWS.

NEXT to the cedar, the Yew is the longest lived tree, indeed, according to Strutt, "it can scarcely ever be said to die, new shoots perpetually springing out from the old and withered stock." In appearance also it bears resemblance to the cedar, but, owing to its inferior size and effect, it is not so often introduced by artists into their compositions, and is therefore almost entirely monopolized by their brethren the word-painters, who have presented to the mind's eye many interesting pictures of village churchyards with their yews of sombre hue, the slow growth and gradual decay of which harmonize so well with the feelings called forth by the locality. Gray has immortalized this kindred association in lines too well known to require quotation.

When our national weapons of defence consisted of bows and bills, the Yew tree was highly esteemed, as supplying the best wood for the manufacture of the first mentioned weapon; and it is to this circumstance that Selby attributes the general frequency of Yew in our churchyards, it being customary to plant it there for the convenience and use of the townsfolk and villagers.

Many of the cottage doors at Abinger are overshadowed by aged Yews, dark and funeral in their aspect and anything but beautiful in form, and there is something impressive in the thought that although the cottage may be crumbling to decay, the tree will outlive it, as it has in all probability outlived many a labourer's dwelling, seeing more changes than the oldest man in the district. "There it stands grandly amid the pale budding vegetation, as if it were proud of having resisted the wear and tear of winter so well, and in the great windy struggle retaining the green garment which the Boreau blast had battled for in vain, while so many other trees had lost all." But notwithstanding Miller's poetical description I would rather not have Yews at my cottage door, but would prefer the shade of a rustic porch with the rose and honeysuckle training over it.

The Yew is now principally cultivated in gardens to form evergreen hedges, for which purpose it is well suited, as it grows thick, and bears clipping, making a good background or screen for trees of a lighter foliage; it is, however, said to be very unwholesome to the cattle, who browse on its leaves. "The trunk of the Yew is stiff, straight, and short in proportion to its bulk, and, when left to its natural growth, numerous branches spring nearly horizontally from within a very short distance of the ground; these, if left unmolested, annually elongate, and at length cover with their umbrageous shade a large space of ground," and are frequently closely intertwined. The trunk and branches are deeply grooved; the bark, which is of a rich reddish brown, is thin, and peels off every year. The leaves are small and narrow, closely arranged in a double row on the twigs; the cup-like berries, although in colour of a bright scarlet, are not sufficiently conspicuous to be represented by the artist. The touch for the foliage may be rather more distinct than that for the cedar, and its peculiarity of growing in parallel rows on the twigs may be noticed. The general height attained by the Yew is between thirty and forty feet.

THE DATE PALM—*Phœnix Dactylifera.*

SOMETIMES FOUND IN EUROPE—CULTIVATED FOR EASTER FESTIVAL—DECAY OF LOWER LEAVES FORMING INEQUALITIES ON STEM—LEAVES TEN TO TWELVE FEET LONG—FORESTS IN BARBARY.

This tree, though a native of Asia and Africa, and as such inadmissible to this series, is sometimes seen in Europe. It has been naturalized in Spain, and is occasionally found even in the south of France and in Italy.

The examples in the plate are sketched from some on the coast of Genoa; the Palm being there cultivated for the sake of its leaves, which are preserved with great care, and sent to Rome, for the Easter festivals of the Roman Catholic Church. The leaves on the stem decay so soon that they are rarely seen, though at the crown they form a graceful tuft. Its stem is straight and cylindrical, and covered, particularly near its summit, with numerous prominences like thick scales, formed by the leaf stalks of former years. "A grove of Date trees, when full grown, has the appearance of numerous elegant columns, each crowned with a verdant capital, with shafts beautifully wrought." The

leaves on the summit, which are from ten to twelve feet in length, bend gracefully back, and form a kind of canopy.

The spine of each leaf should first be marked, and the leaflets added afterwards.

MOUNTAIN ASH, OR ROWAN TREE OF SCOTLAND—*Pyrus Aucuparia.*

"How clung the Rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head
With narrow leaves and berries red."

CLASSED WITH ASH, THOUGH DIFFERENT IN GENUS—GROWING BEST ALONE AND IN COLD CLIMATES—PLEASING EFFECT IN HIGHLANDS—BRILLIANT BERRIES.

This tree, botanically speaking, is quite a different genus from the ash, but, having some resemblance to the latter, especially in the leaf, artist writers on trees not unfrequently class them together. The Rowan, however, is not so large nor elegant as the common ash. It succeeds best alone, for if screened or shaded by other higher trees, it dwindles, as it were through envy, to insignificance. Gilpin gives an excellent description of this tree, evidently a favourite with him. "Inured to cold and rugged scenes, it is the hardy inhabitant of the northern parts of this island. Sometimes it is found in softer climes; but there it generally discovers, by its stunted growth, that it does not occupy the situation it loves. In the Scottish Highlands it becomes a considerable tree. There, on some rocky mountain covered with dark pines and waving birch, which cast a solemn gloom

over the lake below, a few Mountain Ashes, joining in a clump and mixing with them, have a fine effect; if happily blended and not in too large a proportion, they add some of the most picturesque furniture with which the sides of those rugged mountains are invested."

In autumn, this tree asserts its individuality, bearing clusters of red berries instead of shrivelled seed vessels. Though its most natural situation is amongst mountains, it is often planted in pleasure grounds and shrubberies, for the sake of its brilliant berries.

It may be introduced with truth into sketches of Highland scenes, being frequently planted by superstitious inhabitants close to their dwellings, to protect them from witchcraft. The leaves are smaller than those of the ash, the touch must not be so marked, nor the branches so long.

The Rowan is not without its admirers among our greatest poets, for Wordsworth says:—

> "The Mountain Ash
> No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
> Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head,
> Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
> Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
> By a brook side or solitary tarn,
> How she her station doth adorn: the pool
> Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
> Are brightened round her."

THE ACACIA—*Robinia pseudo Acacia.*

RARELY SEEN TO PERFECTION IN ENGLAND—FOLIAGE AND BLOSSOMS GRACEFUL—SEPARATED TOUCH—BRITTLENESS OF WOOD.

Among elegant pendent trees the Acacia must not be forgotten, though it is seldom or never seen to perfection in England. This tree, although partaking of the character of the ash, has not its gracefulness, either in the trunk or branches, which are stiff and irregular in their lines. Its claims to beauty lie in its foliage, which is particularly light and elegant, of a beautiful lively green, and when allowed to grow unlopped, feathers gracefully down to the ground, forming a pleasant object for park or lawn, especially when covered with white blossoms, though not properly included in our British sylva. The

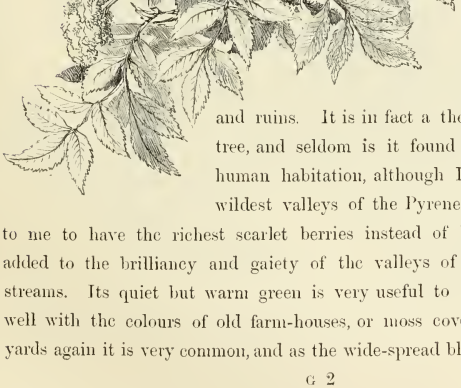
foliage does not form into such large masses as that of the ash, but is rather more like the birch in character.

The leaves being set along the small branches, make it desirable, in imitating them, to separate the touch. The bark, too, differs greatly from the ash, being rough and dark in colour.

This tree is beautiful only when in its prime, and uninjured, and as, from the extreme brittleness of the wood, it is unable to stand against a storm, it scarcely ever passes through one unscathed or unshorn of its beauty. Hence its rare appearance anywhere but in pleasure grounds, and even there it is never to be depended upon. On the Continent the tree is much planted in avenues to public baths, and is then kept polled into rounded masses.

THE ELDER—*Sambucus Nigra.*

HARDY—THOROUGHLY DOMESTICATED—FOLIAGE USEFUL TO ARTIST—PROMINENCE OF BLOSSOMS—EARLY IN LEAF—DEEP PURPLE BERRIES—BRANCHES SPRINGING NEAR GROUND.



This shrubby tree will grow and flourish where fruit trees will not, and is common, almost universal, in cottage gardens, hedge rows, and ruins. It is in fact a thoroughly domesticated tree, and seldom is it found in England far from human habitation, although I have seen it in the wildest valleys of the Pyrenees, where it appeared to me to have the richest scarlet berries instead of black, and it greatly added to the brilliancy and gaiety of the valleys of the Gave and other streams. Its quiet but warm green is very useful to the artist, combining well with the colours of old farm-houses, or moss covered barns. In farm yards again it is very common, and as the wide-spread blossoms are sufficiently

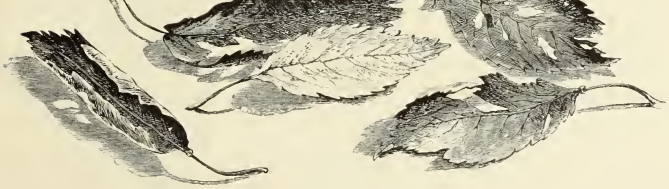
large to have a place in such scenes, they are frequently introduced, as they help to mark the early summer, and give an English character to the picture, while in hay-making subjects their cream or lemon-coloured tones are an agreeable variety to the gray green of the hay. In this way they have been largely used by Cox and others. When colour is used, it must be observed that the flowers are not pure white, but tinged with Naples or lemon yellow. The leaves are among the earliest which appear, but the blossoms are not seen till June; the deep purple or inky-coloured berries may, if desirable, be shown late in autumn, hanging among the decaying leaves. The foliage resembles that of the ash in shape, but is deeper in colour. The branches, however, are very different, frequently springing from near the ground in vigorous shoots.

FURZE AND BROOM.

FRUIT TREES.

FRUIT TREES UNINTERESTING TO ARTIST—SIZE OF WILD CHERRY—BRILLIANT AUTUMN TINT OF LEAVES—PEAR TREE RESEMBLING ELM IN GROWTH—MULBERRY ROUNDED IN FORM—APPLE TREE RESEMBLING STUNTED OAK—FIG TREE COMMON IN SOUTHERN EUROPE—OLIVE SIMILAR IN FORM TO WILLOW, FOLIAGE GRAY GREEN, NOT PICTURESQUE.

FRUIT-TREES are so often found near rustic dwellings and are so intimately connected with rural scenery, that it is necessary to notice their most striking and characteristic points. In general their growth is tortuous and irregular, uninteresting to the artist, but peculiarly adapted to the purpose of supporting their luscious burdens, the only exception being, perhaps, the wild Cherry-tree, which in Switzerland, Germany, and Scotland frequently presents a handsome and graceful appearance. In Switzerland it grows to a great height, and having a well-formed and pleasant coloured bark, it associates very agreeably with the chalets and surrounding objects, giving rise to many incidents of figures with ladders, baskets, poles, &c. In autumn the foliage turns to a rich crimson, and a few of the fallen leaves afford an excellent study (see vignette).



LEAVES OF CHERRY.

Next in size comes the Pear, which is not easily distinguished from a badly grown elm, and but for the singular curves assumed by its branches,

it would scarcely bear the character of a fruit-tree. The sprigs are very numerous, and consequently not easily drawn.

The Mulberry, though described by Evelyn as "beautiful as any elm, and very proper for walks and avenues," is lower and heavier than that tree, with many more branches, all bearing foliage, and giving the tree a rounded, clumsy appearance. It is often to be met with in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of England, and in the north of Italy and the southern Tyrol it is very common. There it is polled, to cause it to throw out vigorous shoots and green leaves within reach of those who keep silkworms; it is needless to add that in this condition it is extremely unpicturesque, as the leaves are stripped off as fast as they grow. The leaf is as large and broad as that of the lime, but more resembles a healthy elm leaf.

The Apple-tree in trunk and branches is more like a gnarled and stunted oak than any other, seldom rising above the buildings near which it is planted, but spreading its branches to a considerable distance over the ground. In August and September, many an artistic group may be seen beneath its boughs, collecting

> "The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
> Of Apples, which the lusty handed year
> Innumerous o'er the blushing orchard shakes."

The bark of most fruit trees is rougher and darker than that of forest trees, with the exception of the cherry, which has a lighter and smoother skin, something like the birch.

It would scarcely be necessary to mention the Fig-tree, if the artist merely depicted English scenes, though even here its deeply lobed leaves have an excellent effect when trained against a cottage wall, and mingling with the lighter creepers. In the south of Europe it is very common, and there attains to the size of an ordinary fruit-tree, the stem sometimes exceeding a foot in diameter, and its interwoven branches frequently hanging to the ground. The leaves are large and angular in shape, slightly resembling those of the plane; the colour of the green is dingy.

The Olive bears some resemblance to the willow; the trunk is often much divided in the old tree, the branches are irregular and tortuous, and the foliage is a silvery gray green. It is not a picturesque tree, there being no great masses of light and shade in its scattered foliage; the bark is fibrous and of a warm gray colour. In the south of Europe, the Olive-tree is cultivated

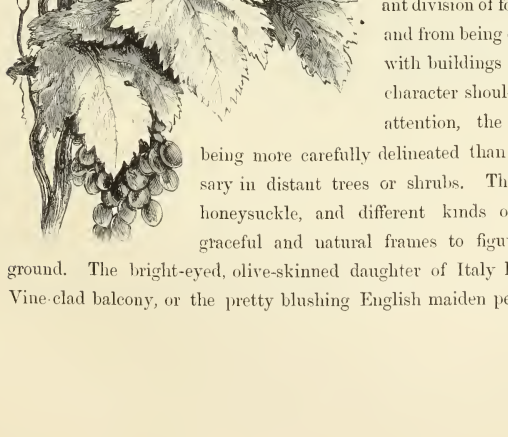
in large plantations, and gives a very peculiar appearance to the landscape where it abounds.

Its leaves have that dark and sombre tint which we generally call olive-green, and when the wind stirs the foliage, and raises their white under surfaces to view, they look like a stream of light, floating amid the gloom of their dark boughs. Often, too, the bright skies of a southern summer are spread over the scene, where groups of Olive gatherers, with skins embrowned, and eyes of dark and soft radiance, are scattered around the trees. The leaf is not unlike the willow, although shorter; the fruit green, and about one-third the length of the leaf.

VINE.—*Vitis.*

"Depending Vines the shelving caverns screen
With purple clusters blushing through the green."
POPE.

VINE, CHIEF OF BEAUTIFUL CLIMBERS—PERFECTION IN ITALY—CONTRASTED WELL WITH GOURD—TRELLISES.



CLIMBING and creeping plants form an important division of foreground objects, and from being closely associated with buildings and figures, their character should be studied with attention, the different parts being more carefully delineated than would be necessary in distant trees or shrubs. The Vine, ivy, hop, honeysuckle, and different kinds of creepers form graceful and natural frames to figures in the foreground. The bright-eyed, olive-skinned daughter of Italy leaning over her Vine-clad balcony, or the pretty blushing English maiden peeping forth from

her bower of honeysuckle, are familiar subjects in every artist's folio. The main point of interest never suffers, but is rather enhanced by a certain degree of care and truthfulness being bestowed upon the accessories. Foremost amongst these stands the Vine, with its fine leaves, rich clusters of fruit, and twining tendrils. Though so useful in embellishing English scenes, ornamenting the cottage windows or porch by varying the lines and colour, it is seen in Italy to the greatest advantage. There, where nature and art favour its luxuriant growth, it hangs its graceful festoons from tree to tree, or is trailed on rustic trellis work, or even over the surfaces of rocks.

The gourd is frequently trained with the Vine, and with its large yellow blossoms and fruits contributes much to the variety of colour.

In Germany and France, the Vine, being cultivated with great formality, and trained to short stakes, is no more picturesque than a raspberry bush.

The stem is twisted and irregular in the way in which it twines round an object; the branches are long and flexible like those of a bramble, or supporting themselves when near trees, by means of tendrils like a pea.

The leaves are large-lobed, sometimes nearly entire but generally much serrated: they also present much variety in colour, being often pale and downy, at other times rich in tone, more especially in autumn; when the luscious purple clusters are ripe, they form with their deep maroon and golden tones and broken surfaces fine connecting links of colour between objects such as Lance painted so beautifully. To imitate the foliage, the touch should be rather angular and star-like, partaking of the oak character, but fuller in form and warmer in colour.

COTTAGE HOMES.

CHAPTER III.

FOREGROUND STUDIES.

"Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill-side, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below."—COWPER.

Section I.—COTTAGE HOMES.

INFINITE VARIETY OF SUBJECTS—COTTAGE HOME DESCRIBED—RUSKIN ON ROOFS—THE PORCH—CREEPERS—GAINSBOROUGH AND RUSTIC LIFE—BEES—KITCHEN GARDEN—ORCHARD.

OF all near views or foreground subjects, none deserve more careful study than the rustic dwellings of our peasantry, and their accessories. Very often, indeed, they are not mere foregrounds, but constitute in themselves complete pictures.

The eye is so content with the infinite variety and interest connected with them, that it needs no distance, or if it does, the smallest peep of blue mountain or horizon suffices, and the eye returns again to dwell on the cottar's home, and to study all its details.

Our English cottage is perhaps the most interesting of any, for it presents in general a scene of humble comfort, which too many of the Scotch and Irish huts lack entirely; being indicative only of wild, picturesque discomfort, acceptable to the artist certainly, as affording excellent subjects for his brush and pencil, but awakening in the spectator none of the pleasurable and essentially English home feeling. I am sensible of an *embarras de richesses*, as I turn over my folios of cottage scenes, for I find so many sketches all suited to illustrate the present subject, that I am uncertain which to choose. The accompanying heading, however, represents a favourite cottage, with the inmates of which I became acquainted in one of my sojourns in the country.

And here I may mention that their occupation gives to artists a great facility in mixing freely with the peasantry. I have even thought when I have heard people really anxious, from charitable motives, to make the acquaintance of their poor, complain of the difficulty they found in winning their confidence, that they might succeed better were they to carry and occasionally use a sketch-book, and through its friendly introduction receive an invitation to enter the cottage, that they would otherwise visit unasked.

At present, however, there is nothing to call us over the threshold; our business is with the outside, where there is abundance to occupy us.

The walls are built of various coloured bricks, patched with plaster and

seamed with wood noggins. The old weather-beaten roof is composed partly of tiles, partly of thatch mossy with age, and crowned with an overhanging chimney or two, in themselves a perfect study; the blackened tops, often innocent of chimney-pots, are contrasted with the brighter coloured bricks below, unless, as is frequently the case, they are hidden by the embracing arms of the climbing rose and jasmine. These chimneys have often a shapeless mass near their base, formed by the oven so essential to cottage economy; but even this is in some measure atoned for by luxuriant clumps of stonecrop and houseleek, which do their best to clothe with beauty of colour the unsightly form. Then there are the little old garret windows nestled in among the creepers, there is the projecting window below, with its small diamond panes and flower-pots, and lastly, though not the least important item, the porch. Though not entirely agreeing with a celebrated author in his unlimited admiration of porches in town as well as country, every one must love the cottage porch, nestling in between the out-jutting chimney and house, and sheltering the door from sun, wind, and rain. What a pleasant bond of union is this porch between the open air and snug interior, enabling the inmates to sit and work, read, and rest, or enjoy the sunshine and air with the repose of home.

This particular porch seems in itself a little home, with its solid roof and bright red tiles covered with hillocks of houseleek and gay stonecrop. Mr. Ruskin, in one of his lectures, delivered at Edinburgh, dwells, and with reason, on the important part the roof plays in all cottage architecture, and most artists will agree with the following remarks.

"I am sure that all of you must readily acknowledge the charm which is imparted to any landscape by the presence of cottages; and you must over and over again have paused at the wicket-gate of some cottage garden, delighted by the simple beauty of the honeysuckle porch and latticed window. Has it ever occurred to you to ask the question, what effect the cottage would have upon your feelings if it had *no roof?* no visible roof, I mean; if instead of the thatched slope, in which the little upper windows are buried deep, as in a nest of straw—or the rough shelter of its mountain slates—or warm colouring of russet tiles—there were nothing but a flat leaden top to it, making it look like a large packing-case with windows in it? I don't think the rarity of such a sight would make you feel it to be beautiful; on the

contrary, if you think over the matter, you will find, that you actually do owe, and ought to owe, a great part of your pleasure in all cottage scenery, and in all the inexhaustible imagery of literature which is founded upon it, to the conspicuousness of the cottage-roof, to the subordination of the cottage itself to its covering, which leaves, in nine cases out of ten, really more roof than anything else. It is indeed not so much the whitewashed walls—nor the flowery garden—nor the rude fragments of stone set for steps at the door—nor any other picturesqueness of the building which interest you, so much as the gray bank of its heavy eaves, deep cushioned with green moss and golden stonecrop. And there is a profound, yet evident reason for this feeling. The very soul of the cottage—the essence and meaning of it—are in its roof; it is that mainly wherein consists its shelter; that wherein it differs most completely from a cleft in the rocks, or bower in woods. It is in its thick impenetrable coverlid of close thatch that its whole heart and hospitality are concentrated."

Besides the principal roof there are always sure to be little outhouses, with roofs as varied as their uses; the shed for the cow, another for tools, and, lowest of all, the roughly-thatched pigsty.

To return to the porch, from which we have strayed considerably. In the one I am describing there are two benches, one used as a seat, the other as a rest for a couple of tubs, at which the blind mistress of the cottage busies herself, being thus able to perform her household duties, and yet feel and enjoy the warm sunshine and soft air, as well as the society of old Mag, who always makes a point of hopping down to talk to her. The floor is tiled with red and yellow bricks, and round the walls hang bunches of radish and cabbage-seed to dry, while on an old bench at the outside stand several tubs with choice plants growing in them. This part of the cottage alone, with the garden path composed now of steps, and then of level ground, with a figure or two and a peep of the lane beyond, makes a good foreground study. Then there is the little girl who assists the blind dame, feeds the pigs, &c.—a capital subject for the sketch-book, her blue gown neatly rolled up and passed through the pocket-hole, displaying a reddish brown petticoat, an orange silk handkerchief crossed over her bosom.

So much for the cottage itself. Its ornaments are extremely varied and beautiful, only some of which can be mentioned here. The vine clings

lovingly to the rough cottage wall, hiding with its handsome leaves, lithe tendrils, and clusters of purple grapes, aught that is misshapen or ugly, and twining round the window-frames with a grace that belongs to nature only. In drawing a vine trained over a cottage, care must be taken to show the contorted and irregular stem; a branch seen occasionally through the foliage has a good effect. These branches extend to a considerable distance, without much apparent diminution in size. The touch for the foliage should be angular, and the colour a warm green.

The honeysuckle is a creeper that seems to be peculiarly the "tree of the cottage and the poor," with its elegantly formed blossoms and quiet tinted foliage.

Then there is the jasmine, a much more flexible plant than the honeysuckle; when trained it weaves itself around any support, and is a graceful ornament wherever it grows:—

> "The deep green of whose unvarnished leaf
> Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
> The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

More important in colour, although unattractive in its blossom, is the Virginian Creeper, the autumnal tints of which range from the brightest yellow to the deepest crimson and maroon; and as it frequently climbs around the gable ends of the cottage, it affords the artist many opportunities of varying the tones of his study.

Very often, mingled with these creepers, grow the deep crimson rose and its pale sister; these in favourable situations overtop the roof, and so encircle the chimney that the smoke seems to issue from a bower of roses. Their blossoms then meet with a farther contrast in the plants of the roof and wall, the bright-leaved houseleek and red-eyed stonecrop. The latter, the yellow biting stonecrop, as it is called, from its acrid taste when bitten, flowers in June, and enlivens with its masses of golden flowers the most barren roof and wall. The leaves, which grow alternately up the stem, are small and thick, of a pale sea-green hue, often tinged with red, and the stems, which are at first prostrate, afterwards rise a foot or more in height. It is useful to the artist in breaking the monotony of a large roof, both in form and colour, and

> "—— spreads a mantle bright
> Like cloth of gold, or silver white
> Powdered with spots of garnet red."

There is a white species, which is more common on the rocks of Scotland than about English dwellings. Gainsborough was the first English painter who showed that he felt the beauty and fitness for representation of our own Landscape, and thought it no disgrace to people our homes and our lanes with simple artless poverty, for he was able to unite grace and harmony with the everyday life of our rustic peasantry. We had indeed before his time a painter of wonderful power, one who could point a moral with his brush—Hogarth, but his genius led him to delineate the darker side of human nature, as displayed in the bye-streets and dens of a great city, a wonderful contrast to the beauty and pure atmosphere of a country life. Of Morland we can say but little, for his facile style, vulgar taste, and constant repetition make him an unfit example for the student, but Gainsborough's pictures are full of refinement and conscientious work. His "Girl at the Cottage-door," "Boys Fighting, with Dogs," and "Market Cart," without dwelling on such as his "Blue Boy," or "Mrs. Grahame," are well worth the earnest study of those who wish to draw faithfully from nature, and no one has surpassed the airy grace and ingenious delicacy which Gainsborough threw into his designs. It is said of him, that he had a sweet humility towards all Nature (a most excellent gift for a student): also generosity and gentleness towards fellow-workers. With all this he possessed patient industry, a quality so inseparable from real genius, that no wonder he thought them identical.

The cottager often endeavours to combine beauty with utility in his garden, thus in the front, near the windows, there is generally a plot of sweet old-fashioned flowers, such as make a pleasant posy, and are at the same time favourites with the bees, whose hives are sure to be found in some sheltered nook; behind grow peas, beans, cabbages, &c., while the cottage itself stands embosomed in a clump of fine fruit trees, which, with incidents connected with them, yield many a subject to the painter. The cherry-tree for instance, with here and there a rustic urchin perched among the boughs and the more sedate on ladders gathering its crimson fruit.

Section II.—SHRUBS AND GARDEN HEDGES.

LABURNUM——LILAC——HOLLY——BOX——PRIVET——GOURD——ACANTHUS——IVY.

There are some shrubs that are so intimately associated with the flowering and perfumed hedge-rows peculiar to our island, that they demand a place in an artist's collection of foreground plants: of these the Laburnum, Lilac, Holly, Box, and Privet are the principal. The Laburnum does not grow spontaneously in England as it does in the mountain forests of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and Italy, but is common in plantations and shrubberies, where shine

> "Laburnum's drops of pendent gold,
> Sweet Lilac's many colour'd bloom."

In some parts of Scotland the Laburnum flowers more freely and the colour of its blossoms is richer than when cultivated with greater care in our English gardens. The shape of the head is spreading, irregular, and picturesque, and the colour of its foliage a smooth, shining, pleasant green.

In Italy it bears the name of Maggio, from the month in which it flowers, in the same way as our hawthorn receives the popular name of May.

The Lilac is naturally far less of a tree than the laburnum, as, from the numerous suckers it throws up from its root, it presents the appearance of a large flowering shrub. With care, however, it can be trained into a tree of twenty feet high. It is very hardy, bears the smoke and dust of cities better than many shrubs, and some of the smaller kinds will also bear clipping into hedges. Besides the white and purple Lilac there are many varieties of the latter colour, for it is as Cowper says :—

> "Various, in array,—now white,
> Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
> With purple spikes pyramidal—as if
> Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
> Which hue she most approved, she chose them all."

The Holly (*Ilex Aquifolia*), a beautiful evergreen, with angular thorned leaves and bright scarlet berries, is a great ornament to lawns and shrubberies in winter, when without the pleasant evergreens all would look bare and leafless. Evelyn describes a beautiful effect produced by it in Wotton Park, which is still remarkable for fine Hollies. "Under the beeches spring up innumerable Hollies, which growing thick and close together in one of the woods next the meadow is a *viretum* all the year round, and a very beautiful

sight when the leaves of the taller trees are fallen. Among all the natural greens which enrich our home-born store, there is none certainly to be compared to our Holly, so spontaneously growing here in this part of Surrey. I have often wondered at our curiosity after foreign plants and expensive difficulties, to the neglect of the culture of this vulgar but incomparable tree, whether we will propagate it for use and defence or for sight :—

> " 'A hedge of Holly, thieves that would invade,
> Repulses like a growing palisade,
> Whose numerous leaves such orient greens invest
> As in deep Winter do the Spring arrest.' "

And then he bursts forth with the following oft *mis*quoted enthusiastic eulogy. "Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can show in my *now ruined* gardens at Says Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy) at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distance, blushing with their natural coral?"

Although

> " From every hedge is plucked by eager hands
> The Holly branch, with prickly leaves replete,
> And fraught with berries of a crimson hue,"

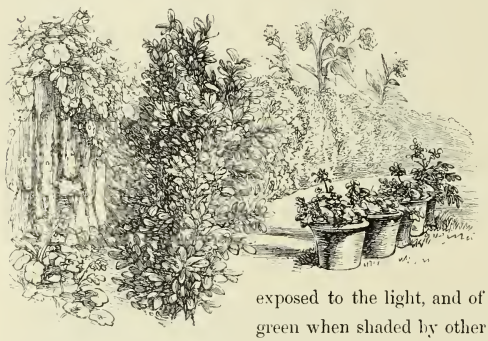
it is a mistake to imagine the Holly invariably as a shrub; in a congenial soil and climate it has been known to attain the height of forty or fifty feet, and there is a group of that height in a lane at Wotton.

Selby tells us that "in natural woods, and especially in the deep glens and rocky denes of our northern districts, however beautiful and diversified the scenery may be, it never fails to receive an additional life and charm wherever the Holly is present to intermingle its glossy foliage with the various tints around it. Oft have we stood and lingered in our walks to watch and admire the bright and fleeting lights produced by our favourite evergreen, as moved by the gentle zephyr its polished leaves have reflected in diamond-like coruscations the rays of light, as they penetrated the recesses in which it grew, at the same time that its rich dark green foliage, by force of contrast, gave an additional value to the paler tints of the mountain ash, hazel, and various shrubs that grew around it."

The dark and glossy foliage reflects the lights and the blue colour of the

sky. The branches are bolder and more waved than the thorn, and the stem smoother and lighter coloured.

The Box (*Buxus sempervirens*) rarely attains in England to a greater height than twelve or fifteen feet. The trunk is thick, compared with the size of the tree, the bark is yellowish on the young shrubs, but becomes rough and gray as age advances. The leaves are persistent, and of a yellowish green when fully exposed to the light, and of a fine deep glossy green when shaded by other trees.



The Box seems to have been formerly much more abundant than it is now, if we may judge by the various places that have derived their names from it, where few trees of the species now exist. Such are Boxley in Kent and Box Hill in Surrey. It ranks next to the holly among our valuable evergreens, and in Evelyn's time seems to have equalled it in importance, as in his "Sylva" he says, "He that in winter should behold some of our highest hills in Surrey, clad with whole woods of these two last sorts of trees" (yew and box) "for divers miles in circuit, might without the least violence to imagination easily fancy himself transported into some new or enchanted country, for if in any spot of England

"'Tis here
Eternal spring and summer all the year.'"

The foliage being very close, admits of marked divisions of light and shade. Its most diminutive form is that which it assumes as a border to our flower-beds, in which capacity it is much esteemed, though requiring frequent renewal. It is connected with art and artists through the great use made of its wood by engravers.

The Common Privet is a much branched twiggy shrub, with a bark of a greenish ash colour, dotted with numerous points. It thrives better even than

the lilac in towns, and forms nearly all the hedges of our squares and gardens.

It abounds in the country, and adorns the garden of many an humble cottager in summer with its sweet-scented spikes of small white flowers, and in winter with its grape-like clusters of black, glossy, round berries; and when not closely trimmed it forms one of the prettiest of hedge rows.

The heading of this section represents a Privet hedge with many luxuriant shoots and unpruned twigs, which separates a very favourite cottage garden from a wild and beautiful common.

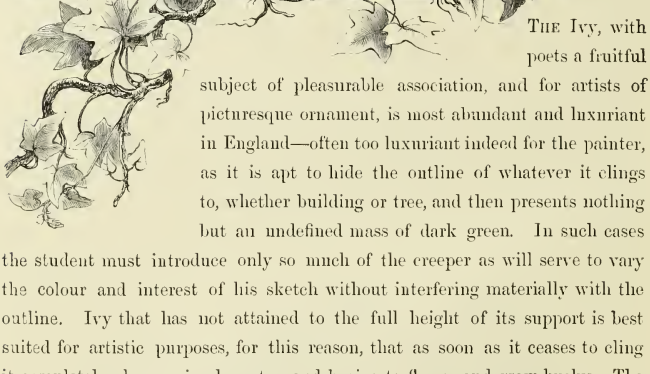
Here, on one of the warmest exposures a handsome gourd climbs rampant, making golden with its brilliant blossoms the bank and neighbouring hedge, and reminding every one who has travelled in Italy of the sunny Val d'Aoste, the trellises of the coast of Genoa, or the markets of glorious Venice, where its gorgeous fruit meets the eye on every side. It is ever a subject of regret to the artist that its magnificent blossom, expanding with the rising sun but dying before he sets, bids defiance to the purest cadmium and most skilful handling.

The Acanthus also has won its title to share the artist's admiration and attention from the hint Callimachus the Corinthian architect received from its fine foliage; and although only found indigenous in southern climes may, under favourable circumstances, adorn an English garden.

COMMON IVY.—*Hedera Helix.*

"The Ivy clings about the ruin'd walls
Of cell and chapel and refectory;
An oak-tree's shadow, cloud-like, ever falls
Upon the spot where stood the altar high;
The chambers all are open to the sky;
A goat is feeding where the praying knelt;
The daisy rears its ever open eye
Where the proud abbot in his grandeur dwelt,
These signs of Time and change the hardest heart might melt."

ROBERT NICHOLLS.



THE Ivy, with poets a fruitful subject of pleasurable association, and for artists of picturesque ornament, is most abundant and luxuriant in England—often too luxuriant indeed for the painter, as it is apt to hide the outline of whatever it clings to, whether building or tree, and then presents nothing but an undefined mass of dark green. In such cases the student must introduce only so much of the creeper as will serve to vary the colour and interest of his sketch without interfering materially with the outline. Ivy that has not attained to the full height of its support is best suited for artistic purposes, for this reason, that as soon as it ceases to cling it completely changes in character, and begins to flower and grow bushy. The leaves become less lobed, and often bear more resemblance to elm leaves than to what is generally considered as the regular form of the Ivy leaf.

Who that has travelled at all in his native land has not seen in his excursion on foot or on horseback ivied ruins, churches, and old halls glowing in the rays of the departing sun, which, if he be an artist or possessed of artistic feeling, have made him long to carry away a sketch, and failing that, have remained imprinted on his memory for years? A retentive memory for effects is of the greatest importance to a landscape artist, and he should

endeavour to strengthen this faculty by practice, as well as cultivate a steady determination to abide by the effect (if it be a good one) which first struck him, or he will weaken the results by endeavours to introduce into his picture, beauties incompatible with, because differing from, his first intention.

The effect to be represented once decided on, the whole subject should be stored away in the mind, remaining there like a fine photograph complete and unchangeable, ever ready for inspection whenever the mental eye is turned upon it. Of course the sooner the artist can reproduce the scene with the like completeness the sooner he is delivered from all temptation to endanger the unity of his subject; when the sketch is left in a half finished state such danger is imminent, the picture gradually fades in the mind's eye and cannot be renewed, as chances are greatly against the same effect being met with a second time. As illustrative of this, and in the hope that some young artist may profit by my experience, I will mention some circumstances attending one of my early sketches from nature.

A brilliant sunshine greeted my first look out on the day which I had determined to devote to this sketch, and I rose early, anxious to secure a side light, as being easier to represent and more picturesque when drawn. The spot destined to be the scene of my morning's labours had been pointed out to me, as the coach passed rapidly along the road, in the gloaming, a few evenings before; the daylight effect was therefore new to me, and enchanting, indeed, I thought it. An old ruined hall was the principal object; it had evidently once been of considerable importance, as the remains of architectural embellishment bore witness. The highly ornamented window-frames, broad stone mullions, the fanciful, yet massive, brick chimneys surmounting the tall gable ends and now covered with Ivy, flourishing and thick, together with the ancient moat, more than half filled up with rubbish and overgrown with rank coarse grass and weeds, all told of days of prosperity and comfort now long past.

The surrounding wall was broken down, and the attempts at repairing with old stumps of trees, furze bushes, indeed anything that would serve to keep the cattle out, were more picturesque than efficient. A luxuriant growth of Ivy covered a multitude of unsightly apertures and festooned the windows, most of which were boarded up. One only still contained a few panes of glass, and near this particular window the Ivy was all withered, and the dead leaves

and stems clinging round made a complete contrast to the vivid green of the rest. There were no signs of habitation, unless the fact of the rusty gate being locked and the lock appearing comparatively new could suggest such an idea.

After some consideration of the light and shade, the direction in which the sun was moving, or rather the alteration that would take place in the course of the day, I examined with care the details of the architectural embellishments which remained; as it is always easier to draw these parts at the requisite distance when they have been first studied close at hand. I then withdrew to a situation from which my eye could embrace the whole subject easily, and sat down, choosing a spot where a group of cattle under an old ash formed a good foreground. Soon my study grew beneath my hand, conveying, although as yet but in broad washes, with more success than usual the bright and cheerful features of the scene, the rich and varied grays of the old weatherbeaten stones; now almost approaching pure tones of brown, madder, and indigo, then verging into russets by the addition of yellows, the whole continually enlivened by patches of lichens of every shade, from cool green to the richest citrine—all these contrasted well with the cheerful green of the foliage, the brilliant blue of the sky; each bore a part, and together formed a most harmonious whole—at least, so it seemed to me; the sunny character of my feelings, combined with the actual sunshine of day, had an effect not only upon my work, but on the satisfaction with which I regarded it.

My fancy, as I wrought, made many excursions into dream land. I peopled the ruined hall with wealthy squire and buxom dame, with maiden fair and gallant wooer, with troops of archers and bold huntsmen; and in my mind's eye I saw at one moment the revival of dances round the May-pole, with jolly shouts and out-door sports in the true style of merry old England, and at the next witnessed the Christmas games—kissing beneath the mistletoe, hunt the slipper, and fifty joyous sports—which might have had their day in the capacious kitchen of the old building.

Then I thought to myself, what a capital thing it would be to have ample means! How one might restore and embellish the old hall, and call back the hearty days of yore, keeping open house for troops of retainers, while hospitality without limit should be the rule of the house, and cousins, even

to the fortieth degree, should always find a seat at my board, a flagon of old October, and a cut at the round of beef at their service.

In fact I suppose some of the charming interiors of Cattermole or Haghe assisted in restoring the old hall, while Washington Irving and Frederick Taylor contributed the figures that enlivened the exterior.

Happy in the enjoyment of these bright fancies my day sped away, and the decline of light, with some lowering clouds, betokening an approaching change of weather, gave me the first hint to break up my camp, and seek in the adjoining village, for the house of an acquaintance who had invited me to call and refresh myself beneath his roof whenever it might suit me to do so.

I easily found his pretty cottage, and received a kindly welcome from my old friend, a complete original in his way, antiquarian, poet, and enthusiast. He soon engaged me in a lively conversation, in the course of which we happened to speak of wealth, and I, full of my visions of all the power it gave, discoursed eloquently on its enjoyments, while he took for his theme that money is the root of all evil, and seemed scarcely inclined to allow that those who possessed much of the "filthy lucre," as he called it, could possibly retain any good or great qualities; they must all, according to his theory, be ere long poisoned under the shade of the dread upas-tree, Gold.

When at length I rose to depart he observed he would accompany me a short distance, adding, "I may find examples to illustrate my theory on our way."

The night was dark—a drizzling rain and a chilly feeling had succeeded to the splendid sunshiny day. Presently I found we were approaching the ruined hall, the scene of my morning's studies; but how dreary it looked in the surrounding gloom! As Mr. G——, walked on in silence I seized the opportunity of inquiring, what he could tell me of the former history of the building; he did not answer, but strode rapidly forward for about a hundred yards, when he suddenly stopped.

"History!" he said, "nothing particular, much like that of other places, I suppose; an honest man lived there first, then a miser, and next a spendthrift, that's the course they take; but do you want to know who lives there now? who owns all the fair acres stretching away down further than the eye can reach?"

"You don't mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that the present owner lives there?"

"Come back," was his reply, and again we passed the house, though I confess my desire to reach home and get out of the disagreeable rain was almost too strong for my curiosity. The wind howled, and the old boards and shutters creaked and groaned as they flapped to and fro, telling of desolation

and ruin. The moon at this moment struggling through the clouds, cast a faint glimmering light on the building, and to my surprise, at the window I have mentioned as containing a few panes of glass the head of an old man in a white nightcap appeared gazing into the darkness.

My friend drew me on, and our footsteps sounded on the pathway; we turned after a few paces, and again the head, which had for a minute disappeared, showed itself at the casement. This happened repeatedly. I did not venture to speak again till we were once more on our way, when I demanded an explanation.

"There, my young friend," said Mr. G——, "is a man who owns more wealth than you could count in a day; he is master of all this fair country round, and what do you think of his share of happiness? He is both prisoner and jailer; he cannot leave his prison except by stealth, and he has to keep anxious watch and ward over hoards of gold ready at any moment to make themselves wings and fly away. And we, you may be sure, have robbed him of his sleep for many nights to come: he will watch and dread the robbers our footsteps have conjured up in his imagination. Farewell, and let this be a lesson to you."

I was at an impressionable age, and it did indeed dwell on my mind. I could not bear to revisit the spot for many days; and when at last the time for my return home drew so near as to force me either to go again immediately or relinquish altogether the completion of my picture, the day proved gloomy. However, I went, but found it utterly impossible to resume my colour-box. The tints of nature were all so different and my feelings so imbued with the sombre hues of memory, combined with the present effect before me, that I felt an actual disgust at the warm and glowing colours I had before delighted in. So I laid aside the coloured sketch and made one in chalks, merely black and white, which to this day recalls the dreary desolate character of the house and its dismal occupant the old miser to my mind; while the first one, the coloured sketch, I now again love to dwell on, but the fairy scenes connected with it seem to belong to the realms of fancy, while the other ranks as a representation of the sad truth of life.

LANE AND HEDGE-PLANTS.

SECTION III.

"And ah! Most beautiful—most passing sweet
It is to wander in an hour like this—
Where twisted branches over head do meet,
And gentle airs the bursting buds do kiss,
Where forest paths and glades and thickets green,
Make up of flowers and leaves a world serene."

NICOLL.

HOP—HONEYSUCKLE—BRYONIES—CLEMATIS—FOXGLOVE—NIGHTSHADE—GUELDER-ROSE—DOG-ROSE—CONVOLVULUS—STUDY OF FRAGILE AND WHITE FLOWERS—MALLOW—MULLEN—BRAMBLE—HYACINTH—VIOLET—PRIMROSE.

A SAUNTER down a green lane, whether with or without a sketch-book, is one of the most agreeable rambles that can be chosen. It is not, certainly, so exhilarating as the sharp brisk walk across a breezy common, but

there are times when exhilaration suits neither the frame nor the mind of an artist—times when repose is absolutely necessary. At such a period, a lane that shuts out all extended views is often the most acceptable scene that could present itself to the eye, offering only foreground studies,—studies which, being near at hand and clearly defined, require no effort to receive into the mind, yet leave there a pleasant impression of form and colour.

A country lane, with hedges left untrimmed, with high ground on the one side, and a broken or sloping bank with a sunny aspect on the other, offers a most tempting wilderness of climbing and creeping plants, among which the smaller and more delicate denizens of the wood and lane may nestle. A peep at the blue distance between the high banks only gives additional value to the loveliness of the framework that encloses it. A pathway, too, less formal than the road is often found; now it rises half way up the bank, and the feet of the unwary one are entangled amid the straggling branches of the bramble, dog-rose, bryony, &c. while his eye is resting in pleasing meditation on the distant village spire of which he has caught a glimpse from his temporary elevation. Anon the path dips so abruptly, that stepping-stones or *planks*, as the very rustic wooden bridges are sometimes termed, become necessary for the foot-passenger to cross dryshod over the little stream that flows across the lane, while waggons, horses, cattle, &c. ford through. Such a circumstance affords innumerable incidents for the figure and landscape painter, and many a lovely scene of this description may be obtained from Borrow Lane, Kenilworth, where a distant view of the picturesque ruins enhances the interest. There is a favourite common of ours, too, from which diverge some of the most charming lanes that England can boast. Rocky Lane, near Dorking, for instance, where the strata of green sandstone jut out and are overhung with choicest specimens of creeping and climbing plants, the warm colour of the rock forming exquisite contrasts with their deep fresh green. For studies of roots and all kinds of fern, there is the long and shady lane leading to Sutton, a lovely walk to one of the most picturesque villages in Surrey. Then there is Rooty Bank, which dives into the depths of the earth under overhanging hazel bushes, and where there has been a landslip from the higher ground above, now overhung and fringed with rich garlands of woodbine, ivy, potentilla, hart's tongue, and ferns.

Indeed, so abundant are the plants that grow in hedges, that it is difficult

to confine the attention to a single one long enough to notice its particular beauties, and yet more so to study them with the minute care they would well repay, and every painter will agree with Miss Pratt when she says, "of all the flowers with which summer with a lavish hand graces our pastoral scenery, filling the air with fragrance and covering the earth with beauty, none are more generally attractive than the wild climbing plants of the hedges. They are most numerous towards the latter part of the summer or the beginning of autumn. By interweaving their slender boughs covered with foliage and flowers, or with berries no less beautiful, or, as in the wild clematis, crowned with their light and feathery seeds, they hang about the trees and bushes, and contribute very materially to that aspect of richness and beauty which the landscape presents at this part of the year. As the stems of these plants are so slender and yielding that they would sink under the weight of their flowery clusters or their numerous leaves, or be shattered to pieces by the winds, if they did not find support from other plants, we see them hanging by their tendrils, or bending their stems into the most graceful twinings, and clothing the trunks of aged trees with an abundant verdure, the dark glossy green of which contrasts with their gray lichen covered trunks, or with the brighter tints of that mossy canopy which overhangs them."

The Hop (*Humulus lupulus*) is an important article of cultivation in England, though it is in its wild state that it is most valuable to the artist, forming to many of our hedges "a most beautiful appendage, twisting carelessly round the branches of trees," covering them in summer with its foliage and flowers, and in autumn with its curious scaly clusters of seeds; the flowers appear in July and the seeds ripen about six weeks after. The stem is rough, very long, and twists round any support near it. Having little fibre it does not cling too closely, but hangs in graceful festoons. The leaves are stalked, rough, three or five lobed, and serrated. It would appear a matter of doubt whether this plant was originally indigenous to England or introduced from Flanders. By those who support the latter supposition, the following curious old distich is sometimes quoted—

> "Turkeys, Carp, *Hops*, Pickerel, and Beer
> Came into England all in one year."

According to Pliny, the term "Lupulus" was given to the Hop because when it grew among young willows it proved, by twining round

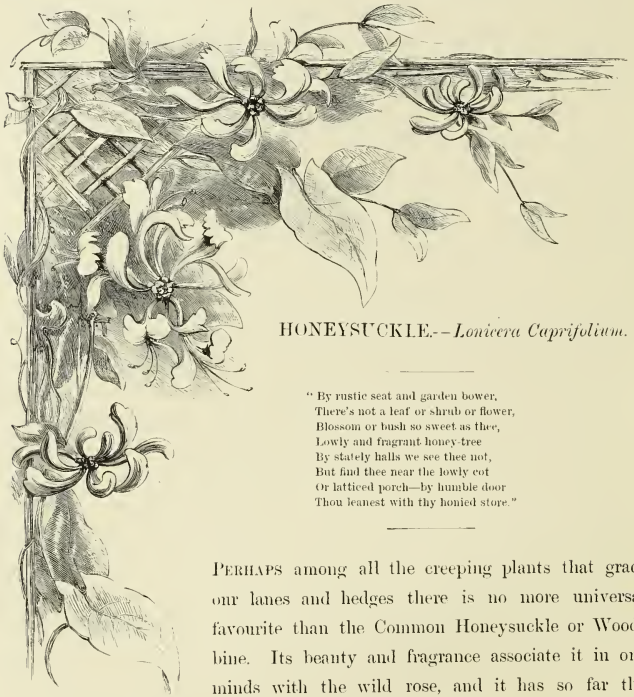
them and checking their growth, as destructive as a wolf in a flock of sheep.

In its cultivated state it has a decided advantage in picturesque appearance over the vines of France and Germany, the poles being higher and more freedom allowed in the growth of the plant, which frequently overtops the poles, and hanging down, spreads into large clusters of russet coloured seeds. During the hop harvest, the grounds furnish many picturesque groups and incidents, when the vines, being severed from the root, are borne two and three at a time to the spot where busy women and children are employed picking the clusters into bins and baskets.

"Of old and young a mingled train,
The village maid, the village swain,
The hop ground seek; unfix and lay
In prostrate rows the frequent stay
Round which, aspiring like the vine's
Lithe tendrils, creeps and climbs and twines,
With many a scaly pendent drop,
Our British vine, the twisted Hop.
Picked from the lithe and spiral bind,
Which round the lofty hop-pole twin'd,
The scaly fruit is stor'd within
The chamber of the ample 'bin.'"

To an artist the hop garden is indeed rich in subjects of grace and beauty, whether the bines wave in festoons high over head or curve low almost to the ground, while the blossom, somewhat resembling the grape but more beautiful and varied in its clusters, is more exposed to the sight, hanging, in fact, freer and lighter in the air. It is true that its pale green or russet colour, so little varied from that of the leaves, does not afford the same rich contrast of colour, but the eye dwells with pleasure on the more delicate harmonies of grays and greens so suitable to the cooler skies of England. Then in picking time the formality of the alleys is abundantly broken by troops of men, women, and children with their huge bins and baskets, and if we miss the uncouth wains and oxen of Italy with half-clothed peasants trampling the grapes till they are covered with the rich juice, yet we have now and then a merry group of picking women nearly smothering some luckless stranger in the hop-bins until he pays his footing. When a figure artist has thus acquired the privilege of studying the scene he will soon fill his note-book, studies of the younger children abounding, here and there it may be in gaily coloured cloaks or richer tinted garments sitting amongst the baskets in the shade; perhaps

with a gipsy tent, fire and cooking going on, while the sloping gardens with the vistas down the busy alleys make a characteristic background. Perhaps some elder beguiling the time, and all unconscious of her taste, has woven a garland of the fragrant clusters round the head of some rosy urchin or twined a shelter above the sleeping babe in its rustic basket cradle; thus supplying a subject for a Collins or a Frith. But we must pass on to another of our climbing plants, the



HONEYSUCKLE.—*Lonicera Caprifolium.*

"By rustic seat and garden bower,
There's not a leaf or shrub or flower,
Blossom or bush so sweet as thee,
Lowly and fragrant honey-tree
By stately halls we see thee not,
But find thee near the lowly cot
Or latticed porch—by humble door
Thou leanest with thy honied store."

Perhaps among all the creeping plants that grace our lanes and hedges there is no more universal favourite than the Common Honeysuckle or Woodbine. Its beauty and fragrance associate it in our minds with the wild rose, and it has so far the advantage of its rival in our affection that we transplant it to our gardens, where its twining shoots enable it to surround the rustic porch and seat or garden bower, and much does it ornament them with its rich coloured and elegantly formed blossoms, which, without presenting to the painter any very

conspicuous outline or connected mass of colour, add considerably to the general warmth of the hue. Artists find these rich tones very useful in preventing the colours of their figures from appearing as single spots. There is much grace of form in many of the climbing wild plants, but we doubt whether any have been made so much use of in ornamenting our architecture as this, the Greeks having set us the example in introducing it as an ornament in their friezes by copying the form of the flower in its early and more sculpturesque stage. A few of the flowers have on this account been selected for our heading as seen climbing about the rustic porch, for in this position they are more easily studied than when scattered in beautiful but wild profusion over our lanes and hedges.

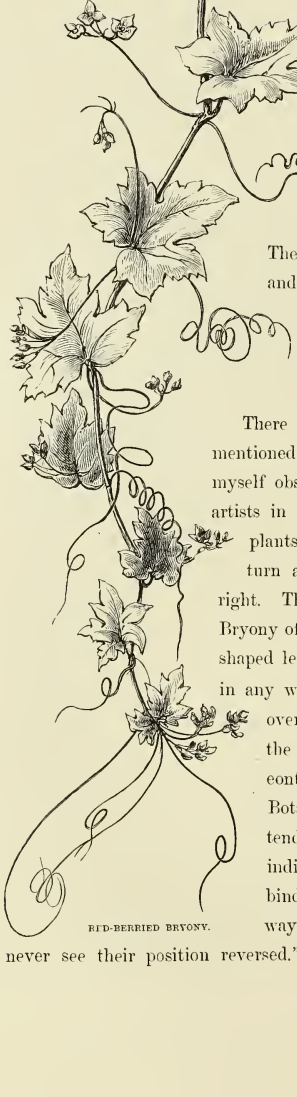
The Woodbine is one of the earliest leafing plants we have. By the end of February reddish green leaves an inch long appear on the stems, finding no companions save the light green elder shoots. Its pale but elegantly formed blossoms appear in June, filling the air with a delicious perfume; it climbs to a considerable height upon trees and bushes, and from thence hangs its long trailing shoots which wave to and fro in the summer breeze. The poet Mason thus describes it :—

> "The Woodbine wild,
> That loves to hang on barren boughs remote
> Her wreaths of flowery perfume."

In this situation it is often described by the poet, but artists find it very difficult to paint trees and bushes covered with a rich confusion of creeping, climbing, overhanging, and interwoven plants and shrubs; with flowers of all hues and leaves of all shapes, with wreaths and tendrils flung about by every breath of air: all very beautiful to look at, but not subjects for the young or inexperienced artist with which to commence his study of nature. Let him become, by patient representation, well acquainted with the form and colour of one or two flowers and leaves and the way in which the tendrils turn, and he will be better able to group and arrange the whole in masses.

Another handsome hedge-creeper is the Red-berried Bryony (*Bryonia dioica*), its graceful leaves and tendrils rendering it a fit companion to the hop and so placed at the head of this portion of our work, while a single spray is here given as an excellent and easily found object for the young artist's study. It seldom climbs high, but throws long vine-like festoons

of rough leaves and small greenish-white flowers from stem to stem with great luxuriance. The rapid daily growth of this plant is signified by its botanical name, and we have scarcely another that increases so fast, consequently the student should draw the example that he selects completely at one sitting, finding out single leaves, flowers, or tendrils to finish more carefully afterwards. The stem is angular and rough, the leaves large, and the red berries become conspicuous as the leaves fall off in autumn.



RED-BERRIED BRYONY.

"The scalloped Bryony mingling round the bowers,
Whose fine bright leaves make up the want of flowers."

There is one fact connected with climbing plants mentioned by a writer on wild flowers, which I have myself observed, and that is of some consequence to artists in these Pre-raphaelite days. Some twining plants follow the apparent course of the sun, and turn around the supporting stem from left to right. This is the case with the common Black Bryony of our woods, which, with its shining heart-shaped leaves and small green flowers, may be seen in any wood during the summer months climbing over the hedges and trees. Other plants, as the large white bindweed or convolvulus, twine contrary to the sun, or from right to left. Botanists will be aware that the peculiar tendency of every plant is constant in each individual of the species. "Thus the large bindweed, wherever found, always turns one way and the Black Bryony the other; we never see their position reversed." This Black Bryony (*Tamus communis*)

climbs far higher than the red-berried species; the leaves also are smooth, and resemble those of the bindweed in shape.

Found amongst the bryonies, but rising to a greater height, is the Clematis, or Traveller's Joy (*Clematis Vitalba*), its dark green foliage contrasting well with the lighter green of the other creepers. It is very common in the hedges of those counties where chalk or limestone abounds; the blossoms are numerous, of a greenish white hue with a strong perfume. It may be seen far away, decking the hedges in May or June with its blossoms, and holding itself to the stronger plants near, by the twisting leaf-stalks, which serve as tendrils. In the early part of winter its snowy tufts of seeds are very conspicuous, and as they become soiled by wind and weather they look like masses of cobwebs.

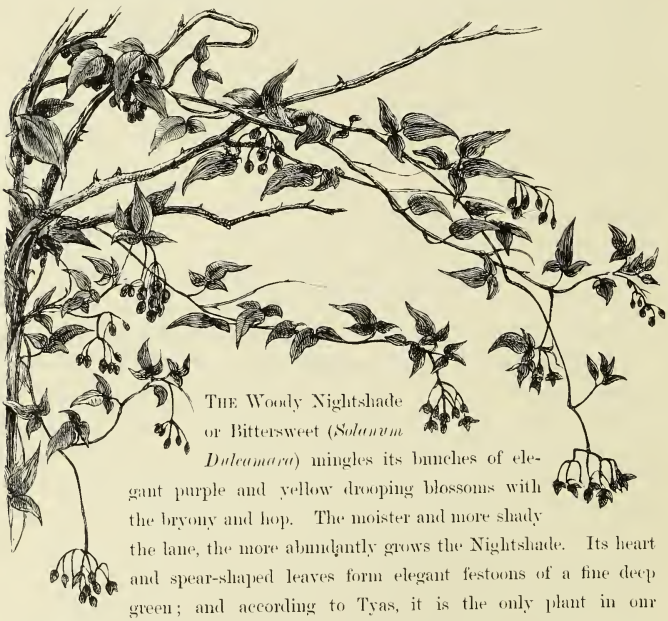
Now, though far from having exhausted the catalogue of climbing plants that attract the eye, and when near the forepart of the picture should be drawn with care and attention, let us turn for variety to a favourite hedge plant of the artist, the Foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), which indeed merits the title of the

> "Wild chieftain of the wayside flowers,
> O'erlooking all that grow around,
> But loving most the wooded bowers,
> Where it is in perfection found."

Doubtless owing to its size, fine pyramidical spike of rich-coloured blossoms, and also to the precision of its bell-formed flowers, the Foxglove is generally considered by artists as one of the handsomest and most effective of wild flowers. Its tall stem, finely-shaped leaves, and spike of large purple crimson or white freckled bells, render it a striking object, both in form and colour, for the foreground. It is generally to be seen in hilly or rocky situations, in the skirts of woods, and amongst the bushes and fern of the heath or common. The flowers are about two inches long, and are all on the same side of the stalk; when decaying the lower bells drop off first, leaving a few only at the top of the stalk. Should the main stem be injured the side shoots become more luxuriant, and form a scattered but larger cluster of flowers. It grows to from three to four feet high, and flowers in June and July. The name Foxglove is by some imagined to be a corruption of Folk's or Fairy's glove.

Thomas Miller, than whom no one writes better or has studied nature more carefully, objects to the Foxglove being called purple; now we have

many flowers more truly called purple, such as the monkshood, the violet, the bluebell, all differing in the quantities of blue mixing with red. Purple is indeed a very indefinite colour with all, but with artists the word gray is more frequently used, as the tones they use are generally tertiaries, composed of blue, red, and a little yellow, thus light red and blue make a gray light red, having a slight mixture of yellow in it; we must thus be permitted to doubt whether it should be called a deep red or rich crimson, and cannot agree with Miller when he says it has not a dash of purple about it.



The Woody Nightshade or Bittersweet (*Solanum Dulcamara*) mingles its bunches of elegant purple and yellow drooping blossoms with the bryony and hop. The moister and more shady the lane, the more abundantly grows the Nightshade. Its heart and spear-shaped leaves form elegant festoons of a fine deep green; and according to Tyas, it is the only plant in our climate that sheds and reproduces its foliage twice a year. It bears scarlet berries, which look very pretty and tempting from their resemblance to the garden currant, but are injurious if eaten. It is called the Bittersweet because the root, which smells rather like a potato, on being chewed produces a sensation of bitterness to the palate which is succeeded by sweetness.

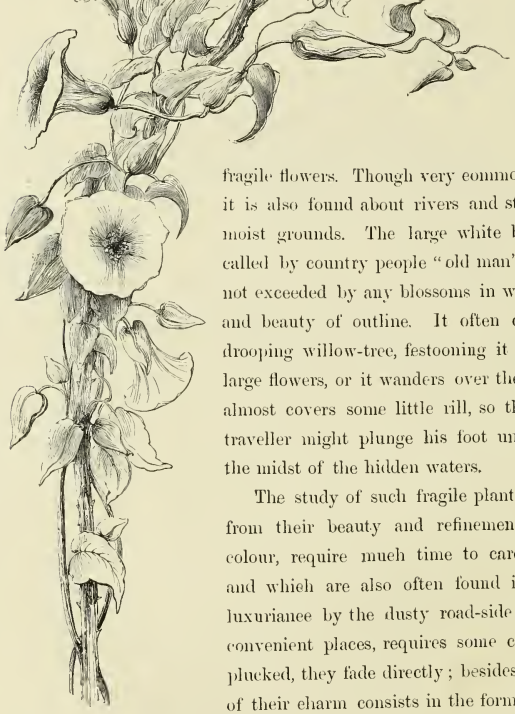
It flowers in June, July, and August; in the latter month the flowers and berries begin to mingle, and the green and yellow of the half ripe fruit are prettily contrasted with the brilliant scarlet of the fully matured.

The common Guelder-rose, or Wayfaring-tree (*Viburnum Lantana*), is a thick branching shrub, common in the hedges of England where limestone and chalk prevail. It grows to the height of four to eight feet, and bears in June, flat, ample heads of white flowers at the ends of the stems, succeeded by berries, first green, afterwards red, and finally black. The leaves are large, broad, opposite, much wrinkled, veined, of a roundish, heart-shaped form, serrated at the edges, and very downy on the underside; they become in autumn a fine deep-red colour. "One of its common names is Cotton-tree, doubtless from the cottony appearance of its young shoots. As early as February these attract the attention of the country rambler, for they stand above the branches of the leafless thorn and other plants, each surmounted by a small, close, button-like tuft of a gray-green hue, which in time displays the strongly-veined leaves and opening buds of the cluster. As the foliage gradually unfolds, its downy covering gives it the appearance of being covered with dust, and by May the large compact clusters of white flowers are fully expanded. Though a sober-looking shrub, yet it is bright enough in autumn, when its branches of glossy fruit are of a most brilliant scarlet, gradually changing as they ripen into purplish black, and distinguishing themselves from our other wild berries by growing in flat compact clusters, as well as by having some fruits in the cluster of glowing scarlet, whilst others are dark as jet."

The Dog-rose (*Rosa Canina*) is the favourite flower of June, and many a nosegay of its delicately-tinted blossoms, contrasted with the deeper pink of those of the sweet-briar, finds its way into the cottage-parlour, or its lovely buds arranged in wreaths to ornament the flaxen curls of some pet child. It is to be found all over England, and its charming blossoms are connected with all the bright but evanescent joys of summer. There are two varieties of Dog-rose; the earliest to flower bears pink blossoms, and is a thick bush, from three to six feet high, with reddish-brown stems and leaves like the garden-rose, only smaller. In the other and later blossoming kind, the stems are more purple, and the flowers are a most beautiful creamy-white, while the buds are oval in shape, and when streaked with a deep red, as found occasionally, they are exceedingly lovely. The rose-bush often grows on open

sandy heaths, mingling its roses with the wild thyme and other heath-flowers; on the chalky banks of Kent it thrives so well, as to form a good thick hedge-row, and in autumn its brilliant scarlet fruit, called "hips," makes the country gay, mingled with bunches of haws, and the black glossy berries of the privet.

Tossing its pure white bells over the thorny stems of the former shrub is the large white Bindweed (*Convolculus Sepium*), a great favourite with the artist, forming lovely garlands with its graceful arrow shaped leaves and the chalice like shape of its pure but fragile flowers. Though very common in the hedges it is also found about rivers and streams, or other moist grounds. The large white bells, which are called by country people "old man's nightcap," are not exceeded by any blossoms in whiteness of tint and beauty of outline. It often creeps over the drooping willow-tree, festooning it lightly with its large flowers, or it wanders over the green bank, or almost covers some little rill, so that the heedless traveller might plunge his foot unexpectedly into the midst of the hidden waters.



The study of such fragile plants as this, which, from their beauty and refinement of form and colour, require much time to carefully delineate, and which are also often found in their greatest luxuriance by the dusty road-side or in other inconvenient places, requires some consideration. If plucked, they fade directly; besides, a great portion of their charm consists in the form and position of the leaves and tendrils as they climb round and hang from the firmer support of the dog-rose or other shrubs. The best way is to cut the branch or spray

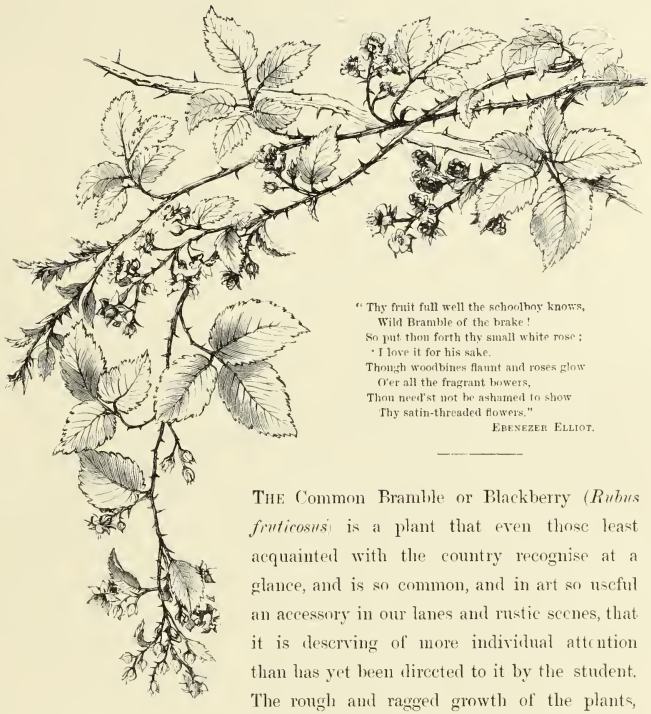
away from the hedge, and carry it carefully home. When in your room or study, place it in a glass or vase filled with sand and well watered; thus firmly held, you can arrange it in the window so as to take a favourable light, giving it some judiciously selected background of gray or greenish-tinted paper. If possible, let the light come upon it without the intervention of glass, as the delicate tones are materially degraded by the added colour. Thus preserved, it will last many days, the larger buds opening each morning, and the less formed increasing every day, and making a charming garland round the window, or even over the mantelpiece.

The White Garden-lily can be treated in the same way, but the greater firmness of the blossom causes it to be easier to study. White flowers are better outlined with a fine brush and gray colour than with the pencil, as the least grit or roughness of touch is detrimental to their purity and delicacy. When I say gray, I ought to add that I mean a tone made with a judicious mixture of the three primitives — thus: cobalt, blue and rose madder, or crimson lake, then add a little yellow ochre or Indian yellow, sufficient to take away the purple hue and give it warmth. This may be modified to suit the tone of the blossom: some, like the Lily, require a decided tendency to richness and warmth, others, as the convolvulus, or white rose, being more transparent, are grayer in colour.

Contrasting well with the delicate convolvulus, are the large broad leaves and bright pinkish lilac flowers of the common Mallow (*Malva sylvestris*). It is to be found everywhere in the south of England, and the leaves, when young, are large, of a bright green, and very handsome, but soon become ragged and gray in tint. Their general appearance is round, but they are divided into seven lobes. The flowers have five petals, pink in colour, with darker veins and centre, growing usually in clusters of three or four, and can easily be represented in a sketch without showing too much botanical study. It flowers in June and July. Height, two to three feet.

Another of our largest and handsomest hedge plants is the Mullen (*Verbascum*), the leaves of which somewhat resemble the foxglove, but are more conspicuous from their grayish colour and silvery down. The blossom has a striking appearance, being a regularly tapering spike rising almost as high as the foxglove, and closely studded with delicate yellow flowerets contrasted prettily with purple stamens.

The young artist will not lose time in making careful studies of these more important hedge plants, for when well acquainted with their characteristics a few touches will indicate them sufficiently to help to form a useful foreground to his picture.



"Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild Bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE Common Bramble or Blackberry (*Rubus fruticosus*) is a plant that even those least acquainted with the country recognise at a glance, and is so common, and in art so useful an accessory in our lanes and rustic scenes, that it is deserving of more individual attention than has yet been directed to it by the student. The rough and ragged growth of the plants, their thorny arching stems catching hold of everything that comes in contact with them, and their long curved suckers give wildness to the landscape, and may be introduced into thickets, rough uncultivated spots of ground, and hedges. While young its stem is of a pale green colour, but with age it assumes a deep purple with a gray or bluish tinge, and the whole plant in autumn, with its rich and deep-coloured berries, assists us to introduce figures in the foreground; and it would be difficult to enumerate the number of landscape pictures which owe their names to some incident connected with this well known plant. The Bramble is useful and may be drawn with good effect when, thrusting its leafy shoots through the interstices of a park paling or over

a rough wall, it diversifies the line which it is desirable to break. The leaves are picturesque, consisting of five leaflets, the upper sides of a dark green, while beneath they are white and downy. The pinkish white, gauzy flowers appear in July and August. The fruit ripens in September and October.

There are yet three hedge-plants to be enumerated, the sweetest and loveliest of them all perhaps, though, unless they grow in such masses as to affect the colour of the foreground, not very available to the artist.

> "The melancholy Hyacinth, that weeps
> All night and never lifts an eye all day,"

is one of these. It is sometimes found in such quantities along sheltered banks as visibly to affect their hue. The Hyacinth is an inhabitant of woods, in fact of any spot where the soil is moist and shaded from the sun; it has a pleasant perfume, but not nearly so powerful as the cultivated species.

Of violet and primrose-banks much has been written, both in prose and poetry. In the former, my favourite writer on country matters, Miss Mitford, excels, I think, in her exquisite Pre-raphaelite word-painting of these beauties. Who that knows, or has any love for the country, has not enjoyed her "Going a-Violeting," and description of a primrose-bank? The Primrose (*Primula vulgaris*) is one of the earliest blooming flowers of spring, cheering us all with promises of summer, and all her dreamy joys. Its pale, clear-tinted, star-like form, clusters in masses on the sheltered bank. The lanes of Surrey are in April bright with Primroses; so thickly do they crowd on the banks, that they may be gathered in handsful. When found growing in such abundance, it affords the artist a valuable opportunity of giving yellow light in great masses, often desirable in the foreground. This flower has lately become as great a favourite with artists as it has with our poets, and we rarely see a water-colour exhibition without a careful and charming representation of it on the walls.

Clare's description of the Primrose and its favourite haunts is so characteristic of the plant, that I quote it here:—

> "Welcome, pale Primrose, starting up between
> Dead matted leaves of oak and ash, that strew
> The every lawn the wood and meadow through,
> 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green.
> How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
> How sweet thy modest unaffected pride

Glows on the sunny bank and warm wood side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stays his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight—
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring."

With these two flowers, the Hyacinth and Primrose, massed together, the peasant-children of Barbison, in the forest of Fontainebleau, make wreaths, affording a charming combination of colour, the deep rich blue of the Hyacinth with the pure clear yellow of the Primrose. With these wreaths they adorn their favourite cow, and gravely parade the animal thus honoured, up and down the shady lane, where the little procession has a very pretty effect.

The incidents to which lanes and their hedges give rise, do not, however, belong exclusively to the brighter seasons of the year. Many a picturesque group may be found under a hedge even in winter time, to say nothing of the beauty the hedge itself possesses in a frost. Let us turn to the picture Mary Howitt has drawn of it:—

"A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern, and furze, and broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now!—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar frost, which fringes round the bright and prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oak; oh! this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, 'blushing in its natural coral' through the delicate tracery; still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound always here, every branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelations of hoar frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to the mind, above all, how melancholy! Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. '*Colour is life.*' As soon as the frost gives way, the lane is alive with labourers repairing the hedges, or grubbing up the roots of trees. Then along it comes the old and veritable 'hedger and ditcher,' with leathern

leggings and gauntlet gloves, bill-hook in hand, bearing on his shoulder his precious faggot, wherewith to increase the comforts of his home."

Many country lanes possess the great additional charm of a babbling brook or rivulet (how different from the *ditches* of our suburban lanes!) that dances merrily along by the stroller's side, chiming in harmoniously with the thoughts to which the pleasant scene has given rise. Should such be the case, there are the broad flat stones which enable the passenger to reach, dry-footed, the stile leading to the corn-field; there is the rustic bridge which spans the dip in the lane, where the little stream crosses to the other side, from whence many an industriously-idle urchin dangles an impromptu fishing-rod, or floats his boats; and further on, in front of the trim row of cottages, it is partially dammed up to secure sufficient depth for the inhabitants to dip their pails from the large broad stone into the water, as it trickles out sparkling and bright from under the cool green leaves of the overhanging beech-trees.

Further on again, and we come to a stagnant pool, brilliant with duck-weed, and alive with ducks, geese, &c. Rather an ignominious end, it may be remarked, for our pretty little rivulet; but it is only a very small branch of it that thus ministers to the needs of the noisy feathered bipeds; the principal stream still dances on, though we must no longer accompany it in its rambles.

One more incident that arises from the overflowing stores of golden autumn, and I will conclude this long, rambling description. Just before the hedges begin to assume their many-coloured garb, and after the heavily laden waggons have been with difficulty dragged through the narrow lanes, the hedges on either side are adorned with trailing ears of oats, rye, and wheat, and these foreign ornaments soon attract birds of all descriptions. Then what a fluttering ensues, both above and below; the whole population of a neighbouring farm-yard are there, turned loose for the occasion, and many a tempting ear, dragged down with infinite labour by the fowls, becomes, on reaching terra firma, the prey of some grunting hog, to whom nothing comes amiss in the shape of plunder. (See cut page 127.)

THE ROADSIDE

SECTION IV.

PLANTS THRIVING BEST BY ROADSIDE — BURDOCK — TEAZEL — NETTLE — COLTSFOOT — VIPER'S BUGLOSS — GREATER PLANTAIN — TOADFLAX — COMMON HEMLOCK — DANDELION — ROADMENDER — INCIDENTS ON THE ROAD.

To those who observe and study nature, and who wish to draw some portion of the beauties that they encounter, there is no better plan than to saunter along some country *Roadside*, with a note-book and pencil in hand, and unlimited time at their disposal. They will be sure to meet with abundance of incidents and objects for study; and although modern railroads have shut us off from observing more than the general features of the country

we pass with so much rapidity, still, when we stroll down a country road, we find the same picturesque studies as ever. Those whose study is more particularly directed to the figure, will be continually at work noting down the variety of costumes, actions, and grouping of the peasants that they meet.

By the wayside, while rambling in the Pyrenees and Switzerland, I have often been tempted to stop short in my landscape studies and sketch the various roadside groups I have met. Thus, the bright-looking haymakers of the Oberland, the hunters of the Grisons, and the wild-looking shepherds of the Pyrenees, in their rough sheepskin coats, overhanging bonnets, or slouching hats, leading their singular sheep and goats, and fine dogs, have arrested my attention; while the neighbouring Spanish peasants or trampers, with their mules gaily adorned with trappings, rich-coloured rugs, and grotesque skins of wine, have equally proved attractive, when I have seen them reposing by the roadside during the heat of the day, in the shade of some overhanging rock or wild pine, frequently having the refreshing addition of some charming spring or mountain torrent bursting from the rock, to lend coolness all around, and induce one to stop.

These have been quite sufficient to turn me aside from some more distant expedition to study the pictures they have unconsciously made, and it is thus that artists secure many valuable hints that they would search for in vain at other times. We have only to look at the walls of the Royal Academy to see how well Phillip, Ansdell, and others have seized such momentary glimpses, and how they have furnished the nucleus of many a vivid and popular picture.

The market-place, again, is an inexhaustible source of beauty for the artist. It is there we see the heart of the country displayed quite bare as it were, while the feelings of the actors are so earnestly engaged, and the various costumes sought out and brought into contrast; these, with the addition of the produce of the country, all combine to give us an insight into the manners of the country, and its life. These scenes all require the finished artist, for to study such rapidly-moving incidents requires the full and perfected power of the painter; but in our own sweet country, and with the limited ability of a student, the *Roadside* is a most excellent source of study, not of life moving and passing too rapidly to

draw, but of that quieter, less confused life, that appertains to it; and it is thus that many a picturesque group of gipsies, tinkers, or rustic labourers, has been sketched; and in harvest-time more especially, the temptation to stop and draw the gleaners returning with their sunny burdens, or the wains, and peasants at their labour, are so numerous, that it would try the patience of any one accompanying an artist if he had not the same feeling for art.

But at present I must leave the consideration of these moving incidents, this work being chiefly for the instruction and encouragement of the young student, and point out some of those less striking, but more easily drawn subjects, with which the foreground of such pictures may be enriched. The heading of this section merely shows a sand-bank, overhung with brambles, and other creeping plants, forming a nook for some of the many wild flowers and plants, the importance of which might pass unheeded were they not pointed out. The colour, however, of these sandy cliffs, with the additional interest attached to them by their pretty inhabitants the sand martins, would always attract the attention of a passer-by; and should he be tempted to stop and give sufficient time to make a careful study, he will rarely regret the labour he has bestowed on a subject apparently so insignificant.

It is true that the luxuriant water plants of the stream and the graceful climbers of the lane hedges are wanting here; and should a stray plant of bindweed or bright-leaved bryony try to embrace the dusty hedge, it quickly proves, by its sickly and choked appearance, how utterly it is out of place. Still the roadside has its own class of plants growing so well no where else, which in their season grace the travel-stained wayfarer's path with their foliage and flowers.

First in importance among these, stands the Burdock (*Arctium lappa*), well known for the obstinate manner in which its burs attach themselves to anything they come in contact with. It is a very important plant to the artist, not only on account of its size, being the largest native leaf we possess, but for its marked character and general distribution, thus forming one of his boldest and simplest foregrounds. The student, however, must not often introduce more than one complete plant into his sketch, though occasionally a few stray root-leaves are admissible. These root-leaves, from their great size,

constitute the most striking feature in the Dock. Their colour is a cool green, little affected by autumn: but the dull purple flowers, and afterwards the balls of seed, though small compared with the foliage, slightly vary the general tint. The form of the plant is pyramidal, and the height about three feet. It flowers all through the summer. When circumstances render sketching in the open air impossible, one of the plants may be carefully placed in a pot, and this, from the variety of position of the heart-shaped leaves, the shadows cast by one leaf on another, and the foreshortening necessary, will form a good subject for study.

To this illustration has been added the first slight outline of the leading stem and the ribs of the leaves, showing crudely the way in which an artist portions out the group.

The Teazel (*Dipsacus sylvestris*) is a common plant in the roadside hedges, and during the winter months "there is scarcely an object more conspicuous than the chaffy bristly heads of this plant. Hundreds of them, standing on stout stems nearly six feet high, may be seen looking so like the brooms used in cleansing ceilings, that we wonder not to hear the cottager call the plant, "woodbroom;" the large leaves united at their base form a hollow, which serves

to hold the rain or dews, and for this reason is sometimes called "Venus' bath." It flowers during the latter part of July and August.

The Nettle (*Urtica dioica*), with its grayish erect leaves, forms an agreeable relief to the flat broad foliage of the Colts-foot (*Tussilago farfara*), the first plant that springs from marl or limestone rubble, and spreads itself with remarkable rapidity over our railroad cuttings. The flowers appear in March, before the leaves; they are yellow, one on a stalk, and soon change into a beautiful head of long white cottony hairs. Bishop Mant thus describes it:—

"On scaly stem, with cottony down
O'erlaid, its lemon colour'd crown
Which drooped unclosed, but now
erect,
The Coltsfoot bright developes; decked
(Ere yet the impurpled stalk displays
Its dark green leaves) with countless
rays,
Round countless tubes alike in dye
Expanded."

It is the leaves, however, which are of use to artists; they are almost as wide as the burdock, but not nearly so long, and are rather heart shaped and angular. They cluster in great numbers, and each leaf being large, they allow of great breadth, and can be distinguished by a few lines; the green is cool and fresh, and contrasts well with the warm

colour of the earth, or the gray stones amongst which they grow. The surface of the leaf when young forms a cup or plate; when older, it becomes convex or rounded; still the general direction is parallel to the ground, and reflects the cool tones of the sky above. Calder Campbell says,

> "The downy Coltsfoot gave its broad soft leaves
> As pillow for the harebell's sleepy head."

The Viper's Bugloss (*Echium vulgare*) is a handsome shrub, with prickly foliage and bright blue flowers, as brilliant in hue as the furze, and forming an exquisite contrast with it. It abounds in waste places; indeed, according to Crabbe, the

> "—— blue Bugloss paints the sterile soil."

Miss Pratt thus pleasantly describes it: "Among the flowers which beautify our waste places, this plant is not only one of the most striking from its height, but one of the most beautiful in shape and hue. We never find it on the rich grassy meadow land, or among the lovely wild flowers which border our streams, or rise beneath the shadow of the trees. But on the heap of chalk, or sand, or gravel, accumulated by the wayside; on the sandy soil of the neglected field; on the beach where, among the stones, a little earth can find room to gather; on the old wall or majestic cliff;—there it raises its rich spire of blossoms. Its proper season of flowering is in June and July; but the author has often gathered it even in December, not rising to its usual height, but with the rich purple of its blossoms, and the bright red tint of their long stamens, as beautiful as ever. The plant is usually about two feet high; but in places where it flourishes best, as in the sandy fields of Cambridgeshire and on the chalky cliffs of Dover, it is sometimes more than three feet in height, and the blossoms extend half-way down the stem. The colour of the fully expanded flowers is of a deep blue, but the young buds are of a full rose colour. The whole plant is very rough to the touch."

The Greater Plantain (*Plantago major*), though smaller than the dock and coltsfoot, is still useful in varying the form and tint of the roadside. The leaves are deeply marked with seven ribs; they all rise from the root, and the spikes of green or brown flowers spring from the centre. The yellow Toad Flax (*Linaria vulgaris*) is a tall showy plant with sulphur coloured blos-

soms shaped like those of the snapdragon, which appear during August and September, and are useful in repeating in smaller quantities the yellow in the dress of a figure. The common Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) with its dark leaves and "stem of purplish brown, spotted and striped with purple, is not uncommon on waste places. The hollow stem is two or three feet high, much branched at the upper part, and bearing its umbels of white flowers in June and July. Although the foliage is of a dull green, yet it is remarkably elegant in form, and in some places the plant grows to a great size."

In our enumeration of roadside plants, we must not omit to mention the Dandelion (*Leontodon taraxacum*), for though small it is very bright, and when growing in quantities, often enables us to introduce a brighter yellow, while it has this recommendation, that there is scarcely a spot where the introduction of the Dandelion would be contrary to Nature. The writer on wild flowers quoted above, thus remarks on its universality. "A lowly plant it is with us, trodden over by the countryman as he passes through the field, or pressed down by the feet of gladsome children, on pastnre land or sunny bank; a treasure yet to them—a treasure to all who truly love flowers. It scorns no grassy spot as unworthy of its beauty, from church tower or garden wall, to the shadowy woods or the river's brink; to the pebbly beach, or the crevice of the pavement. It is often the earliest flower of the green mead, sending out a stray blossom even in February, and assembling in multitudes by April and May.

> "'E'en when old Winter leaves his plashy slough,
> The Dandelions, like to suns, will bloom
> Beside some bank, or hillock creeping low,
> Though each too often meets an early doom.'

"What a wealth to country children are the Dandelions, with their hollow stalks linked into chains day after day with untiring eagerness, and with the white downy balls

> "'The schoolboy's clock in every town,'

which come as the flowers fall away, and which sometimes whiten the meadow by their profusion, till a strong gust arises and scatters them far and wide."

These are the principal flowers that greet the roadside traveller, but he has seldom much time to examine them, as his attention is continually drawn off to some incident occurring on the road. There is the road-mender

and stone-breaker seated astride on his heap of stones hammering away, while his dog lies dozing on the jacket, which, with the stone bottle and hat, are his especial charge. There are the various pedestrians, carts, gigs, and carriages; and in those parts not yet completely in the web of railways, there is now and then a stage-coach, with all its accompaniments of rattle and importance. In such parts there may still be seen the humble conveyance of the poor; the waggon with its load of merchandize in front and hood behind, under which congregate the aged, the women, and children, whose strength is not equal to the distance they have to go, and are therefore glad to avail themselves of this old-fashioned conveyance, that creeps along at the rate of three miles an hour.

Here and there, in spite of the innovations of civilization, may still be found an old roadside inn, almost as rural as ever, with its farm carts, the horses of which are feeding at the picturesque troughs or cribs; its jolly farmers, with their huge coats and capes, on stout old cobs, stopping to drink a parting cup that is handed to them by the landlord's pretty daughter. Yes, these are charming scenes for an artist, but alas! they are fast disappearing, and in a few more years their memory only will be kept alive by the pictures of Cooper.

Section V.

HEATH AND COMMON TRUE PAINTER'S GROUND, BUT FAST DISAPPEARING—NEIGHBOURHOOD OF REIGATE—WALTON HEATH—ABINGER COMMON—FINE-LEAVED HEATH—CROSS-LEAVED HEATH—LING—COLOUR OF HEATHER ON SCOTCH MOUNTAINS—HAREBELL—BROOM—FURZE—THISTLES—THYME—LAVENDER.

FEW people really understand how much the painter loves the open expanse, broken ground, and varying incident of a Heath or Common. It is there he can best observe the varied effects of light and shade as they chase each other over the extended prospect, and, standing beneath the shelter of a group of wild firs, may see the overhanging storm-cloud throwing the mid-distance into deep purple gloom, while the foreground is a rich treasury of colour, with its endless harmonies of russet, olive-gray, and gold given by the withered heather, gorse, and fern, mingled with the richest-coloured sand banks, and other accessories of a moorland scene.

Unfortunately for the artist, opportunities for studying these decrease with fearful rapidity, and these wild rambling grounds become fewer every day, yielding to the increasing necessities of an overgrown population. Even Hampstead Heath, the London artist's delight, is threatened to be overrun by encroaching bricks and mortar, nor does there appear sufficient power or energy among those interested to save this precious ground from the builder.

Thus, alas! the breezy parade, the contemplative fir grove, the lonely and still secluded North End, with its wild uneven ground, its copse, its verdant hill and dale and picturesque fir clumps, must be cut and parcelled out into cockney rows and suburban villas, or else carried entirely away to furnish materials for some railroad; and the poor artist, and what is of far more importance, the poor over-wrought, over-crowded mechanic, will be obliged to go still farther off for a refreshing glimpse of Nature.

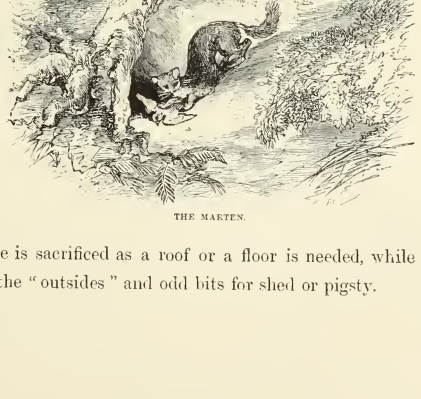
I well remember with what interest I listened years ago to an enthusiastic description of Hertford Heath, by a true worshipper of Nature, and how its broken sandbanks, towering Scotch firs, common of yellow broom and rough gorse, with many a rare wild flower, appeared in my mind's eye already transferred to my paper.

At length, when fully prepared and accompanied by a chosen pupil, I made an excursion to the desired spot, we found it levelled, ploughed, and even railed off into square fields, with iron wire and sunk ditches, and we felt almost angry that the joyous larks, as they mounted singing into the heavens from the springing wheat, did not participate in our disappointment.

However, there still exist a few choice spots where studies can be made of broken ground, extended view, or secluded nook, where the rare gipsy may yet pitch his camp, or the travelling tinker and broom-seller turn his poor beast out for a night or two. There are many such spots to be found in the country about Reigate.

The town, but more particularly Red Hill, may be spoiled to the artist's eye by the inundation of ugly cockney cottages to which it has been of late subjected, but the country a few miles distant is still untouched, and the chalk and warm marly soils are highly favourable to the growth of plants suitable to the artist, and though the bee-orchis, ladies'-hair, and other rare flowers which abound there may not be available for pictures, their singularity renders them interesting. If the Brighton railway be quitted at Merstham, a delightful walk midst varied and beautiful scenery may be taken through Gatton Park with its noble trees; then mounting the hill, Walton Heath lies before you—a wide expanse covered with heather, furze, and broom, which, though flat, presents many rustic bits. Skirting the common, sometimes sheltered beneath overhanging banks and straggling trees, may be found the hut of the broom cutter or the ash-hoop render.

The stacks of faggots, the heather-covered roofs, the men in their rustic dresses, busied among barrels, carts, sheds, and pig-sties, an old horse or two, and piles of brooms in all stages, furnish the artist with many a study; and if he must have a distance to his picture, he gains peeps of the blue horizon through the trees crowning the little chalky knolls. But of all commons my favourite is that of Abinger, with its hill and dale foliage and broad expanse. The Scotch firs have made themselves masters of great part of the high ground, where, besides the older trees, which, from their regularity give evidence of having been planted, there is an undergrowth of young firs rapidly on the increase, being apparently protected by the landowners. Less fortunate is the venerable oak scrub, which, though withered and straggling in winter and spring, is covered with brilliant foliage in summer; this is chopped and hacked away unmercifully, with no regard to the feelings of the artist, who thus loses a useful foreground. Though entering my protest against this partial administration of the bill-hook, I should be sorry to have the fir trees included in this doom, for underneath their shadow grow a profusion of whortleberries, too lowly a shrub to be singly of use to the artist, yet valuable as giving occasion for many a pretty group. As soon as the berries are ripened, dozens of little lads and lasses appear as if by magic, busily gathering the fruit, while the "toddling wee things" and the large baskets are left in some sheltered spot under the guard of the grandmother.



THE MARTEN.

In the thickest of the wood there is a saw-pit, shielded from the keen north and east winds by fresh sawn "outsides." Here Master Wrong works away in wet and in dry weather, his diligence having a visible effect on the wood around; tree after tree is sacrificed as a roof or a floor is needed, while every one makes free with the "outsides" and odd bits for shed or pigsty.

There are wonderful hollow ways, too, winding across and through our common; whether they have always existed, or whether some terrific water-spout has burst upon the higher land ages ago, scooping and scoring them out, no one knows, but now they are overgrown with oak-scrub, briars, and fern. One of the deepest of the wild glens skirts Parkhurst palings, forming a lovely but rough path between sandy banks crowned with noble trees, among whose roots burrow the cunning stoats, while the squirrel leaps nimbly in their branches.

And now having expatiated on the beauties of my favourite common, justice requires that I should mention its one fault—a lack of water, almost as great a want to the artist as to the rustic inhabitants of the district. There is a talk of bringing the water from the source at King George's Hill to a head here, with trough before each cottage door; but this, though a great boon to the housewife, will not atone to the painter for the want of the merry sparkling brook or shadowy pool overhung with pollard willows, beneath which the cattle seek shelter from the noon-day heat.

Now to return to the foreground studies peculiar to heaths and open country. The commonest of these is the Purple or Fine-leaved Heath (*Erica cinérea*), which may be known by its many drooping flowers covering a great part of the stem. This is the most frequent species we find at Hampstead. The flowers rustle when gathered, as if perfectly dry; it grows luxuriantly on the sandy banks bordering the rough country roads that cross the common. Its masses of rich purple flowers form a good contrast with the yellow sand-banks, and its warm, yet gray shadows, combined with the deep-toned greens of the foliage, assist in giving value to the spots of gay sunshine that find their way through the twisted roots, while abundance of warm reflected light from the sand lends its influence in harmonizing the whole. Should a few stray ragged sheep have sought these tempting nooks, we want but the pencil of a Sidney Cooper to produce the most delightful pictures of repose.

A beautiful species which prefers a boggy soil, is the Cross-leaved Heath (*Erica tétralix*), well marked by its delicate pink wax-like flowers, collected into a head at the top of the stem. A third species is perhaps still more abundant than the first, though botanically speaking not a heath at all, as it belongs to another genus (*Calluna communis*), commonly called ling.

It resembles the erica, however, so closely in its general appearance, mode of growth, and locality, that it is as frequently called by one name as the other, while in Scotland it is known as heather. Its foliage is more beautiful than that of the heath, resembling chenille. So common is this plant on waste lands and open tracts of ground, that such places are called Heaths.

The flowers are a pale reddish purple, very numerous and small, growing all along the young shoots. "It clothes the wild Highland hills, and its flowers empurple the barren mountains of Scotland." It is in this light, as affecting the colour of his picture (for it can scarcely alter the form, save by rounding the angles of the broken crags), that it holds its prominent place in the painter's thoughts, though where growing luxuriantly it may also remind him of the trouble it gave him to wade through its tangle of fragrance as he climbed craggy Goat Fell, or wandered out of his path in Glen Rosa or Glen Sannox.

Regarding it then in large masses, we find that it must be studied more with the brush and varieties of tints than with any marked form. In the extreme distance it still retains its purple hue, assuming under the influence of stormy clouds so dense a tone, that Southerners rarely paint it strong enough; none in my recollection has come so near the truth as Robson. When close at hand, the purple tint yields to pink or purer red, though in autumn, when "decay's effacing fingers" have passed over it, orange tones prevail; these are made with yellow ochre, burnt sienna, brown madder, and crimson lake. Heather is generally cooler in colour and more ragged in appearance than the heath.

Sprinkled about on the common,

> "On the swelling down, where sweet air stirs
> The heathbell lightly, and where prickly furze
> Buds lavish gold,"

may be seen the favourite bluebell of the poet, more properly called the Harebell, "that flower which the Scotchman deems especially his own; dwelling on heath and moorland, raises its delicate stem and bows its gentle head, neither proudly defiant of storm, nor easily broken by its violence; like the elastic spirit of some gentle woman, strong by its very weakness, trembling before the tempest, but quickly after rising all fresh and vigorous, as if nought but sun and smiles had ever beamed upon it." This elegant

little flower has more effect on the mind, however, than the sight, for its scattered flowers can only be seen close at hand. Its delicate azure bells hang lightly from the stem, the leaves are long and narrow, the round root leaves soon withering.

HAREBELL.

The Broom (*Spartium scoparium*), although not so generally diffused over the common as some other plants, is still abundant on heaths and banks, growing to a greater height than the furze, in favourable situations even reaching to eight or nine feet, although its general height does not exceed four or five. The flowers are large and open, and grow along the entire length of the shoots, which, clustering thickly together, present a brilliant mass of yellow, almost hiding the bright evergreen foliage. The yellow of the Broom is clearer, more dazzling, but not so glowing as that of the furze. Miss Kent, in recommending it as a pleasant shade, says, "it seems to embody the sunshine while it intercepts the heat." It is a favourite with many poets, not only for its historical and legendary associations, but also for its beauty. Wordsworth says—

> "'Twas that delightful season, when the Broom,
> Full flowered and visible on every steep,
> Along the copses runs in veins of gold;"

while Burns exclaims—

> "Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
> Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume,
> Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan,
> Wi' the burn stealing under the long yellow Broom."

It is particularly partial to high banks, and many a bright spot of colour does the artist owe the "bonny Broom."

For studies of the Broom, however, there is no need to go farther than the nearest sandy common. Luxuriant specimens may be found on an elevated part of Aviinger Common, called the Warren. (See cut, page 84.)

It flowers in June, and the seeds are long pods of a dark brown colour.

Whenever a common is sketched, or a heath scene painted, there must the Furze (*Ulex Europæa*) be introduced, for it covers such spots with its golden flowers; indeed few plants are more abundant or more brilliant, especially in the merry month of May, its peculiar flowering season, than

"The vernal Furze with golden baskets hung."

It has also this great advantage to artists, that it may, without violence to Nature, be introduced into his picture at any season of the year, as it is rarely unadorned with a few blossoms; indeed Coleridge calls it "the never bloomless Furze." Of course the full blaze of bloom must be reserved for the spring and summer months. It is a shrub without leaves, but armed with innumerable thorns, with which, doubtless, every one of my readers is already acquainted, unless the poet's warning to

"—— approach it not,
For every flower has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it,"

has come in time to save his fingers.

It is rarely found in the highlands of Scotland, yet is common enough among the Welsh mountains, where, as Miss Twamley says, "it clothes the sides of the cloud-capped hills with a robe of gold, broken only by patches of the purple gleaming heather," with which it forms a charming contrast. It is essentially a native of temperate regions, extremes of heat or cold being alike injurious to it, and in Sweden is unknown, as the often told story of Linnæus's rapture, on first seeing a common covered with it, proves.

"A common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deformed,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble."

Sportsmen would perhaps tell us, that the prickly gorse has yet another good quality superior to richness of colour, that of forming one of the best covers for foxes, for 'tis here that Reynard has his strongest hold, the plants growing so thick, and the roots and branches so strong, that it sometimes requires great perseverance to make the cunning fellow leave his retreat. On other commons, where "the nibbling flocks do stray," or rabbits are numerous, one is surprised to see how rounded all the clumps of Furze are eaten.

"There is always something exhilarating in the fresh breezy air of an English common, with its strings of rosy-checked ragged children, its flocks of noisy geese, its two or three scraggy horses and scrubby donkeys, its tall furze bushes, with their rich golden garniture, that almost seems to glow from the contrast with the snowy whiteness of the linen hung across them to dry. Add to these the windmill, the snug public-house with its old tree and swinging sign, the cottages huddled up in a corner opposite the pond, or loosely scattered where the first enclosers reared their mud huts, a gipsy encampment if the common be a wide one, and if it be a summer evening, the cricketers, and you have pretty much what combine to make up 'a common,' all England over."

The writer of the above, if not an artist, is, I am certain, possessed of artistic feeling, and is, at any rate, a skilful word-painter; the only thing to complain of being that he crowds too many objects of interest into his canvas; there is enough in that description to form subjects for half a dozen pictures.

For the young student we may add, that the colour of the Furze is richer and far more intense and concentrated than that of the broom, the green is less decided, being dull and gray in tone.

No common is complete without thistles for the poor man's ass, and most numerous and varied are these

"Insatiate thistles, tyrants of the plain."

One of the handsomest is the Musk Thistle (*Carduus nutans*); the spines are strong and prominent, and the flowers, which are large and of a reddish purple, contribute their quota of colour to the landscape from May to October. The stem is from two to three feet in height, and gray with cottony down.

A very lowly flower, the Wild Thyme (*Thymus serpyllum*) sometimes affects the colour of the ground on our commons with its pinkish purple flowers. It is not, however, large enough when taken singly to form an artist's foreground plant; but by its habit of clustering in considerable masses, and by its general diffusion, not only over this country, but throughout Europe, becomes of importance. It grows equally well on the overhanging cliff, the sunny bank, the mountain side, or barren heath, and its blossoms of pale pink flowers at the base of some fragment of gray rock, the colour of

which is broken by various tints of green lichen, form altogether an appropriate foreground to a lake or mountain scene. Thyme, with heather, gorse, or fern in patches, aids the sentiment in such a figure-subject as Landseer's "Lassie tending Sheep." Innumerable lines might be quoted from the sister art to heighten the feeling so essential to the painter. Thus, Shakspear's often-quoted—

> "I know a bank whereon the Wild Thyme grows;"

or—

> "O'er fringed heaths, wide lawns, and mountain steeps
> With silent step the fragrant Thyma creeps."

Virgil has also associated the "steepy cliff and flowering thyme."

We may judge of the importance of this sweet plant in the eyes of the ancients when we read, in the lately published "History of Julius Cæsar" (page 121), that thousands of oxen were sent every year to the neighbourhood of Marseilles to feed on the Thyme which grew there.

Speaking of Marseilles I may add, that to that town we owe the acclimatisation of the vine and the olive; while, journeying a little further east, we find another favourite of our gardens—lavender—growing in profusion on the sunny cliffs of the Genoese coast.

FERNS.—*Filices.*

These plants are truly the offspring of summer, for they revel in light and warmth, and wither under the slightest breath of frosty autumn. The rarer and more beautiful species are too minute to produce much effect in pictures; but the Brakes, or Braken (*Pteris aquilina*), the commonest kind, growing all over the country, is a very handsome plant, and, fortunately for the artist, is of sufficient size to form a most effective foreground. No park scenery is complete without it; and many a lovely picture is created by a group of noble forest trees, their roots overgrown with the large Braken, among which wave the antlered heads of the couching deer. But with ferns, as with most other foliage, the interest felt in them by the painter increases in their dying moments, for they then assume every shade of ochre, sienna, and even lake, which tints, in winter, fade to a deep brown. Fern-cutting is, during the summer time, quite an occupation, the large fronds being used for various purposes, as litter for horses, for instance, while the pigsty is not only thatched with fern, but it forms a part of that most omnivorous animal's food. A fern-cutter, stooping over his or her work, is often, in the proper season, a suitable and picturesque figure to introduce into woodland scenes. Mr. Newman, in his work on ferns, thus describes the Braken and its favourite habitats:—

"It is the most abundant of our British ferns, there being scarcely a heath, common, wood, or forest, in which it does not make its appearance. Its presence in great abundance is said to indicate poverty in the soil; but, from its luxuriance when growing in the vegetable mould of woods, and in highly-manured gardens, I am inclined to suppose that its usual absence from rich cultivated land is rather to be attributed to the effects of the plough and the hoe than to any quality of the soil. It appears one of those truly wild plants which fly from man, and take refuge in wastes and wildernesses. In size it is extremely variable, being sometimes scarcely a foot in height, while at others it reaches an altitude of ten, and even twelve feet. Although it occurs on every other description of soil, it avoids chalk, and scarcely a plant can be detected on the South Downs of Sussex. In dry gravel it is usually present, but of small size; while in thick shady woods, having a moist and rich soil, it attains an enormous size, and may often be seen climbing up, as it were, among the lower branches and underwood, resting its delicate pinnules on the little twigs, and hanging gracefully over them; under these circumstances it is a fern of exquisite beauty. The young fronds make their appearance in May. They are extremely susceptible of cold, and it is by no means unusual to see the earlier fronds, before their expansion, entirely destroyed by the late frosts of spring. They are killed by the first frosts of autumn, however slight they may be, and instantly turn to a deep brown colour, but remain perfectly undecayed, and frequently in an erect position during the whole winter."

The Hard Fern (*Blechnum spicant*) is almost as universally distributed throughout Great Britain. It is fond of moisture, and prefers clayey and gravelly soil; on chalk it is rarely met with. Mr. Newman says he does not remember having seen a specimen from the chalk hills of Kent, Sussex, or Surrey. It differs from the braken by remaining persistent through the winter, when its bright glossy green leaves look very beautiful.

The Male Fern (*Aspidum Filix-mas*) is a large handsome plant, frequently found in lane-hedges, where its fronds, before they uncurl, resemble shepherds' crooks, and when fully developed, form a fine group of leaves rising from a common centre, making a graceful natural vase. In drawing ferns, the principal spine of the fronds should first be sketched, and then subdivisions added in a series of short strokes.

Lower down on the bank grows the common Cuckoo Pint, or, as it is often

called by children "Lords and Ladies" (*Arum maculatum*). The broad bright green leaves of this plant are generally sprinkled with dark purple irregular spots, though their presence seems to depend upon the nature of the soil, as they are frequently met with green. The flower-stalk becomes in autumn very conspicuous, being a thick spike of scarlet berries, remaining long after the leaves have decayed away.

The pretty little plant the Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*) flowers all through the summer, and often enlivens our hedges with its pink blossoms and bright red and green leaves, when they would otherwise be devoid of colour. "Every one knows it, and most of us have bound it in the nosegay gathered in childhood from woods, and thickets, and green lanes, and meadow hedgerows. It comes with the brilliant blue germander speedwell, to tell of the approach of summer; and before a flower has yet expanded on the bank, we may see its beautifully cut leaves gleaming in the sun. When winter is approaching, and flowers are gone, and many green leaves are turned brown, this foliage is often among the few bright things that are left, and, touched with a rich glow of crimson, it seems not to need the addition of blossoms to render it attractive. We have in September seen masses of it covering large heaps of stones with its stems and leaves, and thought, as the robin sat sweetly singing near it his prelude to the winter, that the hue of bird and leaf accorded well with each other."

Section VI.—MEADOW GRASSES AND FLOWERS.

"I love to muse
On earth and all its garniture, which cheers
Sad eyes with ever-changing grace. The fields
Are rich in verdure, as the wood in leaves;
And every emerald blade which sunshine gilds
With genial gold, each feathery tuft that gives
Beauty, and food, and shelter, and each reed
That waves and whistles in the vocal wind,
Hath lessons high, that, followed well, might lead
To the calm pleasures of the peaceful mind;
For simplest grass, as well as stateliest tree,
Reveals the presence of the Deity."

Calder Campbell.

VARIETIES OF GRASS IN DIFFERENT SITUATIONS—FORM OF SURFACE COVERED PRESERVED—CHARACTER AND THE IDEA OF QUANTITY WITHOUT MANNERISM—RUSKIN ON GRASS—CHANGE OF COLOUR IN SUMMER, ALSO DIVERSIFIED BY FLOWERS—DISTINCTIONS IN COLOURING OF YOUNG CORN AND GRASS.

Before the young artist becomes ambitious, and while he still feels the full difficulty of imitating the least portion of Nature, he will do well to examine, study, and sketch the simple grass at his feet. At this period he has abundant opportunities of making thorough and practical researches into this portion of the foreground; and he will find that an intimate acquaintance with what is close at hand will assist, rather than prevent, him afterwards from glancing

hastily over to the distant mountains, or soaring into the regions of the ever-changing clouds. The eye that has learned to mark, and the hand to trace "the sunshine which gilds the emerald blade," will by this invigorating exercise, be better able to portray the expanded sunbeam as it falls on the distant hills; and a previous study of the varied hues of the waving grass will give a greater power of appreciating the minute difference in the outline of the snow-capped mountain or distant group of trees.

An early and perfect acquaintance with so common a production, begets a degree of modesty in walking with Nature, by proving the insufficiency of our vaunted Art to deal with even the humblest of the great Creator's works, and prevents the young artist from becoming satisfied with a certain easy mannered style of indication. He should study first the different grasses with their wavy bloom, separately, as they bend beneath his feet; then as they grow in countless multitudes, thickening into one green, extended mass. He will find that there is as much to be remarked in colour, as in form, for though we say with the world that "grass is green," and there may be no secondary colour more marked in its character than this, yet the most positive green is instantly changed by the still more powerful predominating rays of light, and it may be turned in a moment into crimson, tawny, or even "genial gold." The British landscape painter especially, ought to be well acquainted with that which, although found in every European country, so pre-eminently distinguishes his native isles; and as there is no other plant or herb so generally diffused throughout his country as grass, he is frequently required to give some definite instruction respecting it, to show with some degree of understanding, what the hasty, apparently often thoughtless touches intended to represent grass, do really mean.

Grass is, indeed, far too often carelessly drawn or caricatured by a continued repetition of clumps of three or four strokes radiating from one root, and where it is intended to be abundant, these are scattered at random over the foreground of the drawing. Now, if there were nothing but blades of grass growing in tufts without blossoms, and these were all kept uniform, as in a newly-mown lawn or hay meadow, this style of drawing might be better understood; but grasses have so much character in themselves, and are found in such different situations, that more careful observation and drawing is required to make a faithful landscape-painter. Grass covers the fields, it is

PLATE II

BRUSH PRACTICE IN SEPIA, TINTS AND TOUCHES.

true, and in spring it may be difficult to distinguish any difference in the form of one species from another; but some kinds are peculiar to the mountain, others to the woodland, some to the sandy sea-shore, whilst many descriptions fringe our blue streams, or even grow in the water. When each of these different species is perfected by blossom and seed, and when we can see each plant separately, we are then better able to perceive the distinctive character of each. One of the principal points about grass is, that it clothes the surface of the earth without altogether hiding its form. The method of drawing the multitudinous shapes of leaves by arranging the larger lines first, must be here adopted. Thus the surface of the ground upon which it grows should first be indicated, the various little hillocks correctly outlined, and those lines selected, which, by leading the eye into the picture, help the perspective.

On this outline, which is always general and faint, and disappears when the study is finished, the blades should be drawn, and those which are relieved by the masses beyond, whether by being lighter or darker, should be noticed. In fact it is only at these points that it is necessary to mark their shape at all. They are in general found to be straight or slightly curved blades, pointing in different directions, some being more distinctly marked than others; to effect this, the strokes must be made firmer, until they are allowed to die away into the undefined portion.

To explain this more fully, we will suppose a tint laid on with a brush, leaving in light the tuft of blades, or *vice versâ;* these tints, if executed with variations, will indicate the blades sufficiently for spring, but for the more advanced seasons, when the variously formed blossoms become conspicuous, it will be better to select a complete and isolated plant, either painting it out light from a mass of blades, or representing it altogether darker. In all studies of Nature that contain multitudinous parts, like leaves of trees, grass, &c. there must be a method or system adopted, and one which shall best express the character, while it gives without peculiarity of manner an idea suggestive of innumerable quantity.

But when by study and practice the student becomes thoroughly acquainted with the forms, he may venture to give a little licence to his brush, and with some touches conveying a predominating light, like the rays of the rich evening sun, often given by Turner with a dusky roll of yellow ochre, he may break up with ease, any monotony either of light, shade, or colour.

To fire his mind with poetic feeling, let him see with what a charm Ruskin has invested the modest grass:—"Consider what we owe merely to the Meadow-grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them,—the walks by silent scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and failing in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills; thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices."

Some grasses are more suited for single delineation than others. Among the most distinguishable are Wall Barley, the spikes of which are covered with long bristles; the Fox or Cat's-tail grass, a green, hard, round spike, somewhat like a small bulrush, common in meadows, and the Vernal grass with its light downy flower. The most common grass is a diminutive species called the Annual Meadow-grass, which is to be met with everywhere, "for on every waste spot where a wild weed may spring, on the bank, by the roadside, among the mosses and stonecrops of the old wall, coming up in little clumps between the crevices of the city pavement, where the foot of the passenger is not so frequent as to eradicate all vegetation, we tread on it daily, in summer and winter." This and the smooth-stalked Meadow-grass are very common in fields and pastures, and are useful for grass plats in towns, where the smoke and confined air are so unfavourable to vegetation, that no grass save these will grow. The alteration of form, as the plants approach maturity, indicating the advance of summer, is far greater than one might have expected in the earlier stages of their growth, and is accompanied by a striking change in the colour of the mass, some species assuming quite a different hue to others.

Thus the Scented Vernal Grass, with a compact head of blossoms, becomes of such a yellow tint as it ripens, that it has suggested a botanical name indicative of the circumstance; and if the fields are painted at this period

with water-colours, it will be better not to begin with general washes of vivid spring-like green, but with some moderately-broken tints, made with yellow ochre, or raw sienna and blue, warmed with lake, and here and there light portions left, to be afterwards tinted down with a still richer yellow; for on glancing over the extended surface of a field ready for the mowers, whole patches may be noticed where the blossoms congregate so thickly that the green blades can no longer be discovered. At this season of the year the panicles of flowers belonging to other species of grass vary from a light delicate green to every shade of purple; and besides these differences in actual colour, what innumerable lights, shades, and delicate tones are produced by shadows, the effect of the least breath of wind as it passes over the bending and graceful forms! Should the motion be great enough to show the green leaves, or more glazed stalk, instead of the flowers, then cooler tints will be necessary to represent both the natural colour and the reflection of the blue sky. In these pre-raphaelite studies, the zealous student has yet another assistant to relieve him from the monotony of green blades of grass in the kindly hand of a prudent farmer, who always mingles several species of grass in his fields, and often adds the fragrant Clover, with its rich white and purple blossoms. In addition to these, there are stray plants scattered about the meadows plentiful enough to affect the colour of the whole when seen in masses. Foremost amongst these stands the Buttercup, giving a golden hue to whole meadows; and the Sorrel, which, with its deep-red and madder tones, is far more welcome to the artist than the former. It may be well to point out the following artistic distinction between grass and young corn.

Grass, when looked at close at hand, is brilliantly green, but when observed in the distance, in consequence of the surface being but little below the sight, the flowers and seed strike the eye more than the leaves, and tints are presented varying from faded green to russet brown, diversified also by the colour of many of the taller field flowers. Corn, on the contrary, if examined with attention, appears less green near at hand, because of the effect of the reflection of the cool sky tones on the broad blades; whereas, in the distance, it presents a vivid green, generally bluer in tone than grass, because little else than the leaves themselves are seen. As corn is now generally sown in drills, the appearance of parallel lines is evident, and causes

it to present a very different aspect from the thick sward of the meadow. When fields of corn are thrown into ridge and furrow, the summit of the ridge will be generally the greenest and most luxuriant in colour, and in wet seasons the yellow tone of the corn in the hollows or furrows is still more to be remarked. This yellowish colour is particularly disliked by the farmer, who would far rather his wheat had a blue-black shade.

It may be added, that all vegetation comes sooner to its natural colour by the influence of light and warmth, so that some difference in the tone of grass when under the shade of trees should be made apparent. It must, however, be confessed, that it is the scythe that renders the artist the most effective service in the grass-lands, and it is during the hay-harvest that he finds the fullest exercise for his pencil. It is then the colour most decidedly changes, each day bringing its own variation, while busy groups of figures with various implements, carts and waggons with their teams, and the incidents that occur, afford both figure and landscape-painter the greatest employment.

In sketching hay-fields, we should notice that the mowers like the grass to lean from them, as it is more easily cut, and also to have the light behind them. The body of the mower is much bent, and the handle of the scythe is crooked. The grass is generally left in long narrow rows; the day following it is usually arranged in small heaps; and the next day, if fine, it is collected into haycocks, the delight of children and rustic lads and lasses, by whom many an artistic attitude is assumed, or group unconsciously formed.

Grass rapidly loses its vivid green by drying; the colour changes least when it has been dried more by the influence of the wind than sun; it then becomes a dull gray or russet green, made by the more modest yellows, or with addition of reds or lakes. The prevailing colour of the hay-field is alluded to by Thomson—

> "As they rake the green appearing mound,
> And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
> The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
> In order gay."

Cox has often proved how charmingly a hay-field on a windy day may be depicted. It is indeed a pleasant sight and subject for the artist when the well-laden waggon, crowned by a group of merry urchins, appears through some opening in the lane, rustling among the over-arching boughs, and leaving traces of its progress on the foliage.

"The yellow fields thick wave with ripened grain;
Joyous the swains renew their sultry toils,
And bear in triumph home the harvest's sultry spoils."

Section VII.—CORN-FIELDS.

BEAUTY OF HARVEST—DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF WHEAT, BARLEY, RYE, ETC.—CORNCOCKLE, SCABIOUS, BLUEBOTTLE, POPPY, AND OTHER FLOWERS—HARVEST GROUPS.

The harvest is a matter of such deep importance to the welfare of the country in general, that no one could fail to feel an interest in it, were the scene the most unpicturesque in the world. This is far from being the case; before the harvest, many a beautiful combination of colour greets the eye, while during that season, the interest lies chiefly in the incidents to which the reaping and carrying of the grain give rise. When young and green, very little difference can be discerned between wheat, barley, rye, or oats, all being, if thriving, of a deep cool green; but as they approach maturity, the species are easily distinguished. Rye grows the highest, in verification of the old saying, "good rye grows high," and wheat next; indeed, from the straw of wheat being stronger, and therefore bending less beneath the ripening ear, there is not so much difference between the two as their actual height would lead us to expect.

The ears of wheat when ripe become richer and browner than the straw, and bend slightly downwards. When a breeze passes over the field, this inclination is increased, more being seen of the stalk; the colour of the whole is then not so brown, and as the corn is waved in portions by gusts of wind, it gives a varied appearance to the field. Where corn is sheltered from the sun by trees or houses it remains green longer, and these patches continue for a time quite distinct from the brown parts.

Barley and oats are generally cut before wheat. Oats are very difficult to represent well; the grains being separate and hanging loosely, do not admit of much definition. Barley is much shorter in the straw; the ear, when quite ripe, hangs considerably, and the awns cause and require a lengthened appearance in the touch which represents them. The colour of Oats is the palest, and Wheat the deepest brown.

The flowers and weeds generally found among corn, though a serious annoyance to the farmer, contribute greatly to the variety of colour.

The Corncockle (*Agrostemma githago*), a fine flower of a reddish purple hue, grows about two feet high, and flowers in June and July; the whole plant is covered with erect silky hairs. The Scabious (*Scabiosa Arvensis*) is another beautiful plant, growing about three feet high, with a close head of a bluish lilac colour. The Corn Blue Bottle (*Centaurea Cyanus*) is the most elegant of the native species of Centaurea, and the brilliant blue of its petals forms an excellent contrast with the vivid scarlet of the poppy. No artificial colour can imitate the brilliancy of the blue of the outer florets of the Cyanus. The colour is easily obtained by expression, and would be valuable to the flower painter were it permanent, but it is not so by any ordinary mode of preparation. Tyas tells us that, according to ancient fable, this plant is called Cyanus after a youth of that name, whose attachment to corn-flowers was so great, that he employed his time chiefly in making garlands of them, seldom leaving the fields as long as his favourite flower was to be found, and always dressing himself in the fine blue colour he so much admired. At last he was found dead in a corn-field, half buried amid a quantity of the heavenly tinted flowers he had gathered. This plant has various names in different parts of the country; in Scotland it is called Blue Bonnet, and in Kent Bluecap.

"Poppies, which bind fast escaping sleep,"

though the most troublesome and difficult to eradicate of all the weeds of the corn-field, are often useful to the artist, enabling him to repeat some strong colour in the dress of a figure, and thus preventing it from being isolated or unconnected with other hues and tints.

The harvest-field is even more productive of picturesque groups than the hay-field, the colouring being warmer and more varied, the corn, in shocks and sheaves, possessing a more distinct form than the hay, while rustic figures in their different attitudes, with the younger portion seated, either among the corn or keeping watch over the heap of many-coloured garments under the shade of a tree, add much to the richness of the picture.

The gleaners, too, are a rich treat for an artist; old women bent with age, little children scarcely able to walk, yet helping their mothers, and graceful young girls bearing upon their heads sheaves of drooping ears.

Then there is the Harvest-home, the wain with its golden burden, on which a number of noisy, merry children have clambered, surrounded and followed

by troops of reapers, all in eager expectation of the coming Harvest-home and its accompanying fun and jollity.

In England it often happens when the harvest is early and the grain cut before the murderous first of September, that the partridge and pheasant congregate among the groups of sheaves, to feast on the ripe grain in fearless security, all unconscious of their coming doom.

To assist the student in giving character to each species of corn, a few ears have been carefully drawn from Nature, and are grouped at the heading of this section, with several of the most striking weeds of the cornfield. But to finish appropriately the harvest scenes we should follow the welcome sheaves to the old-fashioned barn where the corn lies secure from wind and rain, but where other enemies still pursue it; such as rats, mice, &c. The barn door appears to have been for ages the gibbeting place for all enemies of the farmer and sportsman, and while the upper portion is devoted to the most charming pictures of life and security, serves to show the penalty that must be paid by all marauders.

Section VIII.

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

THE AVON AND DR. ARNOLD—WARWICK CASTLE—THAMES FRUITFUL IN WATER PLANTS—J. W. THORNE—RUSKIN—MOUNTAIN STREAMS—FLOWERING RUSH, WATER PLANTAIN, AND WATER ARROWHEAD—WILLOW HERB—IRIS—MEADOW SWEET—WATER LILY—COMFREY, ETC.—WATER DOCK—BUR REED—HART'S TONGUE—EVERSHED'S MILL POND—RUSHES—COMMON REED.

It is in and on the borders of such streams as the one so beautifully described by our great poet, that the artist finds the greatest variety of foreground studies of plants, for it is of plants that we are thinking at present, rather than of the more impetuous, or grand and majestic rivers of our isle. Shakespeare must surely have intended picturing his native river when he wrote the above, for just such a stream is the Avon. Even before reaching Stratford, as it wanders through the meadows round Rugby, an interest is attached to this river; but this is chiefly due to our own Arnold rather than to its picturesque

beauty; for it was across these banks that he leapt with his boys, and watched their house-leapings, their steeple-chases, swimming matches and other manly exercises. The stream is still small, and the country, Arnold calls "unsurpassingly dull."

But it is fortunate for artists and students of Nature that they can find interest and amusement in things where others find none. The plants that adorn the smallest river's bank, the reflections of skies, clouds and trees in the calm surface, broken only by the ripple with its delicate curves and the foam-bell as it floats onward; these, with an old water-mill, a sluice-gate, or wooden bridge, furnish many studies for the pencil; but further on, the Avon joined by the Leam, passes through a country presenting a fair type of English scenery, picturesque, but not grand. It winds through Stoneleigh Park with its noble trees, and on its banks there are magnificent specimens of ancient oaks, under the broad shadows of which herds of deer lie quietly among the fern. Fit scene for the artist in which to place the "melancholy Jaques, for

> "As he lay along
> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
> To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish."

Or if he prefers an easier subject, a charming one is close at hand in Old Stare Bridge, with our stream passing between its gray, timeworn buttresses, overhung by bushes and a lovely ash, with the shy, but brilliant kingfisher glancing through its pendant branches, or Guy's Cliff with its pretty mill, and last but not least, stately Warwick, with its noble towers reflected in the broader expanse.

Then, as we saunter along on the soft turf by the river's margin, the eye is greeted by a succession of cheerful landscapes. The stream meanders with a soothing murmur through fertile pastures, between banks which at one moment slope so gently into its waters that the ripple from the faintest breeze washes over the daisies that bedeck them, and the next start up steep and broken, crowned with an old willow whose rugged roots bared by the winter's floods, are now entwined by pink convolvulus and wild ivy, all forming a picture charmingly reflected in the dark mirror below. On either hand are broad open lawns and sunny slopes, running into bosky hillocks, a farm-house

or two half concealed among lofty trees and the gray tower of the village church, with a few irregular roof-tops about it, and a dark mass of foliage beyond; these are features of the scene grouped differently at every bend of our playful stream, and with the blue sky and fleecy clouds above, they make many a picture that it does the heart good to look upon.

The Thames, however, may fairly vie with the Avon for the quiet beauty of its banks and the abundant studies of water-plants that it affords. It is scarcely possible to name the numerous rustic nooks, well known however to artists, where sweet placid river-scenes may be studied. I have selected for my heading a sketch from Caversham Bridge, as conveying an idea of this beautiful stream with its sedgy "banks, pollard willows, and picturesque eel traps," but there are many other subjects to be found in strolling up its banks; the magnificent old Manor House at Maple Durham with its bays and oriels, or the humble and truly picturesque water-mill, thought by many to be the best mill on the Thames. A weir close by is also excellent.

For a landscape-painter who wishes to study from Nature without interruption, and to escape for a few days from the smoky atmosphere of London, Pangbourne or Streatly are admirable; and we have the authority of a writer,* who is also quite an artist in feeling, for saying that here he may, with little trouble and at small expense, bring his colours and canvas, and then in some of those delicious spots already spoken of, fix his easel in the open air, and without darkened windows or reflected lights, or any other atelier contrivances, and forgetting atelier conventionalisms, try to represent what he sees just as he sees it—aiming only to distinguish what is essential and characteristic, giving himself up unrestrainedly to the teaching of Nature, whom he will find to be a far better guide than any connoisseur or picture-dealer. The young painter who will do this—who will come and dwell here for awhile, watching in the early dawn the changing effects of the breaking mists, the deep thick shadows, and the pearly sparkling dew; the brightness and glitter of the noon-tide as he looks out over the river from the shelter of the rich groves; the mellow radiance which the setting sun flings over trees and river, and cloudless sky; and as "the risin' moon begins to glowr," trace the power of chiaroscuro, of those marvellous combinations of light and shadow which genius has sometimes been able to fix on the canvas, but which Nature

* G. W. Thorne.

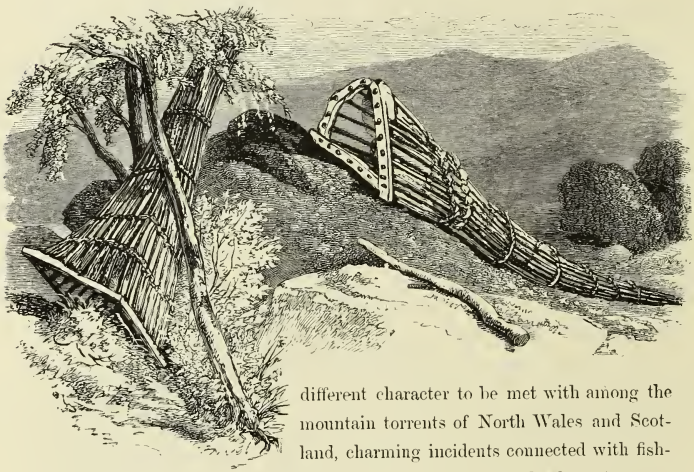
is ever lavishing with unsparing hand before him who is abroad to see :—he who will do this, will find that the bounty of Nature is not yet exhausted; that even in such unromantic spots as these, there are to be found passages of river-scenery still unappropriated by any of our admirable landscape-painters, and unnoticed by the great painters of old. And he will find also plenty of employment for his sketch-book in figures. We cannot resist quoting from another well-known lover of Nature and art, a poetical description of a stream and the plants upon its borders. "Patiently," says Ruskin, "eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds, and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the

blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too, and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets and cowslip bells in sunny places, and in the more open ground the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadow of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew."

It is on the borders of such streams as those first mentioned, that the various water-plants, which should form part of the study of every truth-seeking landscape-artist, are generally found. The woodcut, page 156, represents three of these, the Flowering Rush (*Butomus umbellatus*), the Water Plantain (*Alisma plantago*), and Water Arrowhead (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*). The Flowering Rush, often called the Water Gladiole, is a lovely plant with narrow sword-shaped leaves, very sharp at the edges, and a fine cluster of rose-tinted flowers at the summit of its stem. It is sometimes called the Pride of the Thames, and when it grows in the neighbourhood of the water iris and white water-lily, a combination of colour and elegance is formed not easily surpassed. The Water Plantain is much more general, rearing its branches in almost every stream. The leaves are pointed, the flowers pink on a branched stem. The Water Arrowhead is a beautiful and common plant, its white flowers forming a lovely contrast with the rich green of its leaves, which are elegant in form, exactly resembling the head of an

arrow. It sometimes grows two or three feet out of the water, but generally the leaves lie in large masses on the surface of the stream. It flowers in July and August.

While pointing out to the student of Nature some of the simple studies that may be found along the banks of the Thames, Avon, and such placid streams, we must not forget to mention that there are endless subjects of a

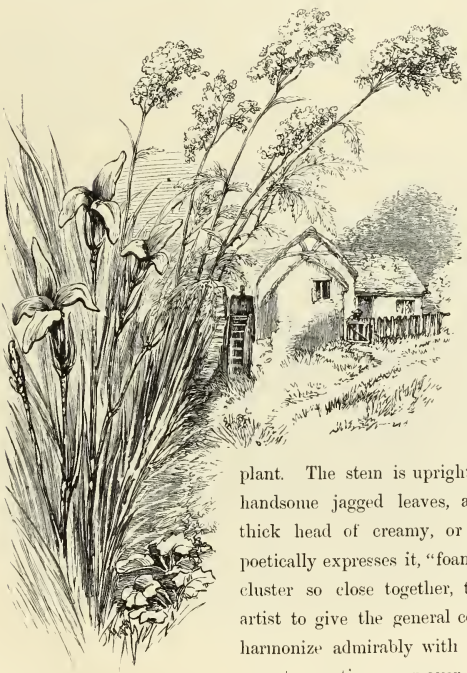


different character to be met with among the mountain torrents of North Wales and Scotland, charming incidents connected with fishing, or picturesque weirs and salmon-traps, or, by the side of quieter rivers, an ancient gothic ruin of surpassing beauty and interest, such as Tintern on the Wye, or Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire; but these must all be left to more advanced students, our chief object at present being to guide the young artist in his earlier attempts.

To return to our more tranquil streams: the Great Hairy Willow-herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*) is a plant bearing large upright spikes of rose or madder-coloured flowers, succeeded by long split seed-vessels. Our streams, beautiful as they ever are with their rich verdure and many flowers, receive an additional ornament when, during July and August, this Willow-herb grows there in profusion. Most of the rills which trickle among our green meadows, and the streams and rivers which wind their silvery way, as well

as the stagnant ditches, can then boast this ornament in more or less abundance. Often the purple blossom waving at a distance on a hot summer's day, invites the wanderer to some cool sequestered spot. The stems of this Willow-herb are much branched, so that the plant has somewhat the appearance of a shrub. The leaves, like most downy foliage, are of a grayish-green tint, and the large blossoms are reddish-purple.

The Water Iris (*Iris pseudacorus*) is common in the south of England on the banks of the stream, and in marshy land, and the beauty of such scenes is greatly enhanced during the months of July and August, by its large bright purple or yellow flowers. The leaves are sword-shaped.



The Meadow-sweet (*Spiræa ulmaria*), or *la reine des prés* as it is called in France, is one of our loveliest wild flowers, and at the same time a most effective foreground plant. The stem is upright and red-tinted, with handsome jagged leaves, and crowned with a thick head of creamy, or as William Howitt poetically expresses it, "foam-like flowers," which cluster so close together, that they permit the artist to give the general colour with truth, and harmonize admirably with the warm Cuyp-like sunsets sometimes seen over our English meadows. Their colours recall the delicate and varied yellows which then surround the sun, while the associations connected with this plant are invariably suggestive of calmness and repose. Crowded though the flowers are, they are yet so

light and feathery that the slightest wind ruffles them, and while it wafts their perfume, bids them nod and bow gracefully before it.

> "The almond-scented Meadow-sweet, whose plumes
> Of powerful odour incense all the air."

The odour here alluded to is very overpowering, too much so for a room, though in the open air it is a delicious combination of hay and hawthorn. It flowers in June and July, and may therefore be appropriately introduced by the margin of a stream in hay-making scenes.

If the meadow-sweet be the queen of the meadows, surely the White Water-lily (*Nymphæa Alba*) is the empress of the waters; there is something so truly imperial in the beauty of its sculpture-like blossoms and broad dark green leaves, like the "pallettes of fairy painters." It delights in still waters

and in the shade of foliage, and it certainly is far more effective when clustered in groups in such nooks, relieved by the shadows and its glossy leaves, than if it were scattered indiscriminately over the general surface of

the water. It is very abundant in the streams near Oxford, and on the Ouse the spot is still pointed out where intelligent Beau performed the friendly feat, afterwards immortalized in verse by his grateful master, Cowper. The Highland lakes, too, abound in Water-lilies, especially Loch Lomond, where, according to Professor Hooker, acres are covered with its waxen flowers. These, it is said, "retire below the surface of the stream soon after noon, and remain there during the night, rising again upon the waters early in the morning. Those who have been accustomed to ramble by moonlight near streams decked with these alabaster vases, know that this is not strictly correct, as many of them lie folded above the water; it is possible, however, that some may sink, and it is quite certain they close after the sun has lost its power." Many poets have sung the praises of this flower; the following lines are by Mrs. Hemans :—

"How beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-queen,
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

"Bright Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell."

The Yellow Water-lily (*Nymphæa lutea*) is neither so large nor so beautiful as the last, but is yet a fine flower, contrasting well with the white species when they grow together, as they frequently do. The blossom of the Yellow Lily sometimes rises higher than the white. The Brent is an excellent little stream for the study of this and other water plants, which are there exceedingly abundant, especially between Hanwell and Greenford.

The Comfrey (*Symphytum officinale*), a large plant common in watery places and ditches, is well suited for foregrounds. The flowers are yellowish white or purple in colour, and hang in two separate bunches. The leaves are rough and wrinkled, growing down the stem and waved at the edges; those only from the root have stalks. It flowers all through the summer, and grows as high as three feet. The Brooklime (*Veronica Beccabunga*), a little plant growing along with water-cresses and other inhabitants of running streams, blossoms in June and July, when its pretty blue star-like flowers become conspicuous. The Water Figwort (*Scrophularia aquatica*) is another river plant which blossoms in July and August; the stem is square, bearing oval

leaves that grow opposite each other; the flowers, too, spring from little opposite separate branches. The Water Hemlock (*Circuta virosa*) rises high above its neighbours; its masses of blossom have a greenish-white tone, which appears cold when contrasted with the warm lemon-white of the meadow-sweet. The Great Water-dock (*Rumex hydrolapathum*) is as ornamental to the stream as the burdock is to the roadside, being a large handsome plant, though very different in appearance to the burdock. The leaves resemble those of the horse-radish, and it bears a spike of flowers unmixed with leaves. The Branched Bur-reed (*Sparganium ramosum*), though not of sufficient importance to merit much attention, is useful in varying the foreground. The stem is round and much divided, the root-leaves very long, sword-shaped, and rather hollow. The flowers are collected in several distinct round heads, and appear in July. Height from a foot to a foot and a half. The Hart's-tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*) is a remarkable looking fern, and loves the margin of streams or the mossy stones by hidden springs, which it adorns with its long leaves. In the moat at Kenilworth Castle it may sometimes be gathered two feet long.

It is not often that we find many of these water-plants in the same spot; on the banks of a stream especially, first one plant and then another will predominate; small sheets of water, and ponds of all descriptions, generally possess a greater variety. I remember in one of my rambles through the country, being recommended by the landlady of the rustic inn where I was stopping to take a certain walk which she pronounced a very pretty one, the termination of her rather numerous directions being "by the mill-pond and home through the wood." Of course I was not entirely successful in my endeavours to follow her instructions, but after various detours through woody lanes, I at last came suddenly on a more open spot, where two country roads diverged, leaving a little triangular corner of rough grass, and revealing a placid piece of water fringed with luxuriant rushes and rank water-weeds, the whole inclosed in a noble framework of beech and ash-trees, whose gray and silvery trunks were reflected with wonderful fidelity in the mirror at their feet. While yet gazing on the scene, the click-clack of a bustling little water-mill caught my ear, for lying, as it did, nearly hidden from sight beneath the bank, and overhung by an oak and clustering hollies, it had at first escaped my notice. Now, the sound of a water-mill is ever welcome to

a landscape-artist, for whether overshot, as this was, or undershot, it is always a pleasing subject for a sketch. Its very position is engaging, nestled, as it is almost certain to be, among trees, and surrounded by divers water-plants, while from behind these starts up some steep bank to furnish a peep of warm colouring. Though modest and unassuming in character, the water-mill, when once discovered, seldom fails to excite interest, and in this instance it was not merely the mill that charmed the eye. Of the various buildings grouped around, each possessed some claim to attention, being either picturesque in itself, or by position, dilapidated state, or peculiar adaptation to circumstance, an additional object of interest in the group. Burrowing into a projecting bank was an old cart-shed gray with age; its roof of thatch, patched with tiles, and green with moss, protected in some degree the tilted cart, grindstone, and a discarded wheel or two, and was, moreover, the favourite resort of the barndoor-cock. Then there were the sluice-gates and water-course, with its broken and disjointed wall, where gigantic willow-herbs and figworts flourished, while the gem, or choice bit for the young student, was a rustic bridge over this water-course, with old dilapidated steps of broken millstones, that led down to the stream and formed the main entrance to the miller's dwelling.

Surrounded by all these accessories, it had none of the unapproachable air which belongs to the gaunt roaring windmill, with its vengeful arms warning off all intruders to a respectful distance, and from which all objects must be cleared, leaving it undisputed possessor not only of the earth beneath, but also of the air above, sulkily refusing to move if it has too little wind, and threatening to hurl its arms off if it has too much. No! my busy favourite speeds merrily on, and if incommoded with a superabundance of water is much more easily relieved. Perhaps I am biassed in my preference for the water-mill by the fact that I am utterly incapable of representing motion in the sails of a windmill, and it is but natural to prefer subjects that one has at least a chance of portraying well. The honour gained by the windmill in having assisted Rembrandt to true ideas of chiaroscuro, in my opinion, hardly compensates for the damage it inflicted on my favourite hero of La Mancha.

At any rate, this particular mill had charms enough to make me sit down and sketch it, and though unable to seize and depict all the changeful lights

and shades that flitted around it, the setting sun behind me cast on a portion of the scene a rich golden light, heightening the effect of the mellow autumnal tints on the beech-trees, while to the left a heavy rain-cloud in passing scattered a few drops which still dimpled the water, gusts of wind shook the wet boughs of the old oak over my head, supplying me with more moisture than I needed for my drawing. Showers of leaves of every autumnal hue, from the palest lemon yellow to the most brilliant crimson, twirled merrily to the ground and water, seemingly glad to have their glories illumined by the sun's warm rays as they finally sank to rest. Even the dark cloud as it passed away threw a farewell smile on the scene, and glancing back in a radiant fragment of rainbow, as if to say, "You have profited by my gloom and made me serve your purpose, setting off your trees and balancing your light and shade; now behold me under a new aspect, transfer me to your canvas, and—beware! you do me justice."

This, though the first, was not the last visit I paid to the mill. I have since made the acquaintance of the old miller, and held many a conversation with him, as he smoked his pipe on the bench beneath the oak, on subjects the most remote from Art that can be conceived. This bench commands a view across the pond to the mingled mass of reeds and rushes, stunted willows and alders, and thence up a vista of fine beech-trees. It is not entirely the charm of the landscape, however, that attracts the old man to this spot; for though not wholly insensible to it, there is a deeper interest to him in watching how the water holds on, for the pond is extremely shallow, and should the water run short when a busy time comes on, when housewives want flour and pigs want barley-meal, the fact is revealed by a muddy margin garnished with old pots and pans, broken spade-handles and rotten baskets. As I look at him, I half regret that I have devoted myself so exclusively to landscape painting. What a capital study he would make for Gilbert or Hunt!—his still, jet black, overhanging eyebrows, contrasted with his white hair, his somewhat hooked nose and expressive mouth—these, with his burly figure and appropriate costume, would all tell admirably in their hands.

While we thus sit deeply engrossed in chat and work, the water-rats treat us as mere stumps or part of the scene, for they nibble away at the water-flags and rushes with the greatest relish and *insouciance* in this their favourite

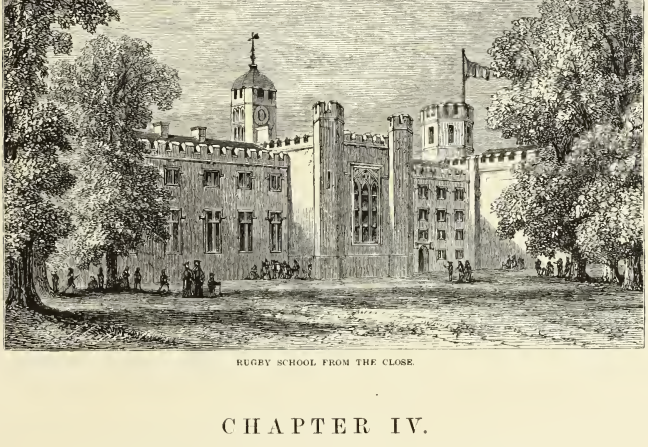
locality; nor is this preference theirs exclusively, being shared by myself and other artists for the fine studies of water-plants that it yields. It is rare sport to cross the shoot of waste water by the loose plank, and plunge into the thick bushes that skirt the pond, for there grow profusely the lovely meadow-sweet, water-iris, and stately bulrush; the two latter, however, stand most tantalisingly out of reach in mud and water. Many an hour have I wasted in vainly endeavouring to cut or hook off, with my knife tied to a stick, some of their flowering or clubbed heads, and at last, in sheer desperation, and justifying the act by the assurance that possession of them was absolutely necessary for the completion of a foreground, I have actually slipped off boots and socks and fairly waded to the capture. A pretty figure one cuts after a raid of this sort over the border for rushes, coots'-nests, or water-lilies; a pair of close-fitting black boots seem to encase the feet and legs, and a good deal of time is lost in getting rid of the encumbrance. The flowering-rush and water-plantain do not cost so much trouble, as in many places they grow quite close by the banks.

Common Rushes (*Juncus Conglomeratus*) grow in clumps of round, pithy, smooth stems; their flowers are in bunches on the sides of these stems, near the top; and the plants are generally devoid of leaves. The Bulrush (*Juncus Palustris*) can never occur too often for the artist; its height and rich brown clubbed spikes of flowers make it very conspicuous; the long narrow leaves all spring directly from the root. It grows as high as six feet, and flowers in August, remaining till late in the year unbroken by the wind. Another graceful plant is the Common Reed (*Phragmites Communis*), which appears from afar waving its purple clustering feather, and attaining the height of five or six feet. "Patches of immense extent are formed of this plant. In the eastern parts of England, and in many of the lowlands of Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, this reed constitutes the crop of the soil, and is, in its season, carefully harvested, and even exported into the adjoining counties for the various uses to which its culms are applied. An immense number of acquatic birds find a home among these reeds, and sheltered there may sometimes be found the rare bearded titmouse, with many of our more common birds. So much injury is done by birds to this valuable crop, that the farmers of these reedy districts are compelled, during the autumn, to despatch boats, with men carrying firearms, to scatter them away. Knapp,

who mentions this circumstance, observes, that as 'evening advances, one sees crowds of starlings approaching from every quarter, in numbers that exceed belief, to pass the night on the reeds, upon which, after various arrangements they alight in myriads, bearing down by their weight this flexible plant into the water, and one sees large patches lodged and beaten flat and spoiled; and though the guns of the boatmen sweep them away by hundreds, the survivors are so drowsy that they remain stationary, or rising, settle again immediately over the bodies of their slaughtered companions, returning evening after evening, not apparently diminished and in oblivion of the carnage of the preceding night." The farmers of these neighbourhoods assured this writer that they commonly destroyed some bushels of these birds in a night. Hid among the reeds, too, the fox lurks for his prey, and darting out from his hiding-place, just when the hapless starlings are roosting, he tramples down the waving grass before him and seizes his victims. The old name of windle-straw, which this grass had, is still retained in some districts, and was given because it bends to the winds.

PLATE VII.

BRUSH DRAWINGS IN SEPIA, TURNER.



RUGBY SCHOOL FROM THE CLOSE.

CHAPTER IV.

LECTURES AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

Section I.—DRAWING FROM NATURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"I think that in the present state of civilization physical science to a very great extent tends to cultivate and refine all the emotions connected with the love of order and beauty.—Dr. Temple's *Evidence, Public Schools Commission.*

IN considering the subject of teaching Drawing, now generally admitted to be an important part of education in public schools, the question is not so much what a well-qualified master would *wish* to do, but rather what he *can* do in the time allotted to this branch of instruction.

The course of study will of necessity differ materially from that thorough Art training and skilfulness of hand absolutely necessary to form an artist. The careful, regular, and progressive method adopted in his case, beginning by copying elementary forms in outline from the flat, passing from stage to stage till the eye and hand are educated sufficiently to go to the round, then by degrees from portions of the human figure to the perfect antique statue, added to an intimate acquaintance with artistic anatomy, from the

bones to the outer muscles, is quite out of the question, nor can it even be pursued to a certain extent and then relinquished. Neither can we attempt to teach the art by elaborate or highly-finished copying, such as we find encouraged in some of the schools of design for artisans, for a public school has not the time for technical teaching.

As we do not take the scholastic means which we know to be the best to make artists, neither do we expect the boys of our great schools to become elaborate mechanical draughtsman or architects, or to proceed far in the more abstruse study of fortifications, unless intended for the army. Having thus shown what it is impossible for the drawing-master to attempt in our public schools, we may proceed to determine what ought to be his aim. It is to be expected that, by the study of Drawing, the pupil will learn to appreciate all that is grand and beautiful in Nature, his eyes being opened to the magnificent outlines of the mountains, his mind alive to the surpassing glories of sunrise and sunset, and in his unpretending sketchbook he brings back the memorials of his past pleasures, which, though they may be of no great value to the world, are to himself a constant delight, and a far more interesting record than any written journal. Some of my pupils have told me that even their small knowledge of drawing has been to them a never-failing source of pleasure, and that the habit of drawing with the eye, when no use of the hand was possible, has also been a keen enjoyment to them, interesting their minds when all other amusements have failed. This training should also enable them, as they advance in life, to judge of the excellence of Art, and prevent a servile dependence on picture-dealers, to dictate to them what they shall purchase or reject. How common it is to hear one, who has himself no knowledge of Art, value the pictures on his walls more for the price given for them, or on account of some famed collection whence they came, than for any pleasure they afford him as works of genius. Is it too much to expect that a liberally-educated man should be able to express his ideas of form or colour with his pencil or brush? That in describing the piece of furniture he requires he should not be obliged to send for a common carpenter to draw a few lines or curves for him, or when talking to his paperhanger or upholsterer be dependent on them without even being able to give a blot of the colour he wishes to have. Such being our modest aim, let us see how much time we have allotted to us, and how to employ it to the best advantage.

The time to be devoted to Drawing will be, in general, about two hours per week with the master, either at one sitting or divided, and from two to four hours' preparation or practice, either with a junior master in class, or in the pupil's own study. Much, of course, will depend on leisure or taste for the pursuit, and much upon the season of the year, more time being available for the study of Nature during the summer than the winter. The large proportion of drawing taught in a public school will, of course, be what is called free hand, or such as is dependent on the training of the eye and hand; but there will also be a portion of mechanical or measurement drawing, as architecture and fortifications, neither of which can be taught by lectures alone, even with the assistance of the black-board, nor by the exhibition of diagrams or models; all kinds of drawing not merely requiring careful training of the eye to observe, but the proof of this in the execution of the hand. This practice must be directed and watched by the vigilant eye of the master. He alone can show the manner of executing the touch, and detect looseness in copying, for a stroke or a few words addressed to each pupil at the moment of practice will be worth far more than corrections of the whole when finished.

Now, when numbers have to be taught, much information has to be communicated in classes, say of twenty-five to thirty pupils, all being, of course, as nearly as possible, of the same proficiency. The great difficulty is to keep possession of the pupils' whole powers of attention, so that no time should be wasted in repetition. Consequently, the lecture or explanation must be short, say fifteen minutes; this to be succeeded immediately by rapid questions, addressed first to the youngest or least attentive, passing by degrees through the class upwards to those who are tolerably certain to answer correctly. Those who have not observed accurately or answered carefully are brought close up to the diagram, black-board, or model, and the best answers are commended, the complete solution being given. A short time suffices for this, the rest of the time being devoted to practice in copying from the flat, or from models, groups, &c.

It is difficult also to oblige the pupil to connect the reality with the drawing made from it, for to draw is not to copy the production of another, which is but repeating his ideas, as though one were to copy or trace the characters and forms of an Egyptian inscription without knowing in the least

what they meant; but to draw is to have the power of representing intelligibly real objects, beginning with those that are simple, and progressing to the most complex and fleeting. Now, the narrow end of the wedge of drawing is most successfully inserted into the pupil's mind by geometrical forms, the easiest of demonstration; therefore it is to be regretted that there is not some elementary knowledge of plane geometry, or of the construction of geometrical figures, implanted in early education before entering a public school—by this they would be made familiar with the *real* shape, figure, and dimensions of plane surfaces, and it also would enable them to represent objects as they really are, if certain of their conditions were better known. Let us, for instance, take a vertical line formed with a plumb-line, which is easily shown to be perpendicular to the horizontal line. Now, every one has seen this from childhood, and can make it with facility, and so much has every one, educated or not, been trained to notice this line, that all can tell if an object, such as a candle, be out of the upright, or a picture hang straight on a wall. A line which hangs free and stationary out of the perpendicular would strike every one as unnatural, and the same deviation from the truth constitutes one of the marvels of the world in the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The truthfulness of lines parallel to each other, or equally distant, is easy of demonstration, and by drawing these sloping in different directions, greater facility is given to the hand, and more precision to the eye. We are, indeed, from our infancy always practising in writing, the sloping of lines in one way. Drawing should teach us that, although a line may be easier to make in one direction, it is equally beautiful in many others. This leads on to the forming of right, acute, and obtuse angles; and he who can strike off lines upwards and downwards from a perpendicular line and of corresponding angles has attained a fair step in observation and practice. Now, the teacher may communicate much of this instruction by means of diagrams or the black-board; but if the class be too large or not under complete control, it may chance that half the pupils will be inattentive, of which I saw an instance many years ago among some ladies attending the lectures of a fashionable drawing-master. The class consisted of seventy, and I was complimenting the teacher on their apparent attention, to which he listened with impatience, replying, "Half of them, I fear, are not thinking at all about what they are doing—we shall see." "Now, ladies," he said, "I wish you to draw me a line from your right hand

downwards to your left." We found, on examination, that twenty-five had drawn it from the left hand down to the right. Thus some pupils don't listen at all; others will not think at all, but look how their neighbour is working and copy him; whilst others think hastily and often wrongly.

The next step, though simple, is in reality very important; it is to convince the pupil that objects apparently diminish according to their distance from the eye; this is, in fact, the study of perspective, and through perspective, art is connected with science. Now some people who copy well from the flat, and call *that* drawing, have such a horror of the very word perspective that they resolutely shut up their minds at once against any talk upon it; others, never having tried to draw from Nature, think that they can do very well without it; and it took all the eloquence of Cardinal Wiseman to recommend the study. Thus he described it: "Perspective signifies the art of representing on a flat surface objects which are supposed to be in different planes, or at varying distances, so as to give them, by the gradation of proportions and of colour, the appearance to the eye which they would have if they were real substantial objects. Observe, accurate perspective requires the combination of two elements, the one scientific, the other artistic; the scientific consists of a disposition of the objects in their proper distances and ratios geometrically determined, and the artistic or aërial perspective, in their receiving the gradation and evanescence of tone which distance furnishes in real Nature."

Now the eye is so wonderfully contrived, as to receive and cause the brain to comprehend all the visible matter which may appear within a certain space, conveying to the mind a perfect idea of the geometric and real forms presented to the view. The trained hand is then needed to convey it to paper, but the most practised eye and skilful hand may be at fault, if some few rules are not laid down for their guidance. A great authority on art has declared that "perspective is not of the slightest use, except in rudimentary work," and again that "no great painters ever trouble themselves about perspective, and very few of them know its laws, drawing everything by the eye," yet I say where the work is, as it always will be in a public school, rudimentary, and where we can expect no great painters, we may venture, without fear of trammelling ourselves, to examine the first simple rules of perspective. Let us look what the eye does, and taking an enlarged drawing

of the pupil and retina, show how objects of the same size, but at different distances, send or reflect rays through the pupil on to the retina; we shall find these decreasing as the object is further from the eye. A diagram composed of three squared pieces of cardboard can be easily made, and is very convincing to the young. The first is merely a square aperture of four inches, placed about a foot from the eye; the second is composed of four such squares, but placed at two feet distance; and the third is one of four times such squares as the second, but placed at four feet distance; these will all be seen through the small square aperture, thus proving how much objects diminish as they recede from the eye.

A pane of glass in the window is an excellent thing to represent the transparent plane, but a sheet of glass in a frame, fixed at arm's length between the object and the eye, is more convenient. On this the pupil should draw the principal outlines with a soap crayon; the head must be kept steady, and one eye should be shut, for in drawing from a model of a moderate size, the possession of two views, one from each eye, causes you to see more than can be strictly represented in a drawing—for instance, the square plinth of a vase if seen only on one side, should be made rather larger to compensate for this double view of the solid form.

As it is desirable always to refer to Nature or the real instead of models or drawings, I find an excellent lesson may be given from the double or folding doors of a room; with this we can show the apparent alteration in size that takes place in objects according as they approach or recede from the eye. The whole of the door should at first be shut. The door-case should be then drawn complete, afterwards one half of the door; when that is done, partly open the other and cause the pupil to draw it. It seems ridiculous to reason on such a simple thing, but those who perfectly understand perspective, and have mastered this artistic *pons asinorum*, will permit me to say that there is such a propensity to draw any object the size that it is known to be, rather than what it appears, that some pupils will much prefer making that part of the door smaller when in the door-case, rather than raise it up above or sink it below at the base, for to the unthinking mind it is a greater effort to believe that the apparently larger end will diminish, than that the end already in has been *made too small*. You have, therefore, to convince them, by repeatedly opening and shutting the door at different degrees, of the truth

of the simple problem that objects apparently diminish according to their increase of distance from the eye. After this, their attention may be directed to diminution of the sides of the room, to the maps that hang on the walls, to the lines of the floor and the desks, and to the parallel lines of the windows at the end of the room.

A great step is gained when a pupil is convinced that the position of his eye *must* influence the direction of all the lines in the picture, so that any one looking at the drawing ought to understand from what point it was taken. This is worth much trouble. My opinion is, that so long as the pupil only draws from the flat, or copies, he never will comprehend this, and it is necessary that drawing from the real or Nature should be carried on simultaneously with copying. I prefer changing the height of the pupil's eye to raising or lowering the model, and although asking the pupils to sit down on a footstool and draw a line or two from thence, to do it standing, or from a high stool or gallery, is apt to cause irregularity in class, it brings more lively conviction that the horizon, in short, alters with the height of the draughtsman, the point of sight depending entirely on the direction of his eye at the moment of beginning his sketch.

We may talk about horizons and horizontal lines, and about sitting on the sea-shore, or climbing a cliff, but the thoughts of some pupils that I have known would wander off to the sea and the cliff, and they would say to themselves, "Ah, and have a nice bath," or "Oh, yes! I know a fine cliff for a hawk's nest," and then good-bye to all hope of their ideas ever coming back to dry perspective. Again, we may explain in a very satisfactory manner to ourselves, what "the point of sight" means, as being opposite the eye on the horizontal line, and of course opposite the point of station. I have done so; and on asking an apparently quick lad where it was, he has answered "In my eye, that's where the sight is," catching in his shallow thought only a portion of the idea.

Then when the eye has the power of choosing and of changing its direction, to have only one point of sight, and to keep it constantly in view as the governing point, is perplexing to the erratic mind, and the pupil has still further to comprehend that in using models close at hand it is necessary, in order to have a just idea of the true point, he must not only keep his head still but shut one eye. Of course in drawing from more extended views this

is unnecessary. A twelve inch cube is an excellent model, and an iron wire of the same size fastened on to it perpendicularly, with a series of cardboard diagrams, exactly the same size, but with different figures on them, such as a circle, a triangle, a chessboard, &c. are extremely useful. These may be lifted up to different heights within the frame wire, and the pupil made to mark their apparent heights on it; this may be done at the sides of the cube as well, so that the pupil can then see that the top or side plane of the real cube will only just be hidden by the card plane in perspective. Thus he will be compelled to draw the side or retiring planes of the cube smaller than the side which faces him. But no pains should be spared to teach him to convey the distant and diminished form to the upright wire or plane, and from thence draw it correctly on the flat surface or plane of his paper. Two cubes of the same size, with angular pieces forming a slightly projecting roof, are useful, for the sizes, though really equal, appear so different as to cause much study. It is as well to remark to the pupil that as long as the plane of a cube is perfectly opposite the eye, and no other side can be seen, it is a true square, however much it may appear diminished, but when viewed at an angle to the spectator and two sides are seen, the lines which are retiring must diminish or converge.

Now the position of the paper on which the pupil draws, being on the desk below his eye and not perpendicular like the glass on which he traced the object, is against his readily understanding that he has to put on it the appearance of the real forms. He has, in fact, to commit the form to memory, first looking attentively at the reality, and then drawing it on paper. The height at which his eye was when he looked at the object, is again most important, as governing the disposition of the rest; then follows the proportion of the cube below and above the horizontal line, the next line that is drawn being the corner nearest the eye. After the whole of the outline is drawn, it is desirable that the shorter lines, such as those of windows, doors, &c. should be added by the pupil, to show that he fully understands the direction of lines above or below the eye; no shading is allowed, but the best drawing is selected by such of the elder pupils who have gained honours before. This produces a sort of interest and examination, and the master, who does not interfere in the decision, has many opportunities of giving a hint even to those who no longer draw from these elementary models.

These simple geometrical figures lead on to drawing from larger and more picturesque models, such as a rustic water-mill, or a martello tower, built from careful drawings made on the spot, and coloured as nearly as possible after Nature. The original studies and sketches are shown at the same time, the accessories or surrounding parts spoken of, the reasons why such a position was chosen, and many hints given respecting light and shade, accidental shadows, &c. There are many excellent models published for use in teaching drawing, but as they are necessarily small in comparison with the reality, and therefore afford little practice in reduction, I think we should go to Nature as soon as possible, though as most of the pupils will not have studied colour, it is well to give them objects in which is none, such as leaves and fruit cast from Nature by Brucciani. Of these the most simple is, perhaps, the ivy leaf, and as one can generally procure a real leaf of about the same shape as the cast, they should be placed side by side. The same may be done with a vine leaf, and it is worth while to point out, by dividing the leaves, the importance of the centre vein or midrib, also the side veins. Two or three of such examples drawn fully in front without any perspective, and afterwards in various positions in perspective, will give a knowledge of the forms that will be useful through life. Then follow groups of apples on a bough, pears, plums, and a blackberry or bramble branch, grapes, &c. for in a large class the tastes will vary, and fortunately there are innumerable and most improving examples if there is sufficient time. Among these would doubtless be small portions of the antique marbles, as an eye, ear, mask, hand, foot, there being a breadth, simplicity, and refinement in these that is worth much time and study.

The pupil acquires in these practices acuteness of perception and delicacy of touch, qualities which abound in all good art, and to gain these we must pay some attention to the mode of execution, and a certain portion of time and practice must of course be given to acquire a good and effective method; the different modes of shading, which in drawing the human figure were so exquisitely shown by Mulready, should be referred to and explained in detail; the way in which the pencil, chalk, or stump can be worked to the greatest advantage, and the effect obtained with sufficient precision and in the shortest time, for in a public school the time is far too short to allow much to be spent in these details; it is enough to show the pupils, that while they have the

advantage of a master, some scholastic method must be adopted to express themselves in art, as well as in language.

It is not unusual to attach great importance to a man's being self-taught; but he who either has not had the benefit of the experience of others, or refuses to avail himself of their example, labours under great disadvantages. Some one has said, "The moderns are but pigmies sitting on the shoulders of giants," and it certainly is so with regard to art, for without the magnificent remains of Greek art, left to us in the Elgin Marbles, the noble works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Dutch school, with its perfect management of materials, we should indeed be small.

Though there are few in a public school who have either the time or taste to study carefully the antique, all these beauties should be pointed out in class lectures, when the best examples should always be on the walls, either in the shape of casts from the antique, copies of the cartoons, or fine examples of the best masters, which those who possess them are generally willing to lend. Having these opportunities, and our views being more particularly the study of Drawing from Nature and the proper appreciation of art, we are fortunately not compelled to confine ourselves year after year to the study of the same example in the flat, perhaps at best a defective one, or to a single figure, even though it may be the Discobulus. To labour for months, giving only two or three hours a week and a greatly divided attention, to bring to perfection a single copy, would just disgust the pupil, and thrash out any little enthusiasm possessed before.

For those pupils who are sufficiently advanced to study colour, and who have gone through the necessary training in the management of the brush, and have attained a good knowledge of the various pigments, their qualities and their mixtures, there is nothing more amusing and instructive than drawing from groups of objects or still life, and here again I give the preference to the real or to Nature, something found at hand either out of doors or indoors. A group of leaves in autumn, as the leaves of the cherry, which are to be found of beautiful and varied tints,—a few of these, say three or five, may be thrown on a sheet of paper, or if a nearer approach to reality is wished, on a tray in which is sprinkled a little earth, sand, or gravel. These may be arranged so as to contrast well with each other in form and colour; the necessity of partly hiding the outline of some and

GROUP OF CAMP

shadowing others may be shown, the whole being placed in sunlight if possible. A group composed of jars of various forms and colours, with a basket or two, placed on a piece of bass matting that shall hang down the table in front, thus forming some variety in line and light, is always a useful study. Picturesque subjects may be found also in genuine fishermen's baskets, with nets, old coats, caps, sou'-westers, and buoys, &c. hanging on a wall or thrown on the ground, which should be as much as possible like the sand and stones of a beach, part of it being wetted and part left dry, just to show the difference made on the beach by the rising tide. The great difficulty with all these groups will be found in the arrangement of the background objects and their tone. If the eye passes beyond the group to the furniture or walls, most likely some incongruity will arise, either in form or colour, and painted or prepared backgrounds if not strictly in keeping are too much like a photographer's room; but sheets of paper of varied tones may be chosen, and different quantities of light and shade thrown upon the objects. It may sometimes be desirable to paint and arrange a background for a particular group, and I have seen most admirable and picturesque scenes composed by the late C. Hullmandel, with boats, quays, &c. that he built carefully after Nature, with backgrounds painted by Stanfield. At his conversaziones I have often met Turner, Stanfield, Collins, and many others, who all sat down and studied together.

For those who have more time to collect and put together these groups of still life, I would point out such as George Lance or Hunt so often drew; or in flowers, to those reproduced so beautifully from Nature by the Misses Mutrie; but with the desire once awakened to make the study of drawing interesting as well as profitable, it is needless to say subjects of this kind may be found in endless variety. At Rugby, I find dead game, as a hare, pheasant, partridge, or wild duck, with hamper and matting, and perhaps the addition of a ginger jar, very popular. The head of a stag, bear, fox, or goat, is much used, and sometimes, when opportunity affords, a gull suspended as flying, a mallard or two, with real reeds, fern, &c.; but whatever the study, at the end, all the sketches are placed in a room and examined by the masters and the whole class, a few hints are given on each, and the most successful singled out by vote of the class, some few marks or a reward being the prize, besides the *éclat* of having done the best. I should like,

of course, as a teacher of colour, to have all this study made under the pure light of heaven, the sunshine falling on the groups without the intervention of glass, and with a greater quantity of reflected colour and light than can be obtained in a closed-up room with its artificial shadows. As this would be impossible in a class limited as to time and by other duties, we find our compensation to a certain degree in the various sketching afternoons we have with the senior class. These are always exceedingly enjoyed by my pupils; and the romantic ruins of Kenilworth and the stately Warwick have often shown how much unexpected power those have gained who have steadily looked Nature in the face.

It now only remains, in these hurried notes of the system followed at Rugby, to add, that drawing has for some years formed a part of the school duties, for, as it has been pursued as a real study and not in a *dilettante* manner, it has been judged by Dr. Temple to be entitled to at least a moderate proportion of marks and classes, which assist those who gain them in their advancement in the school. These are given at Midsummer, when the drawings are exhibited, first in the drawing school, and afterwards the most worthy in the great school at the Speech Day. At Christmas, also, there is an examination of the work of the half-year. At this time all the pupils are obliged to draw from the *real*, those that have just begun, from the simplest forms around, and those more advanced from such groups, &c. as have been described.

In addition to these examinations, each class has a series of questions to answer in writing, without which no marks are obtained, however good the drawings may be; the necessity to understand and answer these questions causes the pupils to attend to the different courses of lectures that are given in the evenings during the winter. The rule that every one must exhibit drawings from the real or Nature, obliges those among the pupils who are inclined to indulge in laborious idleness and mere copying, to exert themselves either by studying from models or groups, or by joining in the various sketching excursions with the master during the summer afternoons and evenings. In all these the more advanced pupils are eager to take part, notwithstanding the attractions of cricket, &c. and thus a love of the beauties of Nature is cultivated, and the requirements of Art are agreeably inculcated.

But as the master can always teach more by his example than he can by his words, and as every artist of any worth always becomes a pupil himself when he comes into the presence of all-powerful Nature, so I find that nothing stimulates my pupils more than relating my own difficulties and experiences. These I give in accounts of my sketching tours, illustrated by large and freely executed copies of my sketches. In these they take the greatest interest, entering into and enjoying the little adventures that an artist's tour generally affords. These lectures also allow me an opportunity of giving, without irksomeness, hints on the management of their time or talent, and this has induced me to place them in this book, with such illustrations as the nature of the work would permit.

Section II.—HINTS ON GENERAL STUDY.

RUGBY, CHRISTMAS, 1856.

In a large class, subject to continual changes, like this of Rugby, it is necessary at certain intervals to review the steps we have taken, and to ascertain the progress made; for without this careful revision we might be in danger of forgetting the grand yet simple principles of True Art, and of becoming, after a series of laborious efforts, merely a school of careful copyists. This imperfect result may be provided against, in some degree, by your drawings being subjected annually, on the Speech Day, to the criticism of persons of taste and judgment in Art; but I think it also advisable to call your attention to the importance of Art in general, and likewise to remind you of the principles which form the groundwork of all my instructions.

In England Art has hitherto occupied a lower position in our public schools than in most parts of the Continent; *here* it has been treated as an agreeable pastime, or trifling accomplishment; *there* it takes rank at once as a study, contributing largely to the cultivation of the taste and the improvement of the mind.

In many continental cities the universities have regularly endowed professorships of Art, with associated galleries of casts, drawings, &c. which greatly facilitate study.

Mr. Wyse, an able advocate of Art, says, "How can we expect the public should enjoy unless they appreciate? and how can they appreciate unless those preliminary studies which lay the foundation of taste, and develop the sense and value of artistic excellence, form a portion, according to their respective means and position, of their early instruction? Take any one grade of society you may, ascend up from the lowest school in the country to the universities themselves, and you will find that England is distinguished from the other civilized countries of the world by an almost general exclusion of the culture and study even of the elements of Art."

But although Art may not yet occupy in this country the position to which

it is entitled, it has a very different place at Rugby to that which it held many years ago, when I first formed this class; and it is now acknowledged here that drawing, especially from Nature, elevates the taste, educates the eye to observe, trains the hand to realize that which the eye has seen, assists materially in many professions, and aids every study while it interferes with none.

Through the principles of perspective, drawing is closely allied to geometry and mathematics, and is essential in the studies of fortification, architecture, and engineering; in fact, so necessary is it to all professions, and indeed in all situations moderately elevated, that without some knowledge of Art a gentleman cannot be said to have received a liberal education.

Having spoken of the advantages which arise from an acquaintance with the principles of Art, we ought now to consider how you can most thoroughly acquire those principles in the limited time which your other school duties will allow. I begin, therefore, by requiring each pupil, on first entering the class, to copy with accuracy a simple diagram, teaching him to measure with his eye the space between the beginning and end of an upright or horizontal line, taking care to place the points at the commencement and termination of each line, which he then proceeds to draw with a light but firm hand; this being done with attention very little rubbing out is necessary; he assists himself in this practice by comparing the lines made with the top, bottom, or sides of his paper, but in no case is he allowed to resort to measuring with his pencil, or to marking off on a piece of paper, except as a test of the accuracy of his drawing; this training gives him correctness of eye and firmness of hand. Having acquired the power of drawing perpendicular, horizontal, or other lines, he then proceeds to diagrams of square, angular, or irregular form, still comparing the lines which bound them with the upright or horizontal edges of his paper. His next attempt is to connect the idea of these lines with the boundary of real objects, and he now learns to draw from geometrical figures of large dimensions, such as cubes, parallelograms, angles, globes, &c.; thus he acquires the very important habit of making no line without an intention. At this stage the pupil begins to feel the want of some principle to aid him when he is doubtful of the direction of a line; he requires, in fact, some knowledge of perspective, which, stripped of its geometrical and mathematical difficulties, need not alarm him. It is scarcely necessary to remind

you that the word perspective is composed of two Latin words, *per*, through, and *specto*, to view, and is the art of drawing objects as they appear on a transparent plane.

In a short discourse I can mention only one or two of the rules which I have found most useful to my pupils; but in addition to our practical studies, I will refer you first to the many clever illustrations in the elementary division of our folios, by Hayter, Green, and others, and as you proceed in the study to the more elaborate works of Brook, Taylor, and Malton.

Now, in reference to the great points of our study, let me impress upon your recollection that, as regards perspective, the horizontal line is the one you must first draw, as that at once determines the position of the spectator. In choosing your point of view, this line rises or falls as the eye is raised or lowered; but having once determined the position, the horizontal line becomes the most important and fixed line in the picture; even in a room where no horizon can be seen, its place should be found by making use of a flat surface, such as a book or ruler, and holding it parallel to the ground; then raising or lowering it, you will soon discover the height at which it appears as a horizontal line on the nearest perpendicular of the model or building you are copying.

I will merely add that the horizon or horizontal line appears naturally placed when about one-third of the height of the picture from the base line, a higher horizon giving the appearance of a raised position for the spectator, and a lower, the effect of a sketch by a person sitting on the sea-shore.

You cannot be too particular about the principal lines of the subject you are drawing; until these are correct you must not begin to shade: and here let me advise you to do one thing at a time, for it is by following this simple rule that our greatest men succeed. Some pupils when they enter the class are tempted to fly from subject to subject, folio to folio, contenting themselves with copying slightly landscapes, rustic figures, cattle, horses, &c. using chalk, sepia, or water-colours, studying carelessly, and doing nothing well. Such do themselves no credit; and in place of finding drawing an ever-varying source of delight, reduce it to an irksome repetition of vague forms.

After the outline or form, we come to the consideration of light and shade; and to make this part of the subject easier, I will divide shadows into two kinds. First, those which naturally belong to any solid object, and which fall

SPANISH CHESTNUT, VAL D'AOSTE

on that side of it which is turned away from the light; secondly, shadows of incidence, or those which are caused by some other body that intercepts the light, having no dependence on the form of the surface on which they fall, but taking place on the light as well as the dark parts of an object. There must be in all works the same breadth of light and shade that there is in Nature; and if I were to define the meaning of the expression breadth, I should say that the light parts of a picture should not be divided or separated by small portions of dark, nor the shadow by small portions of light; and although there are in all shadows reflections that are lighter, and cast shadows that are darker, still, as a general rule, no part of the reflection, however bright, should compete with the light, however low it may be. It is a truth which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the student, that the eye is always more attracted by the light parts of any object than the dark, and in putting on these shadows, we should always think of the form of the light parts we are leaving. Oil-painting has in this respect a great advantage over water-colours and chalk, that the lights are painted over the shadows, and thus leave their forms more complete and attractive. I must, however, refer you to the works of Harding, Prout, and other artists, for brilliant examples of the management of light and shade.

The parts of landscape drawing the most difficult to touch upon in a few words are those which are the most varying and indefinite, and which therefore require some previous acquaintance with Art, or systematic arrangement to study with effect. Thus trees, moving water, and clouds present the greatest difficulties to the student, but are at the same time the most beautiful portions of a landscape. They must be taken up as separate studies, and their difficulties encountered one by one; these difficulties will be greatly lessened by the habit, which I trust many of you have acquired, of constant study from Nature. Never take a walk without your note-book and pencil, and, if time will not allow you to take a finished sketch, make an outline of anything remarkable, and assist your memory with memoranda; you will thus impress Nature so thoroughly on your mind, that you will not be able to bear anything unnatural or affected.

Gilpin was an ardent lover of Nature, and his works on Forest Trees are of the greatest use to the artist. Harding also, with his dexterous pencil, has done much to diminish the difficulties of Art; and perhaps among these aids

to the student, I may mention the elementary work of Foliage and Trees, which I published for your use.

No artist, either living or dead, has approached Turner in representing the ever-varying effects of light and shade, clouds and sunshine, mist, rain, wind, and storm, and I entreat you to study his works with the greatest attention and respect, more especially his early drawings, which, from the greater care and finish he bestowed on them, are best suited to the student's use. The first volume of "Modern Painters," written by Turner's eloquent advocate, Ruskin, will be found an excellent assistant in enabling you to appreciate the many high qualities which abound in the works of this great artist.

Although the human figure is the highest and most ennobling study that an artist can have, the want of time from their many other pursuits has hitherto prevented my pupils here from having entered into it with the systematic study and attention to which it is entitled; still you must not be ignorant of a few of the most important rules. Supposing, therefore, you are wishing to sketch a figure, either from the cast or clothed nature, you must block out the form in the simplest way possible; taking the most prominent parts as points, draw straight lines from point to point, until the whole is something like a block of marble on which the sculptor has commenced,—you thus secure the attitude and general proportion; these having been gained, you should then indicate the form; after marking out the place where the feet stand, and the top of the head, you will find an upright line assist you much in finding the centre of gravity; this line should be eight times the length of the head, which is the proportion of the best antique figures.

A line across the shoulders and the hips also assists in gaining the proportions. Let there be bone, and well-formed bone, in all your figures; and if any of you feel inclined to go more deeply into the study, let him begin with drawing the bones from Nature, then the anatomical figure, afterwards introducing the skeleton in the complete outline. The bones and muscles in men and animals, the stems and branches in trees and plants, should be our first study; by beginning thus at the elementary parts, the knowledge which you gain will be real, and for the future so incorporated with the subject in your mind, that you will find it always at hand and always useful. You will thus have the power of giving to each object its appropriate character, which character or individuality is only to be gained by a close and constant

study of Nature, and should be carried through all your studies, from man and animals, to trees, vases, &c. I have found Tiney's maps of the bones and muscles very useful in tracing the origin, insertion, and action of the muscles.

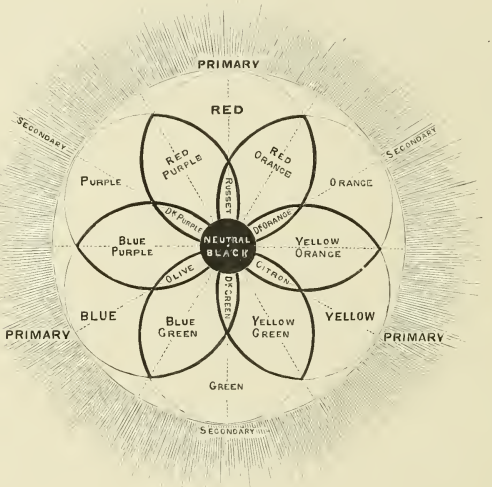
With regard to the management of the chalk in shading, you cannot have better examples than those in the folios of Julien, Lascelles, and others; by copying a few of these with care, you will soon acquire the power of shading with such lines as shall not interfere with the shape. Many of the French prints in our shop windows are pretty, but I do not wish you to spend much time in copying them, as they might lead you into an affected and unnatural style. I prefer the studies—of which indeed you seem fond—of Cooper, Hunt, Collins, and others. These form excellent models for your imitation; but, as Nature is infinitely beyond all, I am more convinced of your real progress when I see such studies as you have lately produced from groups of game, still life, &c. than by any copies, however excellent. These, with rustic figures, form admirable subjects for the exercise of your taste and pencil.

The difficulty of finding sitters need not prevent us from studying from Nature, whilst we have such fine athletic figures in action before us in your manly game of foot-ball; and I hope you will follow up the clever sketches some of you have made, by inducing a group of these excellent models to favour us by appearing in our study, wearing the costume of your different houses. I trust that the excitement of seeing the game will not prevent the senior class from using their pencils with effect.

I have now spoken in a cursory manner of the various ways in which you may gain information and assistance in the study of drawing. You will recollect that these observations are addressed to a class of gentlemen amateurs, who may have much inclination, but very little time, to follow out their tastes. Were I speaking to a body of artists, I should enter more largely into most of the subjects, and certainly insist on a severer course of study.

Section III.—On the Use of Water Colours in Painting.

I propose to employ a portion of the time in these Evening Classes in endeavouring to explain to you the best method of using your materials, for such a knowledge greatly facilitates the rapid acquirement of the art of



painting. I shall try to be as concise as possible, confining myself each time to about twenty minutes, but request your full and entire attention during that time, in order that you may all understand and be able to answer any questions which may be put to you at the Christmas examinations.

First. All colour is made visible by light; that which is recognised by the eye as colour is the united effect of the substance looked at, and of the light falling on its surface, so that we have two important considerations, first the light, then the colour.

Now pure light—that is the sunlight—is white ; but with the prism, we can divide a ray into seven different colours, called the spectrum, and we can, with another prism, collect them together again, into a colourless or white ray.

I will now show you the spectrum, by means of this ingenious lamp, called an oxy-hydrogen light. This, of course, is not so good as sunlight, but that we cannot always command, even in the day-time. Well, there is the spectrum or divided ray of light, analyzed, and you can see the colours composing pure white light are—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, as shown in the diagram on the walls. All these are considered by philosophers as primitive. We can combine the whole into white light, throw two of them together, or absorb them, but we cannot change them, so we must consider them as primitive.

But our pigments are wonderfully different. None of them can be truly considered primitive colours ; they are but dull earths, and only distantly approach the pure colours of light. However, red, yellow, and blue artists take the liberty of calling the three primitive colours, because with these three all the others that we find in the spectrum, or divided ray of light, can be formed.

Thus, red and yellow make orange, yellow and blue green, and red and blue purple ; but red, yellow, and blue cannot be made by mixing any other colours, so they are, in an artistic sense, primitive.

Now the colours produced by mixing any two of these primitives are called secondary ; thus we obtain orange, green, and purple.

Again, we have to notice that in painting, as in Nature, there are very few pure secondary hues, and but rarely any primitive colour. Think for a moment : where shall we find anything so pure as the colours we see in the spectrum ? Blue we may now and then catch a glimpse of in the sky ; but red and yellow scarcely ever in any larger mass than a bird, a shell, or blossom, too small to tell as pure colour in a landscape. With the secondary hues we succeed better, for "the waves of everlasting green," as Ruskin calls grass, are spread wide over the earth, and a purple distance is frequently contrasted with the brilliant orange of sunset.

But this gorgeous scale of colour will not serve the purpose of the landscape painter, so we must mix the three primitives in different proportions, making what we will call tertiary colours.

Here begin the young student's difficulties in colour, for this mixing is too apt to produce confusion, not only in the ideas, but on the paper, for, recollect, that in mixing our so-called primitives we do not produce white light, as we do when we combine the divided colours of a ray of light, but we make in fact a brown disagreeable tone, much resembling mud, and the more we mix the muddier it gets.

These tertiary colours, not being so striking in their appearance as the others, require more education of the eye to enjoy, and more training of the hand to produce.

The first business of the water-colour student then is to become well acquainted with his materials, particularly his colour box; he will soon perceive that there are no true primitives amongst the various pigments. The nearest approach to a perfect primitive is ultramarine blue, and that is but rarely included in a landscape painter's box, being too expensive and difficult to work. After that comes carmine, as the truest red, but the same objections apply to this, with the addition that it is not permanent; then for yellow we must be content to take cadmium, although it has a slight tendency to orange.

We should, however, examine our colour box in its regular order, beginning with the yellows, then passing on to those pigments of the orange tone, then reds, reddish browns, blues, and mixed greens. There is such a great variety in the modern box, that by a little study, we can generally make our tint without much mixing, which must be avoided, for mixing many pigments together, each perhaps having different tendencies, produces impure tones. For instance, a pupil wants a warm gray for clouds: he thinks burnt sienna with cobalt will do, but finds the mixture has a dirty greenish hue, for besides the red in burnt sienna, there is much yellow, which joined to the cobalt blue produces green of a dull hue; with indigo, which has in itself a tendency to yellow, the mixture is decidedly green; with a purer red, like Indian red or crimson lake, he gets rid of the yellow, and the mixture is purple.

Time is not lost, but decidedly gained, in ascertaining the tendencies or bearing of the pigment you are using, and in order to discover these examine with the greatest care and with some degree of method the nature of those you employ. Firstly, divest yourself of any reliance on the names that are given them by the colourman. There are no pigments in your boxes that answer to them. Thus some yellows tend to red, some to green, some to an

indefinite brown or opaque neutrality. Again, some reds have so much yellow in their composition that they closely approach orange, and had almost better be called orange, only that the name implies a mixture of a pure red and yellow.

Others incline to brown, as brown madder; others, more pure, or with less yellow, like purple madder, tend, as the name implies, to purple. What can be more different, for instance, than vandyke brown and brown madder. One tends to yellow, the other to red.

Now, none of these affinities appear so conspicuous when you look at the colour in the box unmixed, or even as a wash, but when you mix a pure blue with each of them, then comes out their affinities: thus the yellow in vandyke brown makes the mixture green, and the red in brown madder produces a purple.

If you attempt without consideration to overcome this natural inclination by mixing more or stronger blue, then comes muddiness and heavy colouring. The same with blues—cobalt, one of the most useful blues, is slightly opaque and inclined to green.

French blue is slightly inclined to purple.

Indigo is altogether a mixed tone, scarcely blue.

Again, black shows its affinities when mixed with gamboge, for then it makes a fair green, gamboge tending to green and black tending to blue. Take therefore pigments suitable to the occasion, draw them, like the Irishman's pig, the way they want to go, and they will go without trouble or heaviness; but try to overcome them, and endless vexation will arise. Thus the time is well spent in becoming well acquainted with our pigments.

If then the student require a tertiary colour that shall not be muddy, let him be sure to make one of the primitives subservient. Thus, cobalt blue and crimson lake, with a very little yellow ochre, make a subdued purple or gray; again, gamboge and indigo, with a little red in the form of burnt sienna or brown madder, form a pleasing broken green, a tertiary; and so on, always keeping in mind to mix together as few pigments as possible.

Should those taken not prove right, let him wash all out of the brush and take others, thinking well, before he dips the brush in the box, of the character of the pigment he is going to use. It may seem fanciful to notice respecting the unequal quantities of the three artistic primitives, that if we refer to the quantities in the real divided ray, we shall find that they are also unequal, but

that the whole produces pure or white light; thus, red has 9, orange 5, yellow 9, green 11, blue 11, indigo 8, violet 16. The first three, those that are most allied to warmth and light, make up only 23, and the other four, which are most nearly related to coolness and shadow, make 46 parts.

As this, however, is a strictly practical lecture, I shall cut the theory as short as possible, and dwell with some degree of minuteness on the practice. If you have taken up the study of water-colours in earnest, you will not find a connected account of the methods you must pursue tedious, but will perceive that to examine the way you are to travel a little in advance, enables you to take the shortest and easiest road; as in mountain climbing a glance through the field-glass clears up many a difficult path; you have also a guide, who has great pleasure in smoothing the obstacles and diminishing the labour of the ascent,—so once more to our footsteps. Before you begin to climb, I conclude you all know how to walk. Understanding a little of the laws of perspective, and being able to make a correct outline of any subject with facility, you now wish to acquire the use of new materials, and to copy nature through the medium of colour.

First, then, what is a water-colour drawing? A water-colour drawing is the effect of very fine, opaque, coloured particles, mingled with and sometimes overlaid by transparent colours, which, being disposed upon a white ground, so modify the light falling upon and being reflected from the white surface, as to produce the effect constituting the picture.

Now, although I say that some of the particles of colour are opaque, the great majority of our pigments are transparent, and the white of the paper ought to show through all more or less. This is very different from distemper or body colour, or even oil-painting, in which styles we begin with a large proportion of opaque white, mixed with the other pigments, and afterwards use those that are more transparent.

House-painting, for instance, is almost all opaque painting, laid on thickly, each layer hiding the preceding; these are sometimes called coats, but when I hear any of my pupils say they have laid on two or three coats, I know that they are getting their drawing opaque instead of transparent (the great beauty of water-colours), and hiding the white paper, which is far better than white paint. We call these first applications, therefore, washes, and the very name implies that they are broad and general, flowing freely, and

thus allowing the particles of colour to dispose of themselves to the best advantage.

The first of these washes is intended to give a slight warmth to the white paper; it has also the effect of making it look a little transparent, taking away the dull dead whiteness of pure white paper, making it look more sunny. Some people say, "Why not use a slightly warmed or tinted paper at once, and save all this trouble?" I say, "No; I prefer the wash over white paper; first, because the wash of delicate colour damps the paper, making it take the succeeding washes better; secondly, because it fixes the pencil outline, taking away the loose particles of lead; and lastly, because this wash can be modified. Thus, we can begin one part of the sky with yellow ochre, gradually make the colour orange by mixing a little red or lake with it and when we come to the foreground we can change these for the richer or more vigorous colours of burnt or raw sienna."

After washes come tints, which I should describe as less extended, and more definite, every one being put on with a carefully considered form, but with a brush moderately full. This gives firmness to the drawing, for without this precise and rather formal beginning the whole is apt to look thin.

Even clouds, the softest part of a landscape, should have well defined edges to their shadows. A good deal of time is well bestowed in getting a command of the brush and the art of laying on washes or tints of colour.

First the flat, even wash or tint of one unmixed colour; then the gradated tint, beginning light or dark, and increasing or decreasing in strength until much force or delicacy is reached. This power may be well compared to that of the command over the voice, which we all recognise at once from our earliest infancy. The quality of the voice and a perfect command over it are, we all know, the first requisitions for a fine singer, and the purity and evenness of the tone, or the regularity and gradation of the wash or tint in water-colour drawing, are the first lessons to be learnt. What a wonderful degree of pleasure a single note of the Eolian harp gives, from its faintest beginning to its full swell, and in its dying cadence a second note in unison may be taken up before the first has ceased, the one dying away as the other strengthens in power; so one colour may be laid on, gradually increased in strength, then suffered to die away, while another colour may be added to the first until it finally takes its place. The advantage of this changing, without

any break or contrast, from one colour to another in harmony with it, is seen by looking at this diagram of the first washes of a sky.* You may easily perceive the increase or diminution of each colour; thus, yellow ochre gradually gives place to crimson lake, and finally, being left out altogether, leaves a delicate portion of lake to be shown with cobalt. The way in which colours combine, passing from one pure colour through the various proportions to the next in rotation, is beautifully shown in the spectrum; thus a pure yellow gradually changes to a pale, then a deep orange, and so on.

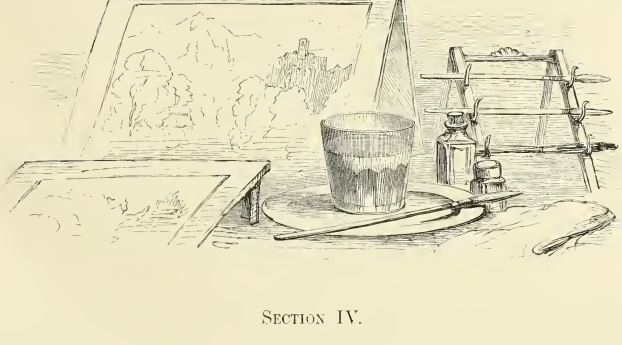
If we examine Nature for the position of the primitives, we shall be able, without much difficulty, to assign the sky and extreme distance to blue; indeed it is the only primitive that we find in landscape. It is varied by slight quantities of red of different purities, from nearly purple to the various grays, which are tones, artists are generally agreed to consider, having more or less yellow in addition; thus, light red with cobalt is called gray; black diluted is also a gray, but a neutral gray with very little tendency to any primitive. As we approach the middle distance, blue diminishes in purity, and red gains in power and quantity, yet it is never seen so pure as blue. Here again we begin to perceive the mixture of yellow of some intensity, producing tones in which we have to employ the madders, burnt sienna, and vandyke brown; and finally, in the foreground, which requires all the brilliancy of the palette, we use the richest orange and yellows we have. The mixture of these with blues gives us various shades of green so abundant in landscape; we have therefore in the near parts of the landscape many large masses of the secondary colours, but generally modified; such are the purples of the mountain heather, the orange tones of the sea-beach or sandy shores and banks, and the innumerable and ever changing shades of green on foliage and grass. These are always in harmony, being united by the most delicate and charming reflections of the blues and grays of the sky and the reds of the general mass of the earth.

Having given you in this short summary some slight hints on the use of colours, I must leave it to future lectures and to your practice, always most important, to make you more thoroughly acquainted with them.

* The illustrations of this lecture being in colour have not been reproduced, in their stead a diagram in outline has been placed at the head of the section.

LEIGHTON BROS

ASH, WARKWORTH CASTLE



Section IV.

FIVE MINUTES' SOLITUDE WITH A GLASS OF WATER.

"Parmi les couleurs artificielles le peintre doit connaître celles qui ont amitié ensemble (pour ainsi dire) et celles qui ont antipathie : il en doit savoir les valeurs séparément, et par comparaison des unes aux autres."—Du Pile, *Dialogue.*

It happened that I was sitting alone at a table, on which, among drawings and desks, was left a glass of water. Thoughts which at times come with great rapidity, and pass as quickly through the brain, chanced in this short space of time to become so vivid and expressive, that they appeared to me to change into sounds, and from inarticulate sounds into murmurs and words, expressing to my wondering ear pain and complaint. I listened with interest to ascertain from whence this unusual phenomenon proceeded, and to my astonishment traced these sounds to the glass of water, which stood on the table before me. I had not noticed it previously, but my attention being called to it, I saw that it was exceedingly opaque, disturbed, and muddy, so much so that I wondered what could have thrown it into such a state, or caused such a disagreeable-looking compound. Fixing my eyes upon the surface, I saw arise from the polluted liquid a little sylph-like form dressed in floating robes of the softest material, and more dazzling white than China's far-famed looms ever produced. Unfolding a pair of tiny wings, she

alighted on the table by my side, near an open window, through which a pleasant summer breeze stole into the room—

> "Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
> Her silken tresses lightly flow,
> And fall upon her brow so fair,
> Like shadows on the mountain's snow."

In a voice whose sound was as though the lily of the valley bells were shaken, she addressed me: "My name is Blanche of China, and I rise, O Professor, to tell the sad tale of my wrongs. Pure and innocent as I am, some of those beings whom men call young and fair treat me like a slave, and make me perform tasks for which my nature is unfit. Let other creatures toil, carrying light, air, and space; but leave me to rock on a branch near your side, or to rest now and then on a stone; let me haunt the sunny homes, the craggy rocks, or disport myself on a waving spray, and I will promise to sprinkle everything I touch with life and light. From such spots I have been driven by the wicked sprite named Ignorance, far away into the sky, among clouds, where I can never rest me a moment without injuring them and myself too. O Painter! stand my friend, and enforce Nature's laws which protect me, and leave me safe to dance where the sunlight plays on the earth, and to display my beautiful white robes unsullied, or to masquerade in the warm mantles which some of my friends are so willing to lend me, though I prefer to have those of Fairy Ochre Jaune or Cadmiana thrown over me. To those who know how to treat me I am never cold or distant, but delight in helping those who appreciate my solid qualities; so pray do not let me be banished to the shade or distance, for there, I confess, I lose my temper, and disturb the harmony of my companions." Thus saying, with a slight rustle of wings, she vanished, and, lo! another took her place, like a

> "Sapphire queen of the mid-May."

All beautiful she stood, in robes of lovely blue, and softly she whispered her name, "Aznra Cobalt." Heaven-born, but cradled on the bosom of a peaceful lake, her fame had already reached my ears, and praises of her constancy spread far and wide. Air, sky, mountain, distant hill, and far-off shady vale, all spoke of her sweet influence. Of a retiring nature, she ever seeks the shade, though a friend she loves—one who shines like a crimson

flower reflected in Azura's own calm lake—will tempt her forth to join her. On bright evenings, she may be seen soaring far away with Rosa Madder, with whom, resting on banks of clouds, she will delight in the warm glow of the departing sun. Then again, she will dip down to earth, and, for a while disguising her aërial nature, will join the Red Litina in the splendour and ostentation which she loves. Though of opposite natures, they agree well together, as Litina is a warm-hearted little sylph, though the least bit forward and positive in character. Azura's gentle voice, with a melancholy cadence, fell on my ear. "Why, O Painter! are these earthly maidens permitted to torture me as they do? One cruelly chains me to a rock, another drives me up into the trees, while a third pins me down among moss and stones, where every foot will trample on me. In all these instances I am forced to perform the work of Fräulein Azura, (who comes from Prussia), and Indigo Fera, whose manners and appearance are far too dull and heavy to be mistaken for me."

This last taunt brought up from the turbid water the Indian maiden last named, who exclaimed in good Hindostanee, "Nobody wants you to do my work, which I am happy to say I enjoy. In spring, with my dear Gambogee, we make the green grass grow, and the trees flourish; we are gay then; but in autumn, when the leaves assume their glowing tints, we call to our aid our warm-hearted friends Senores Terra de Sienna; the one is but a raw uncultivated fellow, and I like his brother best, in spite of his showing traces of having been burnt. I may reckon among my friends the Madders and Browns, and also I mix much with the de Grays, who are rich, and have extensive grounds, but for pity's sake do not put me in that cold inhospitable place Sky." With this request, to which I immediately consented, she sank out of sight, for it must be confessed that she is rather heavy and inclined to look black, and retire when ill-treated.

Of course, this altercation between the light-hearted sylph and the Indian maid did not at all satisfy the Fräulein Azura from Berlin, who now stept forward in a lovely robe of greenish blue silk; she begged to say, that it was not her fault if she ever took the place of Azura Cobalt, for which, she confessed, she was totally unfit; indeed she feared she should be obliged to resign her station among her friends, with whom she had always worked so freely, on account of aspersions thrown on her character of late (she having

been accused of being not only changeable herself, but influencing her companions to change). They must find some one else to take her place, though it would be difficult to get on without her, especially when on the water; this was universally allowed, as her character was easily seen through.

Now, a handsome looking fellow came forward, dressed in a rich coloured suit, who said he had still more reason to complain, as he had by some mischance, or by his early association with dyers, never received his proper family name. He belonged to the ancient family of the Citrines, but had always been called Mr. Brown Pink; he was however neither related to the Browns nor the Pinks, but was in fact much more closely connected with a warm and rich branch of the Greens. I looked at him, and saw he had reason on his side, and that there was a colour for his complaint; but I doubted whether he would ever receive his right name, or even long continue to have employment, if he could not prove his steadiness as well as usefulness.

Another vigorous youth then appeared in the colours of the Red Indians, a tribe who have always lived in opposition to the family of Greens, and yet who seem continually to get near them, one, I suppose, contrasting well with the other. He was strong, willing, and useful; apt in stormy weather to get into the clouds, and either eject or forget his companions, and settle alone by himself in nooks and corners; he pleaded he had been much used to good society, indeed introduced there by Copley Fielding; but of late had not been asked out so much, as he had been accused of encroaching and even destroying the property of others, he, however, confessed that he was inclined to separate himself from society; and as he liked a cloudy day, and was not gay enough for bright weather, he feared Madder Brown had usurped his place and occupation.

And now arose a confused noise from all the misused and thrown-aside inhabitants of the glass, some, extravagantly dressed, like Emeralda Green, crying that they were worked too hard, and declaring that they were only good for illumination, which was indeed true, for they were never agreeable with any one, only putting everybody out, and getting out of temper themselves. There were besides many who complained they had been quite neglected, and had had all their energies wasted, being thoughtlessly dragged from their homes and immediately carried away in a flood, without being allowed to be of any service; they confessed, however, they had a secret

pleasure in thinking that they had left a stain on the lips of those who had used them so badly. This was going too far for my patience, and wearied at last with all this turmoil, I used the most powerful spell I possessed, and pronounced over the agitated waters the magical words—

"SYSTEM AND ARRANGEMENT!"

The various beautiful colours then arose, and placing themselves side by side in their different families and connexions, became at once endowed with all the charms that they inherited from their great parent, the Sun. His messenger, the child of the Rainbow, the glorious Prisma, descended among them on a sunbeam—

"A living flash of light he flew."

At a wave of his wand they performed a magic dance, most wonderful for the beauty and harmony of the changes and grace of the movements: this was called the Spectrum. As the arrangement and figures of this mazy dance may be interesting, I will endeavour to describe it. Tiny beings of exquisite grace and beauty, adorned with every hue of the rainbow, delighted my eyes. At one moment, a fairy, whose crimson robes shone like the ruby, would stand forth—

"Child of light, her limbs are burning
Through the veil, which seems to hide them
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds ere they divide them."

Her attendant maidens, in waving garments of the tenderest green, float cloud-like around her, heightening her beauty by the contrast. Before I have time to admire the lovely group it vanishes, only to be succeeded by another still lovelier. The principal figure, decked in a glorious purple mantle, shone like a vaporous amethyst, until she and her attendants in their turn paled before the light of one whose robes, too brilliant for words to describe, were

"Starred with drops of golden rain."

Thus, with the most perfect harmony, some were content to retire to form, as it were, a background to their friend, while she alone appeared in full costume, and governed the whole, all eyes being, of course, directed to her. It was, in fact, a kind of masquerade where no one could expect to appear in their proper costume or colour long together—sometimes quiet daylight

might help them, but sober shade would always disguise them again. But the despotic magician, Sunlight, changed their gayest robes at will, sometimes even obliging the most refractory to assume his livery; while around and over all was displayed a code of laws to prevent them from disagreeing again, and in it the occupation, station, and duties of each were for ever assigned them. Sweet rainbow harmonies filled the air, and—— But hark! a tap at the door! It opens, and, with graceful movements, a class of young ladies enters the room. I open my eyes: the glass of muddy water is still there, but my lovely fairies—where are they? Is it possible that I have been dreaming?

Note.—Those who have had much experience in teaching will frequently find that their best and most carefully considered lectures or lessons apparently fall to the ground, and make no impression on the memory of their pupils; while some trivial expression, or fanciful mode of conveying their ideas, will be remembered, and form the clue to a large amount of sound information. In this way how many of Fuseli's fierce outbursts are treasured up! how many of the art truths briefly uttered by Constable or Turner! The mind, like the beautiful sea anemone, has a perverse, but natural, tendency to reject *entirely* nutrition presented in too great masses, so I have sometimes found that five minutes might be well bestowed by addressing a youthful audience in a less formal manner; and the foregoing fragment is the result of a wish to correct an inclination in young colourists to waste both time and colours for want of a little method and consideration.

[illegible] BRO.

COTCH FIE [illegible] D'ESPAGNE PYREN[illegible]

Section V.—THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(On the occasion of this lecture, the walls of the drawing-class room at Rugby were hung round with studies and drawings made by the most celebrated masters, amongst others were original sketches by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds. Amongst more modern examples of drawings were many by Sir Edwin Landseer, from the time when he was seven years old, some by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, Mulready, Constable, Leslie, Harding, Prout, Bonnington, &c.)

As my pupils progress in Art, and attain the power of taking faithful notes from Nature, it is desirable that they should be made in some degree acquainted with an art by which their newly-acquired power may be made more generally useful, enabling them to multiply their sketches. Now, there is no way by which this can be done so well as by Lithography. This is only a kind of chalk-drawing, such as many of you have been accustomed to, but on such a substance and with such materials as will, with chemical appliances, yield a large number of copies. True, we have many other means of multiplying works of art. We have engraving—either on copper or steel—which must be done with infinite labour and by a person altogether devoted to the art; and we have drawing on wood, but that must be followed by a most laborious process of cutting or taking away all the wood excepting the lines drawn. Now, putting lines on to a surface allows of much more freedom than paring or cutting away the substance from lines, and it requires much and early practice to become an expert wood-cutter, so that I consider the art of wood-cutting as not at all likely to engage your attention. Some artists, or even amateurs, are capable of drawing on wood; there are many more who have not the requisite neatness of touch and clearness of pencilling that is necessary to make a successful wood-cut. We have also photography, or the art of producing, by the action of light on exceedingly sensitive surfaces, a representation of objects. This is entirely a chemical art, requiring undivided attention and expertness in the use of chemical agents, and employing the powers of manipulation rather than those of correct observa-

tion and delineation of Nature, so that I turn to Lithography as an art more desirable for my pupils to become acquainted with. By means of it the painter, the sculptor, and the architect are enabled to hand down to posterity as many fac-similes of their original sketches as they please. The artist can multiply his studies from Nature, and the amateur the fruits of his leisure hours.

When I gave you the materials for the lithographic drawings now on the table before me, I explained to you the manner of using the chalks and inks, with the nature of the stone that is used. I have now brought with me one of Messrs. Hanhart's best printers, who will go through the process of preparing for printing your sketches, and while he is proceeding with his manipulations, I will explain to you the various processes he employs, and the difficulties we have to encounter before we can ensure success.

In treating of any art, we ought, in all honesty, to turn to the discoverer and give him due honour as being the pioneer. To follow is not so very difficult when the track is beaten and the road made smooth; but to discover the right path when all is dark is indeed the work.

Senefelder, the discoverer of Lithography, was a poor man, but clever, persevering, and industrious. He left an interesting account of his invention, from which I draw the following facts. His first work was a little comedy, much applauded by his friends and afterwards published; his second attempt barely paid the expense of printing, and he had to spend entire days watching it passing through the press; but this time was not wasted, as he became thoroughly acquainted with the whole art of printing.

At this period a natural wish arose in his mind,—the wish of most poor authors,—that printing was not so very expensive. Then he thought he would like to get the money the printers earned, instead of that gained by the author, so he began considering how he could produce his work himself, and so save his printer's and his publisher's bill. He tried all manner of experiments with casts of letter-press, and stereotyping, and etching on copper plates covered with inks or varnishes, but in vain. Then he used plates of a kind of calcareous stone or slate, not uncommon in Germany. At this stage he happened to have a stone just prepared with a good surface (he says, "polished,") when his mother entered the room and desired him to write her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. He says, and I think

the exact words are *touching and instructive* :—"I happened not to have even the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock had been entirely exhausted by taking proof impressions from the stones; nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and I had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my ink prepared with soap, wax, and lamp-black, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy at leisure. Some time after this, I was just going to wipe this writing from the stone, when the idea all at once struck me to try what would be the effect of such a writing with my prepared ink if I were to bite in the stone with aquafortis, and whether perhaps it might not be possible to apply printing ink to it in the same way as to wood engravings, and so take impressions from it." He then put some of his etching mixture to it, and seems to have first attempted to bite away or to leave the writing in relief; then he applied the printing ink to the stone, first by the common printer's ball, then by a fine cloth and board, and lastly by the leather and roller as at present in use. Thus the new art was invented.

Now before I show you the art of printing, let me give you in a few words the outline of the whole process. First understand it distinctly as a chemical art—not mechanical. The design is not cut or engraved on the stone like copper-plate engraving, nor is it elevated by the surrounding parts being cut away like wood cuts, or bitten away in any considerable degree by acids; the effect is produced by chemical affinity rather than mechanical action.

The stone is a sort of calcareous slate found in Germany, and also along the banks of the Danube, about Kellheim and Solenhofen; these stone plates are found in horizontal layers of little thickness, easily split and equal in substance and quality, they also take with readiness a fine polish or an equal grain; they should be uniform in colour, tolerably hard, have no veins or spots in them, and also be of sufficient thickness to resist the great pressure put on them in taking impressions. When ink is used such as in these drawings some of you have done, the surface is polished, and when chalk is used, you have noticed a fine grain which is exceedingly pleasant to draw upon.

I will now take these drawings which you have done, and prepare them

by applying a mixture of gum and acid; this is called the etching mixture. You see it acts everywhere with the exception of those parts where the stone is protected by the greasy chalk or ink, and this acid and gum prevents the surface of the stone from receiving any more of these.

Now we will place it in the press, and in order to take impressions from it, we must charge it with ink of a kindred nature from this roller. You will observe that the quantity of ink that is attracted from the roller will be in exact proportion to that which has been put on the stone in the shape of chalk or ink; but to prevent other parts of the stone from taking it from the roller, we must keep wetting the whole stone with a soft sponge. A good deal of care and dexterity, you see, is necessary in charging the stone in the exact proportion, for the printer has to pass and repass the roller over some of the darker parts, and leave others only lightly rolled over; he can even take away by a sharp and rapid motion any surplus ink. You will now notice that he clears the edges of the stone from any ink they may have attracted, and taking a sheet of damped paper, he places it carefully on the stone, then the leather flap of the press, and now he draws the whole underneath this wooden scraper, which gives a great pressure without shifting.

Now I take the impression off with care, and present it to the artist as his proof. He will observe, the first thing, I dare say, that it is the reverse way to which he drew it, and that many parts which he drew with difficulty being as it is termed back-handed, are now right-handed, and this will induce him to practise, to gain an equal facility of touch in any direction; thus Lithography is of use to show us our defects in the same way that a looking-glass assists the portrait-painter to see his production reversed. I will now give you a convincing proof that Lithography is a chemical art, by washing the drawing entirely out with turpentine; and although it is now invisible, the grease still remains in the stone, and will again attract ink from the roller in the proper proportions. Another advantage that results from Lithography is, that as no alterations can be made after the drawing is complete, it compels us to proceed with caution, and causes us to be precise as well as firm in our touches, putting on as much as possible at once, for all drawings that are done timidly or with repeated touches are not likely to print so well. However, I shall now request the printer to furnish all of you with an impression of these works as a remembrance of this short explanation of the art of Lithography.

Before I leave the subject I must call your attention to the beautiful Chromo-lithographs that are around the room. Many of them are very close copies of fine drawings by Hunt, Cooper, Birket Foster, Richardson, and others, and can hardly be distinguished at a distance from originals.

You are aware that the word Chromo means colour; this is therefore Lithography printed in colours to imitate the effect of pure washes or tints laid on by hand; but, as the varnishes and pigments used must have some consistancy given by a portion of opaque white mixed with them, of course they are not nearly transparent, but are managed so as to alter and bring out the effect by modifying as well as printing at once the exact tone.

The chalk drawing being done in the usual way, an impression of this is transferred by pressure to other stones, according to the number of tints required. These are all squared and the margin covered with gum and acid; this, as you recollect, prevents any chalk or ink from attaching itself to the stone. Now when this flat tint, the size of the drawing, is filled in with ink and etched, it will print with any transparent colour over the chalk drawing.

By stopping out with gum the pure lights, and by gradating with fatty chalks the tints, and also by modifying them with the mezzotint scraper, much of the effect of Chinese white is imitated; but I think you will be satisfied by trying a single tone, and so make your drawing look like one done on tinted paper touched with white.

Section VI.—ON THE STUDY OF ROCKS.

ROCKS THE BONES OF THE EARTH—BROKEN FRAGMENT TO BEGIN WITH—LIMESTONE THE PAINTER'S ROCK—FIRST STUDIES AT HASTINGS—EAGLE ROCK, GLEN SLIGACHAN—CHOICE OF COMPANION IN SKETCHING TOURS IMPORTANT—THE "BLUIDY STANE," HART-Y-CORRIE—LOCH CORUISK—LOCH SCAVAIG—BETTWS-Y-COED—LES OTTLEYS, CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Perhaps there is no portion of Nature that arrests the attention more universally than Rocks. To the artist, the bony framework of the earth has an additional attraction, for it reminds him of the interesting study he has undergone when drawing the human figure; and without yielding the reins to his imagination, he naturally compares Rocks to the bones, the earthy superstructure to the muscles, and the more delicate vegetation to the drapery which, without hiding entirely the stronger lines, adds so much grace and beauty to the whole. The youngest student is induced to commence his efforts in drawing by copying forms that appear so visibly exposed to view, and should he be so fortunate as to know a little of geology, his study is much facilitated. The forms of Rocks approach much more to the geometrical exercises with which he will have commenced his early practice, and the simplicity of the outlines will entice him again and again to the vigorous use of his pencil; and if he does not succeed at first as well as in copying from the flat, he must not lose courage, but persevere.

Even before attempting large Rocks out of doors, the pupil will do well to procure a mass of some Rock, such as limestone, and place it before him on a board on which has been laid a quantity of gravel, shingle, or sand from the sea-shore. Let the sunlight fall fully on it, so that it casts a clear, well-defined shadow. He must then copy it faithfully, first with the pencil, so that he has nothing to attend to but the perspective of the mass. Afterwards he must give the light and shade with form and precise strokes; he will take care not to confuse it with the local colour, nor allow any anxiety about the minor details of texture or inequality of surface to interfere with the breadth of his composition, not failing also to notice the greater depth of the cast shadow. A sharp edged, fresh broken fragment of Rock, with unequal quantities and with here and there a curve, is sure to cause more variety in his study; and this he

may increase, as well as the interest, by placing a spray of bramble, or some other plant, across it, and copying the leaves, stalk, and their shadows. In order to help him to attain power in handling the brush, all these studies should be made with that instrument and sepia (see Brush Practice, Plate VI.), keeping a firm and decided edge to the different tints; and after surmounting these difficulties (for dragging, gradating, and leaving precise and varied forms with the proper flow of colour are at first difficulties) he will try to imitate and add to the composition some of the smaller masses of stones lying about. I have frequently made the group more approach the reality of a mass of rock on a beach by the addition of a shell or two of different colours, and a little green or red-tinted seaweed. Of course, none of these studies have the whole truth of Nature, and to study out of doors, on the beach or river's side, is much better; but this cannot always be done, and these indoor groups have at least the advantage of limiting the objects as well as the pupil's attention, for the young artist is apt, when rambling about, to grudge the time devoted to what he will perhaps consider only a mere Rock, when there are trees, mountains, and the ever attractive sea around him. Having, by this discipline, overcome the difficulties of the brush, and made acquaintance with the various pigments in his box, he will find it much easier to deal with the detached masses on the seashore, with the sandy beach, and the wild waves dashing into foam at their base; he will soon find he can get plenty of subjects, and it will matter little what kind of Rock he meets with, for all are interesting, and each has a character of its own, which must be faithfully copied.

I have suggested to you the study of limestone first, for it has always appeared to me to be more particularly a painter's Rock, possessing as it does so much variety of form and colour, from the chalky cliffs of our southern coasts, where it has rounded lines, curves, and hollows, sometimes scooped out into coombs or step-like terraces, to the harder limestone Rocks of Yorkshire. Hardness and solidity should have the first consideration of the student, for these qualities are extremely important to convey, and are not given so much by black cutting lines at the edges of forms, but by a certain degree of firm quality in the shading, and while this important attribute of Rocks is the first aim, the young student should not neglect to indicate the effects of weather, and the appearance of the surface as affected by the lichens, mosses, and

vegetation which more particularly abound on this kind of Rock. But the painter loves the limestone more particularly for its great variety of colour, which ranges from the most brilliant white, through all the tints of gray, to blue, not unfrequently also passing through the richest and warmest shades of yellow, streaky red, brown, and purply black. In the Pyrenees I was often struck with the varied and harmonious tints of the marbles and crystalline limestones by the river's side; for although colour is not so much seen in unpolished surfaces, when these Rocks were wetted by the dash of spray, their latent colour was revealed in astonishing beauty. When the pupil has gained strength by this careful study of rocky character in small masses, what an interesting field of labour is open to him in the picturesque limestones of Derbyshire; in Dove Dale especially, the Tors are so striking that even those that have no taste or knowledge of drawing are tempted to try their hand in imitating these forms. Then the charming valleys and waterfalls in Yorkshire, with the singular vertical cliffs called Scars, and the rugged masses often met with, are good illustrations of mountain limestone scenery. But, above all, the chalky limestone has a peculiar charm for Englishmen, for round our southern coasts it is ever presented to us in striking forms, and is indeed connected with our earliest history and poetry. Who does not instantly think of that bold landmark, Shakespeare's Cliff, immortalized in "King Lear;" or Beachy Head and Flamboro' Head, or of those most picturesque masses, the Needles? Sometimes these cliffs, when undermined by the sea, or scooped out by the waves in large caves and hollows, and covered with seaweed and vegetation, form fine studies for the artist; and even in the rolling, undulating form of downs, there is so much character in the limestone, that has afforded to one of our finest English artists, Copley Fielding, endless subjects for the display of his unrivalled power in portraying mist and distance with lovely colour.

First studies and first impressions are never entirely obliterated from the mind, however numerous and varied may be the after scenes. I fancy they even serve to mould and influence the future man. When I speak to you of Rocks, and the importance of the careful study of them, I recall the first lessons I received from Harding, from the Rocks of Hastings, the hints I gained from him and from Stanfield on the beach. The patience and the masterly dexterity displayed by these great artists was a most important

LEIGHTON, BROS.

PLATE XIII.

THE EAGLE ROCK, GLEN SLIGACHAN, SKYE.

lesson to me, and thinking of it has caused me to devote one of our evenings to the consideration of the young artist's study of this division of Nature. Fortunately, you will find opportunities for this occupation in every place you go to; and whether you use the pencil, chalk, or brush, you cannot do wrong, all tending greatly to your improvement.

I have placed before you this evening a sepia drawing of a very picturesque group of granite rocks in Glen Sligachan, Isle of Skye, called the Eagle Rock (see Plate XIII.), and as every one has to gain a command of his brush before he attempts the difficulties of colouring, it is well to begin with a careful study of such a mass of rock in a single colour. Scotland, you know, is the country for Rocks, and Skye may be said to be the pick of Scotland for the same study, for when there is nothing to divert your attention from your work, you will most likely work well. I will answer for it, the luxuries and creature comforts of Skye will not enervate you. Having one year determined to brave all privations, as well as the chance of an incessant down-pour of rain, I dashed off to Oban, from thence in a steamer up the lovely Sound of Sleat to Skye, and on to Sligachan. I can well remember my first walk in the wild and romantic glen which leads up to Loch Coruisk, and what difficulty I had to resist the restless impatience of the tourists who happened to be at this solitary inn, and who, not being artists, wanted to make up parties to visit Loch Coruisk, or to ascend the grand Cuchullins; but I stopped short at this picturesque group, as I thought if I began with the grandest subject I could find, I should never condescend to study with patience a mere mass of Rock.

Many of you often tell me that you can find no time for drawing during your eight weeks holidays, so I will give you a word of counsel about it; if you really wish to draw in earnest, go out with a congenial mind, or at any rate with one who has some other pursuit that will allow you each to pursue his fancy undisturbed: suppose, for instance, he fishes, geologizes or botanizes, and you sketch, perhaps you make up your minds to separate for a day now and then; it will only cause you to enjoy one another's company more in the evening, and then with what satisfaction each will show the result of his labour; and thus you will both be stimulated to greater exertion, and each be content to throw his whole energies into his pursuit whatever it may be, and for a time, if necessary, be satisfied to be alone. On this occasion, as it

generally happens, I was alone, no uncongenial mind stood between me and Nature, and during a long summer I rambled through the wildest part of the Highlands and Skye. Now as the rocky feature greatly preponderates in that country, I think my mind got pretty well imbued with the character of Rocks. Day after day did I sally forth up the wild Glen Sligachan, crossing foaming torrents, which sometimes, if a storm broke on the mountains, gave me infinite trouble to recross when I returned, rousing the magnificent red deer on the majestic Ben-Blaven, or hearing his hoarse roar in such a wild ravine as Hart-y-Corrie. This is the place to study Rocks, and the state of mind after a long, solitary ramble under a gloomy sky and moaning wind is highly artistic and poetic. It puts feeling into every touch and tint, and my sketches and studies in this trip have been counted by some of my Highland friends as particularly faithful.

I recollect one walk and study in particular. I had been listening over night to a most horrible story of a murder of one brother by another in Hart-y-Corrie at the foot of a huge rock called the "Bluidy Stane," and determined to hunt it up the next morning. This proved excessively dull and heavy, but off I went, scrambling over the roughest of paths, through dark-coloured streams, and squashing into the blackest of peat bogs. After about eight miles of this I was pretty well exhausted, having lost myself more than once and not having met a single being to speak to. At last I caught sight of my Rock, a huge black mass standing in a deep-coloured pool under the shadow of the high cliffs above, down which dashed a small waterfall, and made the only noise I heard, with the exception now and then of the sharp scream of the eagle above my head. As I plunged through the peat bogs and amongst the purply black tufts of heather to get a good position, some whitening bones met my eye, and I involuntarily thought of my last night's story. All at once, as I was drawing my foot out of a water-hole into which it had slipped, I heard a most unearthly gasp or sigh. You will believe me when I say I was astounded, not knowing what it could be, the "Bluidy Stane" and its tragedy being of course very prominent in my mind. I looked at my footstep to see if I had trod on anything like a toad or reptile, but saw nothing. On repeating the step to come to the truth, the same sound was produced, and I laughed at myself as I discovered it was only the suck of the softened leather of my boot in the sticky boghole.

The diversion in thought, however, caused by this little incident, was soon overpowered by the solemn influences around me, and the extreme solitude and dreariness of the scene were so impressive, that it required an effort to remain and make a careful sketch on the spot.

In the study before you, I have endeavoured to give the desolate character of this wild ravine, and the bones of a poor goat which had doubtless fallen over the precipice, and had been picked clean by the eagles, add to the savageness of the surroundings. Another of my rocky studies, almost as gloomy, is Loch Coruisk, which lies buried in the bosom of majestic solitude, for the Cuchullin Hills, with their peculiarly deep gray hue, rise up immediately from its shores. I suppose the tone of the lake is also caused by the colour of all around and above it, and it has been well described by Walter Scott both in prose and verse. He says, "Loch Coruisk is a deep, dark, solemn piece of still water of a peculiar leaden hue. The margins are composed of vast sloping rocks and great gigantic stones, and these hard and herbless masses rise ridge above ridge till they blend with the higher sides and summits of the mountains, seen only partially through the racking clouds, and seeming, so unexpectedly do they appear at times above you, as if in the very act of rolling downwards. The pervading colour is an ashy brown, and there is not only a vastness, but an air of volcanic desolation about them which we have not seen elsewhere equalled."

Should the student encounter a shower, as is indeed highly probable, the scene is immediately changed: the mountain sides are then enlivened with innumerable little silver streams and torrents, which sparkle in the returning sunbeams, or, changing with its heat into floating clouds of vapour and mist, play round and about its rocks and crags in the most fantastic shapes. Rocks, precipitous cliffs, and a wild sea are also well studied at Loch Scavaig, and if the visitor skirts these in a boat, and inspects some of the numerous ravines and caverns, disturbing with his gun the numerous sea birds, his note-book and pencil need never be idle. I have thus given you some idea of the impression rocks and their study make on an artist, but there are such varieties of forms and colours to be met with, that every one may choose that which he likes the best.

Innumerable artists study in the locality that David Cox has made so famous, Bettws-y-Coed, in North Wales; and scarcely any place can be better suited

for obtaining fine effects. Close by is the Conway, with its numerous salmon traps and weirs, and the Leder, equally picturesque, with the fine outline of Moel Siabod towering above. Again, some will like to study the highly coloured masses of red sandstone in Arran, or the noble blocks of granite on Dartmoor, or on the banks of the Dart, but in all what is most characteristic is the first consideration, and must ever be kept in mind.

I was much struck when in the Channel Islands with some very singular masses of rock, based on others of a different colour and more easily affected by the action of the waves; they formed a fine subject for the artist, and I have represented them here with the addition of a little blue or gray to give distance. (See Les Ottleys, Plate XIV.) A tour through these picturesque islands will well repay the young artist, and furnish him with innumerable studies of all kinds; I must not, however, stay to dilate on their varied beauties but will conclude with quoting an eloquent passage from Ruskin, who, speaking on the subject of rocky foregrounds, says, "One lesson, however, we are invariably taught by all, however approached or viewed,—that the work of the great spirit of Nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects—that the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone, as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven and settling the foundation of the earth; and that to the rightly perceiving mind there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the mouldering of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star."

LEIGHTON, BROS.

PLATE XIV.

MES OTTLEYS, HAVRE DE GOSSELYN, SIBIR.

Section VII.

INFLUENCE OF SOME OF THE MODERN PAINTERS.

TEACHING OF VARIOUS KINDS—DIFFICULTY OF PASSING FROM PAINTING TO SPEAKING OR WRITING —TURNER'S EARLY CAREER AND PROGRESSIVE STYLE; IMPETUS HE GAVE TO LANDSCAPE PAINTING—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S INTENSE EXPRESSIVE POWER—JOHN LEECH, TRUTH UNITED TO GRACE AND HUMOUR — MULREADY, TALENTED MANIPULATOR — ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHALK — SAMUEL PROUT, GREAT ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN — WILLIAM HUNT, FINE COLOURIST — COX, AND THE SUGGESTIVE STYLE — HARDING, GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF FOLIAGE AND COMMAND OF PENCIL—JOHN GILBERT AND ILLUSTRATIVE ART.

It may be thought that I am going beyond my vocation in venturing to address my class on the character and works of a few of the modern landscape-painters, and endeavouring to show what effect they have had on the present state of Art-knowledge, and the practice of Art in public schools; but when I consider that many of you have been my pupils now for some years, and that you may soon quit Rugby, either to carry on your studies at Oxford or Cambridge, or to pass at once into the busy world, I think that a few remarks on this subject may not be out of place. Keeping this in mind, and looking forward to the part you may have to take in discussing even the *bare utility* of Art, and in exercising an acquired taste in the support and encouragement of true Art, and in the rejection of that which is meretricious, I shall trace, as far as my memory serves me, the way in which a few of our most eminent painters and men of mark have studied, and how their power has been acquired, and shall thus endeavour to encourage you to pursue their path as far as your other and more important duties will permit.

Now, first you must understand that I take teaching in its broad sense, some men imparting knowledge in one way, some in another. The best and most effective teaching is doubtless by example, for young men will gain more in the short time allowed, by what they see actually done before their eyes, than by long dry exhortations of what they ought to do. You all know the old saying, "Example is better than precept;" so that when a man teaches clearly by his example and practice, and yet not at all by his writings or voice, I consider him equally a teacher, and often the best of teachers.

Now it is very natural to suppose that the art a man is always practising, always endeavouring with all his energy, and throughout his whole life, to advance in, should be the one in which he best expresses his innermost thoughts and feelings. Whatever information he has gained from his study of Nature he treasures up, matures, and reproduces in the way most easy to him. This exclusive devotion to one course and mode of study will leave him less power to express himself equally fully in another and totally different manner. It is rare indeed when we find any man of deep thought that can pass indifferently even from one language to another; he will naturally, when he begins to warm with his subject and become impassioned, fly to the one way in which he can throw out his full soul and feelings. Kossuth is a wonderful example of a man of elevated sentiments, expressing himself with almost equal facility in a language not his own; his English is magnificent, and derived from our purest sources; but although thus eloquent in a foreign tongue, it cannot be gainsayed that when addressing his countrymen his language proved far more forcible and irresistible.

Passing to our immediate subject, we have a remarkable instance in our greatest of landscape-painters, Turner, of the extreme difficulty that there is in acquiring, not a mere language, but an entirely different mode of expressing ideas. After a whole life of endeavours to convey thoughts in colours, and through the skilful manipulations of the hand, it was impossible for Turner to render the same in writing or words, and it is therefore not at all surprising that he entirely failed, when elected Professor of Perspective at the Academy, in making himself even intelligible. There is a well-known anecdote of his showing diagrams on this art, and after landing himself in an inextricable confusion of from A's to B's and C's to D's, thoroughly breaking down; and something of the same kind is told at Oxford of a great mathematical don. Meg Merrilies calls Domine Sampson in her rage a "Sticket Preacher;" and there are many equally learned men who are entirely unable to communicate by words or writing the thoughts that burn within them.

Education and early training have, you all know, much to do with the direction of a man's industry and talent. Turner had none of this scholastic teaching, for he was the son of a barber who lived near Covent Garden, and began his career in the humblest of all ways. We hear of him washing in tints and skies for architects at half-a-crown each; then as going to a kind

old gentleman's house and working all the evening for a somewhat larger sum and a supper. After this we see him carefully and laboriously working, chiefly in sepia or some monotone, extremely cautious not to engage in the difficulties of colour before he had thoroughly mastered drawing and light and shade—this reticence, so different from modern hastiness, most amply repaying him in after years. It appears to me that every great painter or colourist has begun with this apprenticeship; and Turner, in particular, seems long to have been contented with mere effects of black and white. His style may be divided into four different phases or periods, growing out of each other.

First, he showed a severe, hard, and literal manner, in which is evident the greatest wish to be faithful to Nature, probably at this time he had no idea beyond this. Perhaps he did not understand effect, or he may have thought it unnecessary, finding his whole powers required to represent form accurately.

He had in this study the example of Paul Sandby, whose drawings were careful and true in lines, with flat washes and tints, but little effect. The next artist whose works had an important influence on Turner was Cozens, whose best drawings are remarkable for solemnity, serenity, and breadth. In the Manchester Exhibition of 1857 there were examples of this artist which illustrated the power of the painter over these sources of effect, but at the same time showed no attempt to render much colour. This, says an excellent critic on Art, "was at that time beyond the reach of flat washes and vegetable tints; for as yet the draughtsman's practice in water-colours was confined to the one, and his box to the other." Turner is said to have acknowledged that he learned more from Cozens than from any other artist of the time; and Constable also praises the modest and unobtrusive beauties of his drawings. After Cozens came Girtin, whose manner was also broad and simple; and as Girtin was linked by kindred style and spirit with Cozens, so Turner, by admiration and common study, is associated with Girtin. Not to dwell too long in our limited time on the progressive forming of Turner's style, I must mention that he seemed to take up one or two colours at a time, and to become thoroughly acquainted with their uses and effects. He did not plunge joyously into the mysteries of colouring without knowing anything about it, and suddenly find himself out of his depth, as some young friends of mine

do. Then comes his grand mature stage, in which nearly all his finest and most beautiful water-colour drawings were done, such as those that were in the possession of Mr. Windus, and are now in the hands of Mr. Fordham. At a later period of his long career he seems to have tried experiments in colouring with almost reckless liberty, often attaining, however, a wild and poetical effect. It is to the middle period of Turner's life and works that I would direct your attention, and none will better repay a careful and minute study. This will tend to elevate and refine your ideas of Art, and lead to a better appreciation of the endless beauties of Nature. Turner's best and most careful studies were made in Great Britain; he appears, indeed, to have visited almost every county in England and Wales. By his will, he left many of his larger paintings and a vast number of his sketches to the nation; and, with these great advantages, we have yet another; for, while Turner possessed this grand power of teaching and influencing Art and artists by his brush and pencil, he has had the great good fortune to gain for an exponent of his thoughts, his feelings, and intentions, that most eloquent writer on Art, Ruskin, who, while Turner poured forth his soul and poetry in form and colour, translated and diffused it almost with equal force in words. Thus I consider Turner and his works to have influenced, in the highest degree, the artistic mode of studying from Nature, and landscape-painters in particular ought to reverence him, for he gave such an impetus to the appreciation of this branch of Art that has placed it side by side with the more popular study, the figure; and he must be regarded as having, by his works, during a long life, eminently assisted in raising the British school of painting to its present acknowledged character of supremacy both at home and abroad.

Many of Turner's later productions are exceedingly difficult to be understood by the young artist; but let him first carefully study the earlier works of this great master, and he will then be better able to appreciate the wild poetical beauty of those painted at a later period.

Passing from Landscape Art to another branch, for which I know full well my hearers and pupils have a great predilection, I will now speak of Animal Drawing; and whom can I name so naturally as Sir Edwin Landseer, whose works appeal at once to all Englishmen's hearts with irresistible power? Truthfulness is depicted in every line. He is our English Snyders, and has been termed the greatest dog-painter that ever existed; but he is almost

equally successful in horses, stags, and indeed all animals. In his works we see good and true drawing from Nature, correctness of form and appropriate colour; his handling is delicate and graceful, and he shows a constant and profound knowledge of animal character. I place him, therefore, very high amongst the masters who have, by their example and teaching, raised a love of Art and the study of Nature amongst us Englishmen. Landseer needs no interpreter; his dogs live and breathe, his horses snort and pant, and in many of his earlier pictures, such as the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," there is wonderful expression and deep pathos.

Listen to a description of this picture in the eloquent word-painting of Ruskin: "The exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin, and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the tressel, the total powerlessness of the head, close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles, marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep—these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."

But I have less reason to call your attention to his beauties, because you have, in the numerous folios around you, so many examples engraved from his works. I consider these have materially assisted the modern draughtsman in seizing the best points of a horse or dog, and in linking together the real with a true and graceful representation.

Although not a painter, and not influencing Art through the medium of pictures or colour, perhaps no man has contributed so much to the general taste and enjoyment by the use of his pencil as one we have just lost, John Leech. He was indeed a most popular and truly-lamented artist; he was

loved as well as admired by all, for he portrayed so truly, and yet with such grace and humour, the various passing events of life, that when we looked to his works we saw even our failings represented through a most flattering medium. I call Leech a fine example for those who desire faithfully to draw from Nature, and I am sure every one in this room would wish to have possessed his most enviable talent. We ought then to examine how it was he pleased so universally. First, he drew so truthfully, and yet apparently so easily, it appeared as if his lines fell on the paper without effort and without the horrors of painful correction; but, for the encouragement of those amongst you who feel depressed in their first studies from Nature, I must tell you that, besides having great natural abilities, Leech took immense pains. In the late exhibition of his sketches I could see several instances of careful revision of first ideas, such as horses with five legs, one being rejected, or figures with three arms, or even four arms, the action not having been sufficiently well expressed for his fastidious taste. Leech had, above all, a sound knowledge of the figure, and amidst all his devotion to fashion and fashionable costume you can see very well the form is always correct and graceful. Joined to this charming power of seizing the most characteristic points, he had sufficient wit in his pencil to give great point to his jokes, and to make his hits relished as well as felt. But here let me tell you a witty pencil is produced only by a witty mind; a man cannot show with his pencil what he has not seen and appreciated, any more than an author can write thoughts that he has not felt. Mere copying of Nature will not do: no, something more is wanted; we want the poet, the artist, and the man as well, to touch our feelings, and Leech was all these, and therefore we miss him so much, for his place will not be filled again in a hurry. Moreover, the scenes that he drew were, like Sir Edwin's, highly English and popular; the hunting-field and its various incidents, the sea-shore, and the drawing-room, all came alike to his gifted pencil. Perhaps no man has ever sketched the action and paces of a hunter so truly as Leech; and he ennobled the branch he followed to such an extent, that he must not be looked upon as a caricaturist, but as a real draughtsman from Nature.

Turning from the study of Nature out of doors to the more quiet self-training of the artist, we cannot have a better example of devotion and patience, as well as first-rate talent, than Mulready, who has exercised a very

beneficial effect on our English school of drawing, first, by his well-known and exquisite paintings (many of which the nation are so fortunate as to possess, and which are therefore always influencing the taste of the public); secondly, by his wonderful chalk studies of the human figure from life, decidedly the best examples of the mode in which drawings should be made, and the way to manage the chalk and stump, for these materials are inclined to be very unruly, and if not used with dexterity are very apt to detract from the beauty of the drawing. As many of you draw from casts, and therefore employ both Italian and Conti chalks, it may be interesting as well as useful to examine one or two of these refined drawings of Mulready's now on the wall, as well as others lent me by various friends, and afterwards those drawn on stone by Bonnington, Harding, and others. I must also quote to you, from a clever work on the Art Treasures of Great Britain, by Dr. Waagen, some excellent hints on chalk drawing.

"The old masters always employed in their drawings the material best adapted to the object they had in view, if they were desirous of noting down a first thought, just as it arose in the fancy, they usually chose the red Italian chalk with which sketching is so easy, or the soft Italian black chalk. The breadth and softness of the stroke immediately gives to such a first sketch something picturesque and massy; while, at the same time, the material allowed of a high degree of finish, if desirable. But if they wished to arrest a rapidly-passing effect in Nature, to seize an accidental, happy, quickly-changing cast of drapery, or to mark sharply and distinctly the main features of some character, the pen was preferred, which allowed them to unite the easy-flowing line with the sure and distinct indication of forms. If, on the other hand, they aimed to express in a portrait or study the most delicate movement of forms, and a fine play of surface within the outline, they generally took a silver point. On a paper covered with a mixture of white-lead and pale yellow ochre, verdigris, or some red, such a pencil marks but lightly and softly, and therefore allows of alterations and improvements *ad infinitum*, and by pressing hard, marks decidedly that design which the artist finally prefers. Or if their chief object was the broad distribution of light and shade the full camel's hair brush, dipped in sepia or Indian-ink, with its elastic point and its bold breadth, led most rapidly and surely to their end. In such drawings the outlines of the forms are often not

indicated, but result only from the limits of the shadows; when it was required at the same time to indicate the form, the use of the pen was added. Lastly, for a more detailed marking of light and shade coloured paper afforded them a middle tint, by the help of which they produced, with black chalk in the shadows and white in the lights, a very delicate gradation and a great relief of the parts. On account of its many advantages this mode of drawing has been very commonly used."

I have thus turned your attention to the works of Mulready and to the most perfect manipulations of the chalk style, for although it is not very probable or even very desirable that pupils in a public school should devote much time to master all its difficulties, you should be aware that delicacy and refinement are highly necessary in all kinds of art.

We must now turn to one who, although he passed from among us some time ago, exercised very great influence on the modern style of sketching from Nature. I mean Samuel Prout, one of the greatest and most picturesque draughtsmen of architectural subjects that has ever lived.

He possessed great knowledge, unbounded industry, and a most vigorous pencil; there is no drawing of old buildings that possesses so much vitality, so much reality, and so much picturesque quality as his. In his numerous works, many of which are around you, may be traced an intense love of old Gothic architecture, and his mode of handling was so admirably suited to portray massive stone work crumbling into ruins, full of rents and fissures, and covered with lichens, mosses, and weeds, that it has a great charm for the young student. My first studies were of his works, for he was yet living when I was a boy, and many a time, when I have seen him drawing, I could not but wonder how such a delicate-looking man could have adopted such a massive, vigorous manner; for at that age one is apt to think that character should always correspond with the outward appearance.

I have wished that his style of sketching should influence you, and therefore have always placed before you his lithographic drawings, for we have the great advantage of possessing many of his works drawn by himself on stone; in this art he was perfectly at home, and there is a freedom of execution and a manly boldness of touch that is perfectly refreshing.

His figures are admirably grouped, and fill his streets and markets with a crowd; and, although they have somewhat of a stony look, they are broad

and simple in character and light and shade. In foliage and vegetation perhaps you will think him heavy and ungraceful, but you must recollect that these portions of the landscape were, in his works, always subservient to architecture. He taught much while living, exhibiting also fine careful drawings in water-colours, and with these and his vigorous drawings on stone he doubtless greatly advanced the present mode of looking at and drawing from Nature.

Let us now consider the works of another great master, one who also possessed a most vigorous style and mode of colouring. I speak of William Hunt, the truest delineator of rustic boys and girls in their various joys and sorrows. Hunt was a fine example of what steady perseverance and perfect devotion to one style and kind of art will do. There was no subdivision of his time in any way, no straining after the talent that other men possessed; but, having chosen a modest and confined class of subject, he carried it out to the utmost of his ability. He was the best painter of still life we have ever possessed, and his fruit and flowers are handled with a richness and power that rival in every respect the most celebrated masters of the Dutch school. His style was at first pure water-colour, without any extra vehicle or body-colour; latterly he used more opaque colours and vehicles, but still covered them so dexterously with delicate tones and washes, that the whole looks admirably transparent. There is one point in his works I wish you particularly to notice: it is the way in which he placed small touches of pure primitive colour side by side, thus making, by their various combinations, every shade of secondary and tertiary colour. After his lamented decease, there was in the exhibition of the Old Water-colour Society a splendid example of this in the basket of flowers of a flower-girl; the blots of pure colour, placed in harmonious positions, formed a most lovely composition of colours, and showed wonderful talent in the master. Here, again, we have many opportunities of studying his style and subjects, as the folios to which you have access contain many of his works, some of which he drew on stone himself.

As a pendant to Hunt, but his antithesis in manner, I must mention David Cox, one of the greatest landscape painters in the broad and indicative style, who with a single blot of colour or dash of his brush suggests more thought and feeling than many with the most careful elaboration. His intense love of Nature, and the devotion with which he studied for fifty

summers at Bettws-y-Coed amongst the foaming rapids of the Conway or under the shadow of the heathery mountains, should surely be the admiration of all students of Nature. I own that were I addressing artists I should long to dwell on this great example of the power there is in Art to convey the most varied sentiment and subtle effects with no apparent effort; but in your case labour in Art comes first, and I must beware how I encourage young amateurs to copy the manner without being able to approach the more noble qualities of such a mind.

We have still another master of landscape, whose works, in colour and pencil, have borne an important part in forming the modern style of drawing —I mean Harding. I should speak of him with some reserve were I the only one who had benefited by his instructions, but his pupils, or, at any rate, those who have gained their knowledge of Art from himself or his works, are so numerous, that I am quite sure all will admit they have been greatly indebted to him.

Reviewing Harding's works from some distance of time, and judging him and his teaching divested of the prejudice which he doubtless experienced whilst living, all must allow that his teaching, his pictures, and his published works exercised a powerful influence on drawing; he is admitted, by one quite capable of judging (Ruskin), to have possessed a greater knowledge of foliage and tree-drawing than any other painter, with the exception of Turner; nor had we, at the period when he drew the best, any one, either in or out of the Academy, in any way comparable to him in the masterly representation of foliage. In rocks, also, he was equally strong, and his foregrounds are admirable. His command of the pencil was wonderful; with it he could express more than most men, and "his work in near passages of fresh broken, sharp edged rock, is absolute perfection; and the perfect freedom and facility with which his fragments were splintered and scattered was exceedingly fascinating, for there was truth in every line without any apparent effort. In colour he was also most admirable, and the rich lichenous and changeful warmth and delicate grays of Harding's rocks, illustrated as they are by the most fearless, firm, and unerring drawing, render his wild pieces of torrent shore the finest things, next to Turner, in English foreground-art." Harding had sufficient power and ambition at one period of his life to become a fine oil-painter, his skilful handling and command of all manner of material giving

him great advantages; but with all this talent it was, perhaps, to be regretted that he latterly strained too much after dash and rapidity, and masterly as was his hand, and practised as was his eye, he sometimes fell into a too obviously pictorial arrangement of his subjects, which in rendering apparent the painter's artifice, destroys for us much of the effect of his pictures. It is the fashion with some of the modern critics to decry the services that Harding has rendered to Art; but it would be difficult to name any one who has laboured more energetically and successfully to advance the ability and tastes of the public for drawing.

I have yet to mention a style of Art which has of late exercised great influence in forming the general taste, I mean Serial Illustrative Drawing, by which passing events are presented to the public in a pictorial and forcible manner. For this is required the draughtsman with great knowledge of the human figure, an educated mind stored with costume and great power to express passions and actions; to these must be added rapidity to convey them all to the block of wood in a way that it may "cut well." In all these points John Gilbert stands first, and with his vigorous pencil, great knowledge of character, and profound study of costume, more particularly of the time of Elizabeth, he has done much to make Art popular and welcome to the multitude. Without aspiring to be a colourist his exhibited works are very fine, but his strength is best shown in his illustrations of Shakespeare and Don Quixote, and weekly contributions to the Illustrated News, where his wonderful faculty of extemporising designs and rapidity of execution, rarely making any previous sketch, and often occupying only three hours for a page plate, make him an invaluable aid.

I might add many modern painters and teachers to this list, who have aided, by their devotion to some branch of Art, to spread abroad the cultivation and appreciation of drawing; but I must, for the present conclude. To you who thus early in life have devoted a certain portion of your time to master the difficulties of Art I leave the consideration of following up your studies by repeated efforts; and by taking for example those masters whose works have assisted to form our present school of drawing, I trust you will find the exercise of your talent produce a large increase in your enjoyment in Drawing from Nature.

THE EVELYN WOODS.

CHAPTER V.

SYLVA EVELYN'S COUNTRY.

"Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get,
He measures time by landmarks, and has found,
For the whole day the dial of his ground
A neighbouring wood, born with himself he sees
And loves his old contemporary trees."

COWLEY.

THOUGHTS OF AN ARTIST WHILE SKETCHING—OLD MANOR FARM—ABINGER COMMON—LEITH AND HOLMBURY HILLS—ANCIENT DANISH AND SAXON REMAINS—WOODLAND SOURCE—THE EVELYN WOODS—SYLVA EVELYN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES—FELLING TREES AT THE ROOKERY—FORMER GUNPOWDER MILLS AT WOTTON, FORGES AT THE HAMMER—PHOTOGRAPHY NOT ALWAYS CORRECT.

ONE autumn evening I was sitting drawing before a group of picturesque old beech trees, with twisted and gnarled roots, overhanging a broken sand-bank near Wotton Place. I had worked at the study many days, patiently elaborating all the details, and now only wanted a group of cattle to make my work complete. This was just then fortunately presented by some cows seeking shelter from the heat of the day underneath the protecting branches; they grouped themselves so charmingly for an artist, that, intent on sketching them, I scarcely heard the approach of a young sportsman, who, with dogs and well-filled bag, was returning from his day's shooting, for which I had seen him start in the morning. I barely lifted my head to return his salutation, but, having walked off his superfluous animation, he evidently felt inclined to chat, while he smoked his cigar. Like many others who rejoice in health and strength and have not by discipline in early life overcome the difficulties of drawing, he could not appreciate the interest of the occupation, and seemed to pity me for my inactivity. "Yours is a charming art," he began; "it's a pity it is so tedious. When I see you and other artists painting away from morning till night, from week to week, the same objects

from the same spot, till the very grass is worn bare under your feet, I often wonder what your minds can be employed upon while your hands are so busy! Are you really thinking of nothing but matching the green of your trees, the colour of a sand-bank, or of rendering what you call a spot of pure sunlight on fallen leaves or gravel?"

"By no means," I replied; "past years of study have taught me the use of my colours, with something of composition, and how light and shade must fall, so that my mind is now free to play around the subject while my fingers are employed; my thoughts find time to wander to the history of the scene I paint, and to animate the whole, and I strive to convey a reflex of these to my canvas, not merely a photographic representation, devoid of all poetry. Of an artist, least of all people, should it be true that—

> "'A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And nothing more.'

A painter should acquaint himself with every tale or legend attached to the spot, and choosing the one best suited to his subject, should then aim at getting an effect in harmony, and proceed to embody his idea so as to convey both the nature and the poetry of the scene to the beholder; indeed, they should be inseparable. Of course it is always difficult to apportion what a man brings to a subject and what he finds in it; but the more enriched and cultivated the mind, the greater will be the amount of beauty discovered. Preconceived ideas exert an imperceptible sway over the strongest understanding. If a man look at Nature to find straight lines and angles, he will find them; if he look for curves, curves he will find. For example, as a portrait painter aims at showing the mind of his sitter in his face, more truly than the photographer, who merely presents a map of the features (often distorted by a strained or stolid expression); so the intelligent landscape artist is ambitious of conveying something in his pictures infinitely beyond the mere outline of the houses, the greenness of the foliage, or the clear blue of the sky. He whose works answer to his ideal conception, presenting faithful detail and elaborate finish, combined with the poetry of an elevated and cultivated feeling, must rank high in the judgment of those who are competent to judge. Doubtless the Dutch and Flemish schools, the most perfect in manipulation and faithful in delineation, though destitute of

sentimental beauty, will always please the great numbers to whom the idea of a picture means nothing more than an accurate copy of objects before their eyes, as a face, a cottage, or a bird's-nest with moss. But some there will always be to encourage and reward the rarer genius which records not merely the features, but catching also the happiest moment when the mind reflects itself most truly in the countenance, fixes it for ever on the canvas, and thus hands down the statesman or the poet to posterity."

"Well," said my young friend, "I dare say you are right, and I wish I could view all this capital country through your eyes now and then, for when I neither get a shot nor a nibble all day, I am preciously out of humour with myself, and all the reading of "Field Sports" and Walton's "Angler" doesn't prevent me from feeling that I have wasted my time when I go to bed."

"You had better come up to the Old Manor Farm, then, where I am living at present," said I, "and breakfast with me, and we will have a walk and a talk about this, the highest and most picturesque spot in Surrey."

"Shall I bring my gun and the dogs?" inquired my friend.

"On no account; change your whole ideas for one day, for dogs will lead you to think of game, and even a fishing rod should be exchanged for a good field-glass."

I should mention that I recognised in the speaker, Dobson, a former pupil, and found that he still possessed the habit of argument and apparent contempt for Art which had tasked my patience in his boyhood. On one occasion, when corrected for careless, idle habits by the prophecy that he would never be an artist, he replied that if he thought he was likely to be one, he would hang himself at once. He was answered that he might feel himself quite secure against such a termination to his career, as he never *could* be an artist. Having now found my young fellow out in this quiet place, I determined to show him something of the mind of a painter, and, if possible, cause him to think that there was something besides Latin and Greek that was worth studying, and other amusements worth living for besides shooting and fishing, and the boisterous, though manly, games of football and cricket. As he was always very frank, I was sure to hear his opinions without reserve, and could thus administer the antidote on the spot.

A bright sunny morning and early habits gave me the advantage of Dobson, and I had nearly completed a study of the porch of the old house

before he made his appearance. After a hasty survey we sat down to the good farmhouse breakfast of broiled ham, eggs, and coffee, with various kinds of cake and bread (the latter really sweet), provided by my good landlady; then with cigar and pipe, which artists and sportsmen are wont to consider aids to digestion (though with how much truth I will not say), we had leisure to look around. We sat in the quaint old-fashioned hall or kitchen, with its capacious hearth, on which was blazing a fire of huge beech logs, a settle on one side in the chimney, and the farmer's old arm-chair in the opposite corner, with a little window at his elbow to allow him a peep at the labours of the yard. The smoke curled away above our heads in the chimney, circling among the rafters and hams. "This is a favourite room with my children," said I, "there is so much to amuse them; everything is so new and singular to Londoners; they like it far better than the inner or best room. The wind roars merrily round the old house in winter; and I assure you that in many a stormy night I have felt the whole building, substantial as it looks, rock with the blast, and the old diamond-shaped panes and casements rattle in fine style; the wind then swirls round the large chimney nooks, bursting in at the front door and rushing out at the back, up through the boards from the vaults below, making it necessary to keep on hat and great coat, for the cold is piercing on this high ground: at such times another huge log is thrown on the fire, and the younger part of the family cheerfully add their gatherings of fir cones, sticks, crackling holly, and laurel; elder wine is warmed and toast made, and as all circle round the blazing hearth, each tells something interesting about the old place."

"This makes an excellent interior for an artist, with a rustic figure or two; the old farmer smoking his pipe, while his dame sits knitting by the light of the rush, dipped in grease, held in that curious iron stand. This kind of light was used almost everywhere when I first knew the place; you see it has to be changed in the pincers every few minutes, or else held in the hand, both interruptions to quiet reading. I have heard many old people say it is far more comfortable for getting into bed by, because it goes out of itself, and gives no trouble! In the chimney corner you may see the piece of rough bark that holds the store of dipped rushes, which are gathered and stripped by the poor as the autumn warns them of the approach of long evenings. The farmer's wife buys them in bundles, and melting some fat

in a frying pan, passes them through it, and thus has plenty of candles at a trifling expense; but when more light is wanted she indulges in the luxury of a candle, shielding it with that quaint covered shade with two little windows in it, thus protecting her light from the wintry gusts. But come," I concluded, "let us leave all these details, which are interesting only to an artist or an antiquarian, and have a stroll about the place, and see if we can make anything of it." The capacious porch, with its oak settles, carved door, old iron loop handle and knocker, were noticed, and some little pains taken to decipher a scarcely visible coat of arms on the oval stone medallion over the doorway. The little prophet's chamber above it looked bright with its tiny panes, half hidden in clusters of roses and honeysuckles, while the caucarus, with its brilliant yellow balls, and the guelder rose grouped well about the base.

An avenue of yew, I am told, once led from the porch to a side door in the front garden, and just afforded a peep of the little old-fashioned church, with its taper spire of wood, and in the garden at the south side were some fine walnut trees, which were either blown or cut down some twenty years ago, when they must have both sheltered the building and contributed to its picturesque appearance. The garden and orchard have originally been surrounded with a strong wall and moat; while a high mound, with two much shattered but fine old firs, seems to have been a kind of keep or watch tower, as a light from thence would be visible all around, and communicate an alarm from Holmbury and Ewehurst to Wotton and Dorking.

But finding Dobson longing for a walk we started for Leith Hill, and soon found ourselves on the breezy common, knee-deep in the bracken and whortleberries, and under the fragrant Scotch fir. Following a deep gully, which gradually led up to Leith Hill, we could easily believe the tales told by some of the old people, that these defiles were many years ago frequently traversed by smugglers, who transported their goods from the southern coasts to London, one old cottager assuring me that his father had often seen fifty or a hundred horses heavily laden pass through them. The whole of this part of the common seemed to justify the name of Abinger, which, according to Aubrey, signifies an eminence or rising ground, the upper part of the parish being the most elevated spot in the county. By degrees we left the thick fir woods behind, then the straggling advanced posts of trees, and finally

came out on the wild barren moor, at the summit of which stands a square tower. It was fortunately a splendid day, and the view over the wealds of Surrey and Sussex, and of the forest ridge, with the North and South Downs in the hazy distance, was magnificent. Artists, however, look upon such an extended panorama with very different ideas from those of the world at large, the former regarding it somewhat in the light of a map, while to the latter it presents all that constitutes a picture.

"There," said my companion, "why don't you sit down and paint that? What can be more glorious? There you have everything; fifty miles of the most beautiful country in every direction, and a little of London besides. What more can you desire?"

"Rather less distance and a good deal more talent, my friend."

"We poor artists must be content to attempt a little bit of Nature at a time; some corner or nook is better suited to our ability; the world enjoys looking down, we almost always like to look up. A man must be educated in his appreciation of hills as well as any other faculty.

"But come," said I, "to the leeward side of this square tower, out of the rough wind, while I tell you my opinion about these high grounds of Surrey. Though Leith Hill is the highest, being nearly one thousand feet above the sea, and owing to its broken face forming a more abrupt line, Holmbury Hill is quite as picturesque, and its shoulders and quarries of sandstone, with luxuriant heather and gorse, make it, perhaps, the favourite of the artists. Several fine pictures have been painted with this hill as a background and a glowing cornfield in the foreground. There is always a difficulty in introducing the cultivation of corn lands, with our modern machinery, into these heathy pictures, which ought always to have an air of negligence and imperfect farming. The rustic labourers, the sickle, and the gleaner come in well, but the formality of the drill and more modern machines is very much against the artist; nevertheless, many living and studying amongst these hills do manage to make beautiful and truthful pictures of them.

"But let me tell you of former times, when these fine spurs of hills, jutting out on the fertile plains below, were the scenes of great excitement, contrasting with their present stillness. On Holmbury Hill, the Saxon chronicle states, were stationed the invading Danes, when, in 851, a battle took place between them and the Saxons under King Ethelwulf. It is thought that

the dyke on the summit marks the site of the Danish camp. There is also another camp distinctly traceable on the ridge to our left, called Anstiebury, above Coldharbour; but this is now somewhat hidden in woods. Not far from these hills, in the vale below, lies Ockley, or Okely, which derives its name from the oak woods formerly abounding in this part of Surrey, and the Roman road from Arundel, here called the Stane Street Causeway, passed through it; before the time of railroads it was thought the nicest piece of trotting ground for the coaches from Brighton. Walk down to Ockley, and you will be interested in its broad green, with the picturesque well in the centre, and village houses scattered round about. Try also if you can find a molehill on the smooth expanse of turf, for you must know that the country people say there are none, and to this day attribute the absence of moles on the green, while they abound all around, to the creature's dislike of the blood of the Saxons buried here after one of their fierce encounters with the Danes. After ascertaining the truth of this assertion, I should advise you to search out the quaint old building called Oakwood Chapel, which lies buried in a hollow in the woods."

Having bidden adieu to my friend with these parting instructions, and furnished him with an object for a good walk, I insensibly fell into a dreamy mood as I proceeded on my return to lower ground, down one of the numerous vales diverging from Leith Hill towards the larger valley which runs from Dorking to Guildford. I am never tired of this varied and extensive common, and being now alone, without an impatient spirit by my side, was at liberty to wander on in the bright noontide sun,

> "Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
> Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,
> And gleaming of the scatter'd broom.
> Love you not, then, to list and hear
> The crackling of the gorse flowers near,
> Pouring an orange-scented tide
> Of fragrance, o'er the desert wide?"

Passing again under the ragged firs, amongst the undergrowth of scrubby oak, whortleberry, bramble, and fern, down an endless variety of little glens, broken banks, and glades of handsome trees, I found myself at one of my favourite spots, a rocky sandstone bank, overhung with beech trees, among the roots of which trickled a charming little stream. That quiet frame of mind so essential to a landscape artist being somewhat disturbed, I left my sketch-

book unopened, and was fain, while I rested, to solace myself with a well worn volume. The following lines catching my eye, seemed to describe this woodland source very truly:—

> "I traced a little brook to its well-head,
> Where, amid quivering weeds, its waters leap
> From the earth, and hurrying into shadow creep
> Unseen but vocal in their deep-worn bed.
> Hawthorns and hazels interlacing wed
> With roses sweet, and overhang the steep
> Mossed banks, while through the leaves stray sunbeams peep,
> And on the whispering stream faint glimmerings shed."

A little pool, half covered with the tiny white ranunculus and forget-me-not, which still left enough of a placid dark mirror to reflect the trees and blue sky above, being added to the beauties here described, is it wonderful that artists are often seen studying in the cool refreshing shade?

Following the rivulet, and noticing sundry old sluices and embankments for former mills, one comes to a much larger pond, at the end of which grew, till lately, a gigantic old oak, which had long withstood the gusts of wind rushing down the valley from Leith Hill, but at last succumbed and pitched headlong down the bank below, tearing up with its roots the embankment of the pond, and emptying the waters on the cottages below. Of course this was a subject for the artist, who, if he is in earnest, never lets such an opportunity slip. I made a note of the locality, and passing on, entered a winding green lane by a gate, now overhung with magnificent trees, now opening out to show a picturesque cottage with its humble garden, and again being closed up with bushes and trees, accompanied through all its course by a sparkling little stream, the overflow of the mill-pond above. This, about half way, tired it would seem of sunning itself on the right side under wild festoons of dog-roses and briars, unceremoniously crosses the lane, thus creating a necessity for a rustic bridge, such as lovers of the picturesque delight in, made of the rounded outside plank of an old tree, and resting on two or three huge stones. This is a favourite resort for the birds which flock here to drink, for not only is the stream clear and shallow, but there are stones of all sizes for them to perch upon, some high enough to keep the tail of the water wagtail dry, others low enough for the tiniest wren's neck to reach the water. The choicest spot of all the lane, however, is where it terminates at the entrance-gate of the Wotton Woods. Here the stream forms a pretty

little pond, overhung by a lovely ash, and surrounded by rushes, reeds, and various water-plants, while upon a broken bank stands in sylvan majesty a group of noble beeches, throwing their wild fantastic limbs far over the lane. An oak has crept up under the protection of their boughs, and, becoming encircled in their arms, proves by its stunted growth how dearly it has paid for the protection afforded to it; like a young artist, who, too unskilled and indolent to carry out his own ideas, continually borrows from others, and thus checks his own powers.

Towards sunset the eye is caught by a mass of light breaking through an opening caused by one of the giant beeches toppling over one windy autumn day, and in its fall crashing and breaking away nearly all the boughs of a neighbouring tree. The gap thus left looked at first very mournful, but Nature, ever bent on restoring and beautifying, soon threw up a growth of vigorous underwood, and with fresh shoots and hanging sprays, clothed a portion of the naked trunks, yet not so as to shut out the glorious sun; and now he must be fastidious indeed who could wish the scene other than it is. A gate opens into the Forewalk overhung by the arching branches of more fine beeches, among the roots of which spring numerous clumps of glistening holly. This is a delightful wood for the artist. The fancy of the architect might, without much exaggeration, imagine the boles of the grand old beech trees were the clusters of pillars of some magnificent Gothic cathedral, such as St. Ouen at Rouen, the interlacing branches meeting overhead reminding one continually of the fretted roof—the very sunlight streaming through and curving round the trunks adds to the resemblance; while the wind with its plaintive murmurs might be the rising and falling notes of the far-distant organ.

Others again, forgetting the works of men, consider these gigantic arches as a forest portal, and thus a beautiful and poetical picture has been painted by one of our Abinger men, which has left a lasting mark in Art. From this charming walk, still swept and tended like a promenade in memory of the planter, one may descend with a scramble down the hill-side to the edge of the hanging wood, where knotted and twisted roots form most curious festoons on the sandstone rock, and where young trees, growing among the decaying roots of their ancestors, altogether create most interesting studies for artistic lovers of Nature; while the chequered shade beneath the wide-spread branches of the beech invites to most luxurious repose, and green and shady nooks offer

shelter from the hottest noonday sun. Here I first met my young friend on his return to Wotton, and after his long walk, here we met again, and settled that we should return to the spot on another day, when I would tell him something more about Wotton, and about my hero, Sylva Evelyn. It happened, however, that the next day, instead of being suitable for our projected stroll, was pouring wet, the day following the same; even the ducks had had enough of it; and as for those people who had nothing to do,—no former studies of skies to put in, no tones to gradate or figures to paint indoors,—theirs was a weary time indeed. Guns were cleaned, till every room smelt of oil and gunpowder; dogs taught to beg till begged off by the bystanders; every device for killing time employed until night hid the incessant pour. Under these melancholy circumstances we settled, by a series of despatches, to meet "pour passer le temps" indoors, and search all records for information about the country.

"Well, sir," was the sportsman's first salutation, "how have you managed to exist during all this horrible weather?"

"Oh, very well indeed; I don't really dislike a break of a day or two sometimes; it prevents one getting out of breath, hurrying on too fast; it gives time to think, and follow out an idea or an effect. A little starvation is good occasionally, you know, if you happen to have a weak digestion; and too great a fulness of ideas, to use a country simile, is, like the crowding of cabbage plants, apt to make them all abortive, or grow spindling; let every idea that is worth anything have fair play."

"Well, I can't say I see the fun of that; I grow horridly moped and dull if there is not a continual change, and indeed ideas won't come at all indoors."

"Ah, my young friend, that shows you have been brought up in a crowd; perhaps even when reading in the long vacation five or six of you fellows go together (to Bettws, for instance), where there is generally good fishing on a rainy day and jovial choruses in the evening. But suppose, while I proceed with my sky, we go back to the first question you asked me,—What I could be thinking of when sketching round about Wotton? Well, I think much of Sylva Evelyn and his character, as displayed in his Diary, lying there on the table. What a different life and diary to Pepys's, both perhaps equally true, and faithfully delineating the character of the writer;—but what different

men! the one we respect and the other we despise. The weakness of Evelyn (if we may call the intense love of his family, his house, and trees, a weakness,) we are all ready to forgive, as it never interfered with his duties, but we can hardly see what duties Pepys ever fulfilled. We can enter into Evelyn's admiration of his old ancestral house, although it might take a great deal to make some of my Alpine friends live in such a narrow valley. Hear what he says of it in his Diary:—

"'Wotton, the mansion house of my father (now my eldest brother's), is situated in the most southern part of the shire, and though in a valley, yet really upon part of Lyth (Leith) Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit. The house, large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, may be compared to one of the most pleasant seates in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance. I will say nothing of the ayre, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speake much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorne it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural, and until this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses, the most magnificent that England afforded, and indeed gave one of the first examples of that elegancy since so much in vogue, and followed in the managing of their waters and other ornaments of that nature.'

"Even before Evelyn's ancestors bought the house and estate it was of some note, being called in the Domesday Book Adeton, or Wodeton, in modern orthography Woodtown, a name apparently referring to the woodland character of the district, though it has been surmised that the original appellation might have been Woden's Town, from the name of the Saxon deity, Woden. There are one or two other places in the neighbourhood, the names of which have been thought to be of similar origin, as Friday Street (a charming little rustic lane), from Frigga, the Saxon Venus; close by is also Monday Farm, evidently derived from Montag.

"Wotton, after the lapse of many centuries, still justifies its appellation, for it has grand old woods all around; the trees which first gave it the name

have doubtless all perished, and have even been succeeded by others perfectly different in character, but woods still surround the family mansion. The taste and feelings of the first possessor may be in some degree lost, but a large portion of the old character appears; thus an artist's works do not always remain as he leaves them, but sometimes change, their colours going down in tone, or even being altered by the want of skill or presumption of picture restorers; Evelyn's country also must be greatly affected by time, storms, and the variety of taste of his descendants. For instance, the greater part of the trees in the neighbourhood of Wotton are now beech where oaks formerly prevailed. In a letter to Aubrey, Evelyn remarks, in reference to Wotton, that 'where goodly oaks grew, and were cut down by my grandfather almost a hundred years since, are now altogether beech, and where my brother has extirpated the beech there rises birch. Under the beech spring up innumerable hollies, which, growing thick and close together in one of the woods next the meadow, is a viretum all the year long, and a very beautiful sight when the leaves of the taller trees are fallen.'

"As an instance of the size of the oak, he mentions an oaken plank of prodigious amplitude, cut out of a tree which grew on this estate, and had been felled by his grandfather's order. Also in referring to a destructive storm, he says:—

"'Methinks that I still hear, sure I am that I feel, the dismal groans of our forests, when that late dreadful hurricane, happening on the 26th of November, 1703, subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. Myself had above 2,000 blown down, several of which, torn up by their fall, raised mounds of earth near twenty feet high, with great stones entangled among the roots and rubbish, and this almost within sight of my dwelling, now no more Wotton (Woodtown), stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name.'

"However, it is well known that Nature requires and rejoices in a change or succession of trees, as well as of crops, for acorns are thickly planted every year by thousandfold agencies in pine forests, and putting forth a shoot or two then die for want of light and air; but when once the forest is cleared, the tender stems spring up into vigorous oak saplings, fitted to replace the pines

which preceded them. Also if a forest of oaks be cleared or burnt, instead of oaks coming again, the cherry or another tree appears; thus there is study for the naturalist and artist in every change."

Chatting thus about Evelyn, we could not but wish to go over the ground that he describes so feelingly; and as the weather now cleared, and a beautiful gleam of sunlight glanced through the clouds, promising a grand sunset, which I always see if possible, we struck into the woods that lead down to Wotton. Here we found another of the changes that must always await an old family estate, for a whole wood of the noblest beeches standing on a sloping hill, and described by Evelyn as those under which the hollies grew, and long known to me as a fine old rookery, were falling fast under the merciless axe of the woodman, whilst the poor rooks, wheeling in circles over them, lamented the destruction of their dwellings in the saddest of cries. The scene was somewhat painful, for as we advance in life we treasure up the recollection of spots visited in company with those we love, and many a study had I made of these mossy and lichen-tinted boles, and many a swing had my children enjoyed in the meantime on their pendant boughs; but the woodmen with their mallets and wedges, all in full action, made the artistic element predominate, so the sketch-book was rapidly filled with notes, though, while the branches creaked and groaned, and the whole mass crashed to the earth with a shuddering thud, the wedges entering the hearts of the noble victims, my heart also was sad, and I almost involuntarily thought of Sylva Evelyn, and what he would have felt. Turning away we followed one of the principal streams which comes down the valley south of Wotton, and winding about is diversified by many little falls; and though any stream kept by artificial aid from descending with the natural dip of the ground is always out of harmony with the surroundings, and so of little worth to the artist, yet the fine old hanging woods on each side, with their varied tints, always most beautiful in autumn, were now still more lovely in the setting sun.

After having his interest in some degree awakened to the past, my companion was more inclined to listen when I asked him, "Who can tell what visions have teemed in the brains of the many painters whose chosen spot has been this favourite nook of old Evelyn's? How many have let their fancy dwell on the fine true-hearted old Englishman retiring from the dissolute court of Charles II. to his quiet ancestral home at Wotton, solacing himself in the

society of his beloved daughter, his fatherly care of his tenantry and his plantations?"

It is indeed quite impossible, in a hasty sketch, to do justice to the many virtues of this excellent man, who, living in such troublous time and amidst such a court, preserved his independence, and although a court favourite, no royal or popular distinction or applause ever induced him to swerve from the conscientious and unbiassed discharge of his public duties. It was, notwithstanding the character of the court, an age of literary giants, his contemporaries comprising some of the brightest luminaries of this country—Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Locke, Newton, and many others. Those who wish to know more of this good man's life must read his memoirs and other works—that on Forest Trees, called "Sylva," is the most interesting to the landscape-painter. Evelyn was our first landscape-gardener—the first to introduce an art requiring a combination of true artistic feeling with the power of seeing, with prophetic eye, the future aspect of hill and dale, now perhaps stretching before him in naked grandeur, anon to be clothed with noble trees, the product of his judicious planting. Evelyn took great delight in laying out parks and gardens for his friends as well as himself. Besides Wotton and Sayes Court where was the famous holly hedge through which Peter the Great took pleasure in being trundled in a wheelbarrow, he designed Albury Gardens and Park, a few miles from Wotton.

If, as I believe, it is true that an artist impresses on his work a portion of his own character, ought we not to find in these charming solitudes traces of the placid endurance and firmness under trial that Evelyn's life displays? The character of the man will be shown both in the choice of his subject or materials and in the way of treating it. It may be fanciful, but I think I see in those graceful hanging woods of beech, with their pendant boughs, adorning each side of these valleys, something of Evelyn's suavity of manner; in the sturdy gnarled trunks of those fine old oaks that lead up to his house, his power of resistance to the frivolity of Charles's court; in the elegance of that silver birch, his love for his charming and accomplished daughter; the groves of firs and evergreens portray the repose and freshness of his ever-youthful mind; and even those slender poplars swaying about in the breeze, but still ever pointing upwards, might they not also indicate the constant direction of the good man's thoughts to a higher and a better world? So, in reply to the

question, "What were an artist's thoughts while occupied on his picture?" I answer, "Each of these scenes as they engaged the pencil would seem an embodiment of a thought of Evelyn's, and it would occur to a thoughtful painter that agreeable autumnal tints and soft lights should picture the frame of mind delighting in these scenes as life gently declined." But, in short, the life of John Evelyn may be regarded as one of the most admirable portraits of genuine English character; and the birth-place, the nursery, the school, the residence, and the death-place of this admirable man are alike consecrated by the purity of so perfect a model of moral worth and excellence.

But, waking up from my pleasant train of thought, "Come," said I, "you're bored by all this, and don't see how you, who only want a good country for game, a good gun, and a good dog, are interested in it all."

"Ah! that's it and nothing more."

"Stay! You surely want good gunpowder? So you *are* interested in Evelyn's house and country; for on the streams that spring out from Leith Hill and join around Wotton (afterwards finding their way to the Thames by means of the Mole and the Wey), the first gunpowder was made in England; for Evelyn says in a letter to Mr. Aubrey, dated 8th February, 1675, that on the stream near his house formerly stood many powder-mills erected by his ancestors, who were the very first to bring that invention into England, before which we had all our powder from Flanders; and he also gives an account of the explosion of one of these mills, which broke a beam fifteen inches in diameter at Wotton Place, and states that one standing lower down towards Sheire, on blowing up, shot a piece of timber through a cottage, taking off a poor woman's head as she was spinning. He adds, that on this stream were set up the first brass mills in England for casting, hammering into plates, and cutting and drawing into wire; also a fulling mill, and one for hammering iron: all of which are now demolished. Such a variety of mills on so narrow a brook and in so small a compass was not at that time to be met with in any other part of England. The last of these mills gave name to a small street or hamlet in the parish of Abinger, which to this day is called the Hammer. On approaching Wotton from Gomshall station, you may see the remains of the dam and sluice-gates to the pond, for the mill was, like most of those about here, overshot. At present the pond is converted into a marsh, with singular-looking hillocks of

tufted grass, reeds, and rushes, and it is, I must tell you, a capital place for snipes in winter. You can also easily see to what an extent the forge was worked, for on turning up the earth all around, you will find abundance of black ashes and clinkers. Here is also a ferruginous spring close by, with its yellow water, though I scarcely believe iron was ever found here, but rather that the abundance of wood and water all around caused the forges and powder-mills to be erected in this vicinity."

"Well," said Dobson, "I can scarcely believe all this about powder-mills and forges."

"What!" said I; "You are somewhat of Mr. Bray's opinion, who doubts that there ever was a mill at Wotton, or that the purchase of that place was made with such a view. But I can tell you, that this very year, 1864, a curious discovery has occurred in confirmation of such an extraordinary circumstance as powder-mills being allowed so near a house of so much importance as Wotton Place; it was, that in digging down for the new gate-house just finished, and which is close by the side of the stream, the workmen came upon the remains of a building, and also, they affirm, of a layer of spoilt gunpowder, four inches thick. How such a deposit could have been made or caused is extraordinary; it might have been spoilt before the explosion, or may have been made since; but it appears from my inquiries to be genuine powder; I suspected it to be merely powdered charcoal."

I found afterwards that this subject of the powder-mills stirred up a great deal of interest in Dobson's mind, and that he spent several days in searching about the neighbourhood of the various streams and old mill dams; his gun having given place to a spade, and his dogs being greatly bewildered to know what he could be unearthing. Meeting him one day at this interesting occupation, I ventured to remark that I hoped he had now more pleasure in the country and artistic pursuits.

"Oh, well—yes—I have found several bits of iron and brass, and I can well believe all about the gunpowder-mills being placed close to the house; why they do a great deal worse than that now, with a thousand times as much; look at Erith, and what occurred there. But," continued he, "I fear you will make nothing of me as an artist. Besides I don't see the fun of wasting my time in such pursuits, when I can get any photographer to knock me off a portrait or a view for a shilling, far better than I can ever hope to do."

"But," replied I, "is there not a pleasure in expressing your own ideas yourself in your own language? Are you always to trust another to tell you what you have seen, and do you wish always to let another person tell you what is good in Art?"

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Dobson; "if the idea of another person is better, I adopt it, and that saves trouble, you know."

"Ah, the boy was father to the man; you were one of those, if I recollect, who always defended the use of cribs at school, and I see you still bolster yourself up with crutches of all sorts."

"Oh, photographs are no cribs, they are done by the sun, and are sure to be quite true, whereas sketches are very likely to be wrong."

"There you are quite mistaken—there is nothing lies like truth, or rather what appears to be truth. Photographs are often the most incorrect things possible, and there is such a propensity to shirk honest work and honest thought in this world, that there is nothing that has come to the aid of laboriously idle persons more opportunely than the habit of taking it for granted that whatever is shown by a photographer is true. This it is that has made so many think that they are making good illustrations or pictures, when they place their models and sitters in groups, with all the accessories they can think of, and then photograph them. Any one, at a glance, can at once detect the imposition; if the figure is in any degree removed from one plane or distance, look how every limb or extremity gets out of proportion; look at the feet, when they are placed nearer to you, what a size they are! what distorted hoofs, in fact! Ask one of your fellows to place himself in a boxing attitude, and photograph him with his fist aimed at you, then see if he likes the size it comes out. Why it is like a leg of mutton. Look at your face in a convex or concave mirror—is it like Nature? It is no use trying to arrange these distorted groups into pictures; they won't compose."

"Well, perhaps you are right; at any rate if I can't do these groups in my study or garden, I shall not do them at all; for I can't march about with my apparatus like a showman. But with regard to buying of pictures, I still think that the way my governor takes is the best; when he wants a first-rate Stanfield, or a Birket Foster, he just says to somebody he knows, 'I don't care what I give, but I want something reliable,' and he generally gets it—to be sure he pays a pretty round sum for it. He did try to collect for himself some

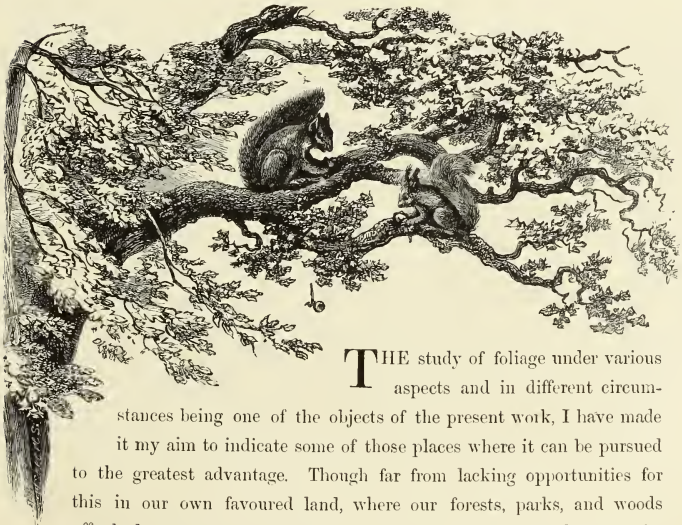
years since, and finding out a capital Chambers, had almost settled the price; but in the night poor Chambers died, and when he went the first thing in the morning, and said he would have it—the price was doubled! It's wonderful how a man's works are valued after his death!" "Then," continued Dobson, "there's Johnson, of the Stock Exchange, he's got a capital collection; when he has made a hit, he just goes in with a friend, and says, 'Let us toss up for that proof—heads I win—tails I lose;' whoever loses pays, and so by degrees he is getting a capital collection. Or, perhaps, he wants something warm, in the way of colour, to look at after dinner: an old woman in a red cloak, or a couple of cows and a bit of a pond; so he goes to the sale of a well-known collector—one, you know, that has been well cracked up; and then whatever he buys there has not only got the artist's name, but the collector's, to give it value, and it is sure to be a good investment. So I think I know pretty well about Art and artists."

This fluent converse, after all my hopes of the effect of my eloquence upon my young sportsman, quite astounded me; so, leaving him to follow his own and his father's ideas about Art for the future, I bade him a courteous, but rather hasty, farewell, and saw him no more in Sylva Evelyn's country.

CHAPTER VI.

FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

VARIETY NECESSARY FOR THE STUDENT—OAK AT FONTAINEBLEAU—GRANDE ROUTE—BEECHES—JUNIPERS—ROUTE DE CHAILLY; GORGES NEAR IT BEAUTIFUL—TREES TOO UNIFORM—WANT OF WATER—GENERAL SCARCITY OF ANIMAL LIFE—NO FALLING STREAMS OR MOUNTAIN MIST; OLD MONARCHS OF THE FOREST—LITTLE IN PALACE FOR LANDSCAPE ARTIST—COUR DES ADIEUX—NAPOLEON—GORGE D'APRÉMONT—VILLAGE OF BARBISON MUCH FREQUENTED BY ARTISTS—MAISON GANNE—ÉBAUCHES—RULES OF HOUSE—BAS BREAU—BRIGANDS' CAVE—WOLVES—ROSA BONHEUR.



THE study of foliage under various aspects and in different circumstances being one of the objects of the present work, I have made it my aim to indicate some of those places where it can be pursued to the greatest advantage. Though far from lacking opportunities for this in our own favoured land, where our forests, parks, and woods afford almost every variety of tree and shrub, still it is desirable for the student to add the freshness of novelty to his folio. Therefore, a few summers ago, I spent some time in Fontainebleau, celebrated for its magnificent trees, and have selected Plate XV. an Oak, as a type of the general character of that forest in its wildest glades. As a contrast to this, the

vignette at page 243 represents one of the most striking features that meet the eye of the traveller in France, a "grande route" traversing the forest. In former days of the diligence a "grande route" was too deeply and often too disagreeably impressed upon the traveller's mind to be easily forgotten, or for the beauties which it possessed to be appreciated; but when, as in the present instance, the road passes through an avenue of magnificent trees, it offers many attractions to the student. In Fontainebleau the eye is not annoyed, as in other parts of France, by the predominance of a species of poplar, stiff and unpicturesque, though with foliage more diffused and stem more irregular than that of the Lombardy poplar; on the contrary, grand, wide-spreading trees, in great variety, escaped from the levelling axe of the woodman, tower to a lofty height, opening out into lovely forest glades, or stand interspersed among sandstone rocks of rugged and singular character, whilst caves and gorges possessing great interest to the artist, abound.

Of the trees, the oak is certainly the most important both in height and picturesque beauty; and although we are told, by those who have studied the subject, that it thrives best on clayey soils and not on sand, we see it here attaining a height of eighty or a hundred feet, with a girth that would delight the eyes of a builder; while in some of the openings, or among the rocks, we find magnificent spreading oak trees, assuming the same character that this tree possesses at Windsor, Packington, or Stoneleigh. Of such are the Chênes de Sully, de Henri Quatre, &c.

The beeches also attain enormous heights, being drawn up by their close proximity to each other, but for variety of form and colour are not to be compared with those at Knowles, Penshurst, Wotton, and many others in this country. The white spreading poplar appears to keep more to the skirts of the forest, which is in many places bounded by a wall of squared stones loosely piled together, the gaps which frequently occur being occasionally repaired with thin lathy palings; in fact, just such an inclosure as was so forcibly depicted in Burton's picture of the Wounded Cavalier.

Another tree that attains to a large size, and is apparently allowed to decay away, is the birch; not even in Scotland can it be found more wildly picturesque than among the rugged rocks and cliffs of the Bas Breau, though no mountain stream reflects its light and graceful foliage, as is often the case in Scotland.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

PLATE XV.

CHENE DE SULLY, FONTAINEBLEAU.

The tree of all others, however, that presents the most uncommon and distorted forms is the juniper, known only in England as a low shrub, but here rising to a height of from thirty to forty feet, with a twisted fluted stem and sombre canopy, the latter affording a most welcome shade in the arid spots it seems to prefer, and reminding us of the account in Holy Writ of the prophet sitting under a juniper tree.

The Route de Chailly, like most "grandes routes" in France, is paved in the centre with large squared stones, having a road on either side for light carriages, while now and then the weary foot-passenger, in his endeavour to escape from dust and heat, forms yet another path under the stately trees.

The sameness of the road is broken only by piles of hewn stones, placed at intervals for the repair of the middle track, or heaps of wood for fuel, deposited in regular stacks, all very uninteresting to the artist; but let him ramble off into one of the many gorges, and he is certain to meet with great variety of form, accompanied with the picturesque disposition of light and shade so essential to a painter.

Perhaps, like many other forests in France, Fontainebleau gives evidence of too much design, not only in planting, but in systematic cutting; so that too many trees are kept to one size, too few suffered to reach a grand old age. In addition to this, Fontainebleau has been so mapped and figured and cut into paths by a most indefatigable cicerone, that a meditative Jacques would scarcely choose to lie beneath one of these vast oaks, as his reflections would be too often interrupted by M. Denecourt marching by, his staff following in single file, armed with hatchets, pickaxes, shovels, and pots of blue paint, wherewith to direct incipient taste, or rescue the thoughtless wanderer. Artists are not grateful for carefully-prepared, regular pathways, indications of the best points of view, or for having the hugest rocks and trees plastered over with arrows, letters, and figures painted in the most brilliant of blues, reds, or blacks, with directions to find how one rock looks like a lion, another like a walrus, or toad!

If, instead of all this, a piece of water could have been formed, of sufficient importance to give character to some one part of the forest, it would indeed have been a boon; as it is, there is literally none, the small marsh of Franchard having little or no pretension to the name of water.

Yet, though at every turn we are met with evidence of man's work, there is a great want of life in the forest. Few deer are ever seen, as they hurry away at the least sound of a footstep, and do not contribute at all to the beauty of the landscape. The sheep, forlorn and dejected-looking animals, do not seem to belong to the forest, being driven home during the heat of the day, and appearing only in the early morning or evening. Cattle, also, are not numerous, though now and then a picturesque group may be found reposing under the shade of the rocks or trees, tended by a peasant in a blue frock and slouched hat, vigorously plying his knitting needles. The want of water is doubtless the reason of the scarcity of animal life here, as the

flocks and herds have all to be driven home in the evening to obtain a supply, except after rain, when the pools of brackish water, formed in the hollows, prove most welcome to both birds and beasts.

The student, therefore, who resorts to Fontainebleau must not expect to find the falling streams or slatey rocks of North Wales, nor any of the aërial effects of mountainous countries; but will, nevertheless, see much to interest him in the fine old monarchs of the wood, and the least artificial portion of the rocky forest.

There is not much in the palace to attract the landscape artist; such interminable suites of rooms, courtyards, and trim parterres are generally very fatiguing to a lover of simple Nature. One court, however, the "Cour des Adieux," where, at the foot of its peculiar old-fashioned horseshoe stair, Napoleon said farewell to his Old Guard, on the eve of his departure for Elba, is interesting from its associations and quaintness. Having seen this, fed the monstrous carp, and given a glance at the clipped and formal avenues and gardens, he will do well to take his course at once to the forest.

My first walk was through the Gorge d'Aprémont, more formidable in sound than in reality, for the ascent is very gradual, the sandstone rocks on either side presenting strange grotesque forms of considerable elevation, from the sides and crevices of which grow fine old oaks and birch. Proceeding along this gorge, I came upon a long straggling village, called Barbison, known to all French artists, being admirably suited for their *séjour;* eagerly did I seek for their favourite resort, the "Maison Ganne," being hot, weary, and hungry.

There is no need to look long: a tumble-down calêche standing in front, and a bough of mistletoe suspended before the door, sufficiently announce the hostelry, for it is little more.

The entrance-hall combines shop, parlour, and bedroom, for Père Ganne, besides being *aubergiste,* is also *épicier*; while in an alcove, near the counter, stands his bed, thus enabling him to be ever present in the scene where his best interests lie. About the house there are some signs of its having seen better and quieter days, but the chief interest to the visitant lies in the inner room, or *salle-à-manger,* which is profusely ornamented with the *ébauches* of many artists, since risen to distinction. Most industriously idle have these gentlemen shown themselves, every panel of *armoire,* or fireplace has been

filled with groups of figures, flowers, and landscapes, and as soon as the fire-boards are filled, the *père* appears quite ready to supply new ones.

Of these groups, one of flowers by M. Diaz appeared to be the most valued; but others, over the fireplace, were more intelligible—portraits of the *père*, *mère*, and pretty Louise. A gigantic mastiff's head on the lowest panel of the door, with the old inscription, "Cave canem," is well done; indeed, in every direction the eye is attracted by curious whims and fancies. Grotesque heads carved in the plaster of the bedrooms, landscapes daubed on the walls, and framed with scrapes of the knife, whilst various dirty habits are proclaimed by the smudges of palettes wiped on every available space. May it be said without offence, that, with all due allowance for the necessity of whiling away a wet day, or the exuberance of nonsense after a good dinner, these specimens of Art did not impress me with a very exalted idea either of the talents or industry of the occupants, nor was their value enhanced by the tale that some thousands of francs had been offered by some not overwise Englishman for the whole.

The artists residing at Maison Ganne appear to conform themselves to certain rules and hours, which it may be as well to mention for the benefit of those who propose to study there.

The fraternity agree to rise about seven or eight, take a little *café au lait* with a crust of bread, and having slung a havresack or poche, containing a small bottle of wine, a fragment of cold meat or sausage, with a huge hunch of bread, provided by the good *mère*, they light their invariable companion, the pipe, and stroll off for the day, some favoured member being sure to be accompanied by an old dog who has adopted the companionship of artists as his profession. Depositing his bottle in some convenient rabbit-hole or rocky shade, the student works away till noon, when he refreshes himself with a rest, a smoke, and examination of his bag, then to work again till eight, and then home to dinner.

Dress is perfectly uncontrolled, liberty of choice attaining in hot weather to a degree of latitude, both as to quantity and quality, that is sometimes a little astonishing to one fresh from the forms of civilized society. A great profusion of beard appears to be cultivated, so much so as to have called forth the poetic talents of one of their number, whose verses are appropriately illustrated and framed on the wall of the *salle*, the refrain being that at Barbison the artists "portent des barbes de bisons."

Barbison lies near to some of the finest scenery in the forest, the rocks and incidents at Bas Breau being most picturesque, while the cliffs and "point de vue" afford an extensive prospect of the surrounding country; and in the "Vallon des Peintres" and Gorge de Nefflcurs there are some of the largest trees in the forest. In addition to these is the Brigands' Cave, a very remarkable cavern, formerly the hold of a band that for some time harassed the country round. A man on this height levies his contributions upon the thirsty traveller by the aid of lemonade and wine, and sometimes entices lazy artists from their work by his performances on the horn, and tales of his encounters with wolves, which he asserts still make their appearance in severe winters, as many as five having been killed in this vicinity lately.

Since the foregoing sketch was written, the interest of Fontainebleau has been greatly increased by the residence in its vicinity of one of the most enthusiastic of Nature's students, in the person of the talented Rosa Bonheur. The range of this lady's study has been as extended as it has been truthful, from the crowded Horse Fair to the placid lake with cattle, or the shepherd with his flocks. All these are depicted with such vigour of brush and seized with such boldness of action that would indicate a masculine rather than a delicate feminine hand, and her works display so thorough a knowledge of Art, with so intimate an acquaintance with Nature, that the present century has produced none so altogether excellent.

In addition to her out-of-doors study, Mademoiselle Bonheur makes at home the most careful drawings of various pet animals kept in the numerous paddocks around her atelier; and thus it is no wonder that her pictures should be so entirely satisfactory to the most competent critic of animal portraiture. In testimony of the appreciation of her great talent, Mademoiselle Bonheur has lately received the insignia of the Legion of Honour, and a charming anecdote is related of its presentation by the Empress Eugénie herself.

CHAPTER VII.

REMINISCENCES OF THE VACATION.

"In die Berge hinein, in das liebe Land,
In der Berge dunkelschattige Wand,
In die Berge hinein, in die schwarze Schlucht,
Wo der Waldbach tos't in wilder Flucht,
Hinauf zu der Matten warmduftigem Grün
Wo sie blühn,
Die rothen Alpenrosen."

VARIOUS WAYS OF TAKING NOTES — VALUE OF SKETCHES — TRAVELLERS' STAMPEDO — YOUNG ETONIAN — CHILLON, ETC. — DIVIDED INTEREST IN PICTURE — VALLEY OF ST. NICHOLAS AND HARDING — MATTERHORN — HOW TO REPRESENT HEIGHT — ZERMATT — PANORAMA AT THE RIFFEL — ZMUTT — SNOW STORMS — CRETINS — VALLEY OF FÉE — GLACIER RIVERS — FRANZ ANDERMATTEN — MATTMARKSEE — MARMOTS — MONTE MORO — SOLITUDE AT THE BELVEDERE — BORCA — MAGGIORE ORTA — GRESSONAY — ITALIAN SIDE OF MATTERHORN — HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD — DOGS — FAITHFULNESS IN DESCRIPTION AND DELINEATION — MORGUE — FER DU CHEVAL.

I HAVE endeavoured this evening, gentlemen, to prepare for your general question,—Where have you been this summer, Mr. Barnard?—by putting together a few of my notes and reminiscences of the tour, and bringing down with me some of my sketches, for I do not know how to answer this kind and flattering inquiry in any better way.

Every one, as you all know, has his own way of taking notes, for most people when travelling wish to make some kind of memoranda by which they may better recall their past experiences. An old gentleman whom I met abroad had a very decided and short way of taking his notes, for he had been careful to provide himself with a map of Paris, beautifully illustrated with engravings of the most extraordinary buildings in their proper places. His chief pleasure was to obliterate in the evening all that he had seen in the day, exclaiming with great gusto—"I've done that—and that—and that!" He kept this blotted memento of his three days in Paris to exhibit to his friends on his return, telling me exultingly that no doubt he had seen more of Paris in three days than I had during all my different visits to it. Now

I recommend all of you to adopt a different plan, and preserve your notes in sketches, and I venture to say your friends will be more interested in looking at pleasing chalk or water-colour drawings, than in staring at shapeless blotches of ink, and hearing the oft-repeated boast of "I've done all that!"

There is another advantage in treasuring up your reminiscences of such a country as Switzerland in the form of good careful drawings, which is, that in sitting down to sketch anything, you invariably with every stroke impress it more completely on your mind, and at the same time the occupation prevents your being carried away with the impatience that sometimes seems to attack travellers, causing them to rush about from place to place like a herd of wild horses in a stampedo; and when this infectious disorder takes place, and when once the guides and mules are seen at the inn door, who shall go first and farthest in one day is the cry. What ideas, what impressions, can scenes thus hastily passed through have on the mind?

I met in this last journey with a striking instance of the want of such an employment in a young Etonian near Monte Rosa. Some of his companions were going to ascend the mountain, but as he did not like the fag of such a climb, it was proposed that he should wait three days for them at Zermatt.

"Wait three days," said he, "in such a small place? What on earth am I to do all that while? I can't *stay anywhere* but in a large town three whole days."

Our young friend's education, I thought, has certainly not fitted him to enjoy Switzerland, for setting aside the pleasures of walking and climbing—doubtless very great in their way—what has he left? No interesting study of the rocks—no enthusiastic search for new and beautiful plants; and above all, as an artist you know, I could not but think that if he had acquired the power to convey by a few and vigorous touches the beauties of the wild scenes around him, what abundant occupation and pleasure he might have derived from it, and what satisfaction he would have felt in showing them to his friends on his return! In sketches you will find the merest scratch or touch brings back the place, the people, and everything that was said and done. This is, indeed, far the best kind of diary, just as with a few notes of an old air "the scene recurs, and with it all its pleasures, *but not all* its pains."

I had often visited Switzerland—in the course of many rambles had become acquainted with most of the well-known places, and had penetrated into many

a secluded nook; I found, however, after Forbes and Wills had written on the High Alps, that a new favourite arose among the mountains, and was in possession of public favour. I was behind in the race—I had seen nothing! Not been to Monte Rosa?—Not seen the Matterhorn? I was in despair; but it was the long vacation, my knapsack was at hand; it was quickly packed, and off I set. Geneva was soon reached by rail; thence by boat to Villeneuve, where I remained two days to sketch Chillon, while I inhaled energy with the fresh air, and got my walking-boots into order before rushing upon the mountains. One result of this rest at Chillon you may perceive in the sketches on the walls. To Visp by rail and diligence, thence on foot to Stalden, a picturesque little village; but just before reaching it, there is a striking point at Neubrück. Stalden, as perhaps you are aware, is placed at the junction of two valleys, one leading to Zermatt, the other to Saas and the Moro pass. Now there is always difficulty in a view which has two distances, or points of interest in different directions—this is increased when they are separated by some large object, which in this case is a grand buttress of a mountain; to counteract this division, the light is introduced from the valley of Saas on the left, being allowed to fall on the interesting châlets to the right of the foreground, the whole is thus united, and forms one picture. Murray remarks, that at the head of every one of these valleys you need to speak German, while lower down Italian or French is used, this I found to be the case. From Stalden up to the valley of St. Nicholas was not quite as picturesque as I expected from Harding's grand picture, exhibited some time ago. The rocks on the left, though fine in themselves, make the snow-mountain in the distance appear low, requiring great attention to the aërial perspective to convey any idea of the real height. After a long walk, I was unfortunate in my first view of Zermatt; it was raining hard, and, of course, no Matterhorn—the crowning feature of the whole—to be seen. I expressed some disappointment to M. Sieller, the landlord of the Monte Rosa. "Wait a little," was his reply. About sunset he came up to me: "Monsieur, you've not yet seen the Matterhorn; come out now."

I went, and, looking up the valley, beheld far above the highest hills and lower clouds the wonderful peak, well described by Professor Forbes as beyond comparison the most striking natural object he had seen—an inaccessible obelisk of rock, nearly as high as Mont Blanc. When I now saw it, the veil of

THE MATTERHORN
FROM UNDER THE RIFFELBERG

gauze-like rain-clouds was just floating away, leaving the craggy pinnacle tinted with a most beautiful rose colour; it was indeed "earth's rosy star." I could not withdraw my eyes from this astonishing revelation until the sun had set, and a deadly gray tint had overshadowed the scene. Shall I confess, under pain of being voted sentimental by those who never experienced such a sensation, that I felt more inclined to cry than to sketch? It was like witnessing a death, and to represent the effect on paper was, as near as possible, hopeless. Still, in order to have all the wonderful variety of tones and changes in sky and mountain continually before me, I chose a bedroom at the hotel facing the peak, from whence I could gaze and study at all times.

One most absorbing question was the colour and management of skies. In some of my recent pictures I had endeavoured to give the intense depth and purity of the ether. I had also tried to give some idea of looking into space, but to effect this I had almost always to resort to nearly pure ultramarine, stippled on with the greatest care. The result of this was to give a general air of coldness to my drawings; and although snow, gray rocks, and dark green fir trees will make cool pictures with such blue skies, I was well aware that a warm predominating light ought to conquer all this, for we do see many glowing and richly warm skies and effects in Switzerland as well as in other countries.

In one of my sketches I have attempted a lovely effect of the earliest dawn, a time I enjoy much, and which is most fruitful in ever-varying beauties. The sky was of a deep purple, approaching to black—not a purple, mind, that would have been objectionable, but an indescribable dusky hue, beautifully gradated into the delicate yellow morning light. Against this rose the cold gray pinnacle of the sword-cleft mountain, which became gradually like a lambent flame when touched by the first saffron hues of the rising sun, then was slowly tinged with a pale rose tone, until the pure clear daylight followed. The contrast of the lovely golden hues with the deep, intense, purply tone behind was wonderfully fine. An old Greek poet calls mountains or clouds when thus tinted "crocus robed," and I felt that if I could light up this flame with my dull colours, I should indeed esteem that I had not studied in vain.

In all these views you cannot but perceive that the wonderful Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin—for it is as often called the one as the other—is by far the

most striking object. It seems to pierce the very sky, and often towers far above the clouds. To convey something of this effect of altitude, I find it necessary to keep the summit close to the top of the picture, nothing to attract the eye being above it; without attending to this you cannot give great height to mountains. This effect is also increased by placing objects of interest, such as châlets, low down near the base line. If at the same time they are finished in detail, and with great force of colour, and the sketch be well hung (that is, rather above the eye), some idea will then be gained of the strain that is occasioned by looking up to such magnificent heights.

One could ramble long about the quaint old village of Zermatt, always finding subjects of interest for the pencil, but the great excursion is up the Riffelberg, where a splendid panoramic view of the snow mountains is seen; after that the St. Théodule pass and round Mont Cervin is the route most taken, but some way or other up you must climb, or else return on your footsteps, a thing most disagreeable to travellers. If you take the steep brae of the Riffelberg, and climb through the rugged fir forest and rocks, just as you are leaving the last of the trees and the little châlets, where the cows are milked for a few weeks in summer, there is a fine view of the Matterhorn and of the Görner Glacier below you. This position has the advantage of a characteristic foreground, the part of the picture most important to an artist, without which it is not easy to give aërial effect or distance. This supplies a starting point, and also forms a sort of framework wherewith to enclose the subject appropriately. Now on the Riffelhorn or Görner Grat there is nothing but the bare rock on which you stand.

A little hotel on the Riffelberg offers a resting-place before ascending the Görner Grat, being the point from which most of the tourists start for the ascent of Monte Rosa. Although, as I have said, there are no foreground objects to enrich the picture, this is a splendid ridge from which to view the panorama of snow mountains. Amongst these are conspicuous Monte Rosa, with its numerous glaciers, and the Matterhorn; but I confess this situation, although so much praised as finer than any round Mont Blanc, did not strike me as the spot from which an artist could exercise his pencil or brush with effect; indeed, while I sat there, I found most tourists thought it not at all necessary to stay longer than to recover breath, for down they all rushed as hard as ever, saying, "very fine"—"very fine"—"the grandest thing I've seen by far"—

"beats Chamouni out and out"—"let's get back to dinner"—"we'll try for Zermatt, good table d'hôte there, nothing up here in the clouds."

After a few hours had passed, and the setting sun had thrown his parting beams over the distant peaks of the Oberland, lighting up in his course the snowclad summits around me with varied hues, from the palest yellow to the deepest crimson, while the glaciers and valleys below were shrouded in the deepest and richest of purple tints, I thought that even if I could not reproduce this glorious effect, it was quite worth while to impress the scene strongly on my memory by an attempt to represent it. My sketches are only portions of this wonderful panorama, for you are aware that not more than a sixth part of the panoramic view can be taken in one picture. When more is attempted the head has to be turned, consequently more than one point of sight is taken, and from this a division of interest is sure to proceed.

There is a charming excursion up the valley of Zmutt; little picturesque châlets, built on huge masses of rock, or crouching in their shelter, like great tortoises or toads, and curious wooden bridges occur at every step. One bridge in particular struck me as highly picturesque, spanning a fearful ravine, with the grand peak of the Matterhorn towering above the other mountains. I think the old giant fir trees in the foreground rather add to the height of the mountain than otherwise, although one is at first inclined to think that, as in the picture, they are nearly of the same height as the mountain, they might detract from its grandeur. Much, of course, in such a case, will depend on the truth of the aërial perspective. In this valley I first saw that magnificent tree the *Pinus Cembra*, which I trust will be soon introduced into this country.

As my object was to see the mountains from the valleys as much as possible, I did not cross the fine pass of St. Théodule, but heard much of its sublime beauty. It is sometimes dangerous to be caught up there in snow storms; at one spot, two or more glaciers meet, and a gentleman showed me one day several portions of the bones of a party of poor peasants who all perished at this junction of the great glaciers; they had evidently been bewildered in a snow storm, and did not know which way to turn. On my return, I did not like the valley so well, in fact it becomes rather tedious in the descent. You are doubtless aware that looking down valleys or rivers is not so picturesque as looking up; in one direction you turn away from the mountains, while in the

other, they form conspicuous objects. With torrents of falling rivers also, much of the best form is lost in looking from above them, downwards. Besides this the appearance of objects in motion going from you is more difficult to convey, than when they are approaching; this you can verify by trying to draw a horse or bird, going from, or coming towards you; when added to this is the greater difficulty of representing anything below you, it will serve as an explanation why artists' sketches are generally taken looking upwards. I ascended the Saas valley the same day, to the village of Saas, making, as the worthy curé Imseng said, "a strong day's walk;" for I sketched on my way a magnificent waterfall. While thus employed, and quite absorbed in my work, I was startled by hearing a sort of hollow groan at my side; and turning, saw one of those hideous crétin objects kneeling at my feet, and praying for charity. As a general rule, I consider it better to place the relief one ought to give to such poor creatures, in the hands of the curés, or in the boxes always to be found in the hotels; children especially should never be encouraged to kiss their hands and beg. The valley of Saas, although little known, is very picturesque, and there is a delightful excursion up a steep mountain into the side-valley of Fée; here the glaciers and snow mountains surround you on every side. There is also a beautiful little spot, like an oasis in a desert, called the Jardin; it is even superior for botanical riches to the Jardin at Chamouni, but one has sometimes to creep between two glaciers which approach each other so closely that you can touch the ice on each side. In the summer cows and goats are conducted over plank bridges and moraines to this verdant spot, for the grass is luxuriant. I am afraid my sketch will not give a complete idea of the wildness of this romantic spot, as the summits of the mountains were entirely hidden in vapour, in fact the glaciers appeared descending out of the clouds.

A grand effect of resistless power is conveyed by the rush of a torrent from the blue vault of a large glacier; but as far as regards the artist, rivers having their origin in glaciers are disappointing. Their colour is bad, for they are all muddy and opaque, being charged with the débris ground from the rocks by the ever-moving glacier, and even when at rest in a pool or small lake, like the Mattmarksee in this valley, there it no beauty of colour or reflection; then there is such a cold chill feeling produced, when sitting long by their banks, or in the draught of waterfalls, that you must not expect

much finish in my sketches of such subjects. Moreover, the sense of hearing is required, as well as that of sight, to convey the full idea of these wild and impetuous torrents, for as they descend with great rapidity they have sufficient power to roll along immense blocks, or portions of rocks, and gradually to chafe them into irregularly rounded masses, with a hollow, rumbling noise, which every one who has visited the Alps will recall as one of the most striking of natural sounds.

The Allelein glacier with the ascent of the Monte Moro is very fine. I had a good and amusing guide here—Frank Andermatten, the landlord of the Mattmarksee hotel on the Distel Alp. He had just brought a party of ladies over the Moro pass on chaises à porteurs. There were four old rickety wooden chairs, only one being an arm chair, improvised on the occasion. They required twenty men, all the serviceable ones of Macugnaga, and as it was the first time four chairs had passed over, they thought it right to hoist silk handkerchiefs on to long poles, tied to the back of the chairs, coming in with a grand succession of jödeln and Alpine cries.

Frank was very attentive to the ladies, and having imbibed rather freely, could not part for the night without shaking hands all round as we were sitting at dinner, and, as I had engaged him to return with me in the morning, I was included in the ceremony. We started the party early the next morning, having pinned and tucked up the ladies in four better arm-chairs, and then took our way upwards, in Excelsior fashion. Passing the Allelein Glacier, we soon arrived at the Mattmarksee hotel. On the borders of the desolate lake enormous blocks of rock lie scattered around, one of which I sketched and Dr. Tyndall has measured; it must have been deposited there by the glacier in former times. We wandered all the afternoon about the mountain, trying to smoke out marmots, and to see into the economy of the desolate châlets, built on the side of the mountain, and inhabited only for a few weeks in the summer, while the cows are kept up here. You must know poor unfortunate pigs are brought up also, and fed upon the refuse of the dairy and boiled thistles, so plentiful here that the Alp has its name from them. All this was very amusing, but I am almost ashamed to say I did not sketch at all, though I really had an excuse, as it was too cold to sit still.

We started the next morning by sunrise, and climbed the Moro over rocks, ice, and snow, not a very serious pass, though sufficiently fatiguing, while

Frank had about thirty pounds' weight of my goods on his back. He showed me a fine long slope of snow, down which he had made a glissade, with three ladies behind him, taking them just three minutes, while the gentlemen of the party descended the rocks in an hour. I did not stop to sketch on the summit of Monte Moro, but descended to Macugnaga, in the Val' Anzasca. The panorama of Monte Rosa and the chain of mountains from the Belvedere is, in my opinion, one of the grandest, giving a comprehensive view of snow mountains and of glaciers, that take their rise from the base of the vast fields of snow. I wished to get a sketch here, so with some difficulty I scrambled over the huge moraine that divides the principal glacier. I sat all day, studying until I was positively exhausted, and depressed with a feeling of incapacity for such grand scenes, and then the extreme solitude became oppressive. The huge towers of ice seemed to threaten to advance towards me, to fall, and in their fall to overwhelm and crush me as an intruder on their privacy.

While my sense of hearing was strained to catch the hollow roar of the distant avalanche, I became keenly sensitive to the incessant chirp of the grasshoppers around me, till at last the chirp-chirp, close to my ears, became almost insupportable, the sound varying from the clink of the tiniest hammer and chisel of a stonemason's yard, to the coarse grating rasp of the largest file. Everything is by comparison. The whiteness of snow sinks to shadow when contrasted with sunlight,—darkness with the least speck of light, is light itself compared to total darkness, and perfect stillness is so rarely felt, that when it is experienced it becomes oppressive.

The little inn at Borca, Osteria de Cacciatori, or "Les Chasseurs," appears a curious place to select for repose after a fortnight's hard work; but I found it comfortable, and the landlord justified the name of his inn by treating me to chamois, marmot, and trout, besides ornamenting the table with fresh flowers, a grateful sight after the rough inns to which I had been used.

The Italian language being spoken here, I, not being ready with it, was obliged to have recourse to my pencil, and by a modification of the far-famed Giotto's O, at last procured an egg, and by various sounds indicative of crowing, lowing, bleating, &c. managed to have milk and various other things placed before me; the marmot's shrill whistle I could not imitate, but for it I was indebted to fortune, as our landlord's dog had caught one before

it reached its hole. I found it something between calves head (being dressed with the skin on) and boiled mutton, although the claw was too much like a rat's to be touched by me. A fine stalwart guide, Ulric Lauener, was at table, and is well known as one of the boldest chamois hunters in Switzerland. I begged him to carve the dish, which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy.

All these reminiscences are connected with that little obscure mountain inn at Borca, and I find many others have equally pleasing recollections of the genial landlord-hunter, the good cook his brother, and the cleanly woman his wife.

The Val' Anzasca, of which Macugnaga and Borca are the head, is very fine, and it will be eventually one of our tourists' chief roads; it is especially picturesque about Ponte Grande, but my sketches are not here, so I will leave what I have to say about it to some future time. Passing down this valley I descended to the Italian lakes, thinking a little change from the continual climbing and descending would be agreeable.

The first view of Lago Maggiore after an absence of years disappointed me, the shores having been made artificial with villas, a grande route, and telegraph wires: consequently the foreground part of the picture is not varied. Still there is the wonderfully beautiful hazy warmth about the air and mountains, far more congenial to the painter than the harsh literal sharpness of outline north of the Alps. With Orta I was again delighted, although the fine old tower on Isola Julia has given place to a formal college. The side of the island nearest Pella is yet occupied by the old Byzantine-looking church, and forms the subjects of two of my sketches. The first is taken from the island and the latter from a boat, the rower of which, owing to a breeze, had quite enough to do to keep it steady. The motion of the boat, while drawing under a broiling sun, and a long day of fifteen hours, caused me rather a severe feverish attack the next day or two.

My boatman told me he had had a nice customer a few days before—a young Englishman, whom he had rowed about for an hour or two, and to whom, when demanded his fare, he had replied fifteen soldi, a soldo being about one penny, upon which the traveller put a sovereign into his hand. He stared. "Are you not satisfied?" was the question. "Ah, yes, too much content." "Oh!" exclaimed the Englishman, suddenly enlightened, "never mind the change; put it into your pocket." The soldi had evidently been

supposed shillings. I hinted that he need not expect any such mistake from me, as this youth was most likely spending his papa's money and I my own.

After crossing the mountains to Varallo, so well known for its Sacro Monte and chapels containing costumed groups as large as life, I followed the Val Sesia, a beautiful valley, up to Alagna at the head. This is an excellent starting place for numerous excursions on the neighbouring mountains; for discovering one or two of these I was indebted to the directions given in the traveller's book.

From Alagna I crossed the Col d'Ollen, a fine wild pass, into the Val de Lys, and got a quiet rest at Gressonay St. Jean. This is a valley full of magnificent subjects—fine trees, rocks, and grand snow mountains. From thence over two passes to Châtillon Val d'Aoste, then up the Val Tournanche, with which I was not much struck until I arrived at Breuil, or the hotel just about the châlets called Jumont, close to the foot of Mont Cervin, on the contrary side to Zermatt. The Matterhorn from this point is even better suited to give a grand idea of a craggy pinnacle of snow-covered rocks than seen from Zermatt, although perhaps it may not appear so singular and wild, for here one can trace this noble mountain, rising up from the glaciers and valleys at its very base. This is a study of early sunrise from an Alp above the little inn, the cattle, with their musical and sonorous bells, passing gradually to the highest grazing grounds. From this side the mountain certainly does not look quite so impossible to climb; indeed, while I was there, Mr. Hudson's guide, an old veteran, ascended alone 12,000 feet, merely, as he said, to look at it. When accomplished, it will be one of the toughest pieces of climbing work ever done; none but an old hand would, I think, ever dream of attempting it.*

From Châtillon to Aoste, thence up the Great St. Bernard, in company with two American gentlemen, who much amused me with their national peculiarities. At the hotel at Aoste, while leaning out of the balcony, one of them was greatly regretting his inability to draw. "Why so?" asked I. "Oh, it's because I should so like to take off some of these sad deformed crittnrs, jist to show what a state things have got to in the old world. Now, stranger, draw them out for me, do, and I'll give you as many dollars as you

* Since the above was written the Matterhorn has been ascended from both sides, but I am assured by Mr. Whymper that the north side, contrary to public opinion, will prove the easier.

like!' It is sufficient to say that I did not indulge him. I have been recommending drawing to you, but this would have been a desecration of the art. I was much struck with the truly American style in which these gentlemen describe the effect the avalanches at the Wengern Alp had upon them, and yet, perhaps, their words would give to their countrymen a more vivid idea of the truth than many a more polished description. "Well, stranger," said one, "I'll tell you, when I heard the first avalanche fall, from he pine forest below, I jist thought the whole creation was tumbling to pieces!" "And yet," said the other, "'twas no more to look at than a barrel of flour tipped over!"

Their opinion of our laws was expressed after this fashion:—"Well, I guess we've about the best laws in the world. Yours, perhaps, are jist as good, but the difference is, you carry yours out and we don't ours."

In company with these gentlemen, I took a carriage to St. Remi, and after that a mule to carry our luggage while we walked, for the ascent to the Hospice, on the Italian side, becomes very rapid after leaving this village At the most precipitous part we turned round a huge rock, and came in sight of the well-known lake, looking black as ever, and especially dismal at that moment, as a violent storm of wind was drifting the snow across it, still showing us at intervals the far-famed Hospice. At the further extremity of the lake we soon heard the deep bay of the great dogs, and the sound of the bell, rung by the guides of earlier travellers to announce their arrival to the Clavandier, or Bursar, of the establishment. It is the duty of this official to usher travellers to their rooms, and of course there is no choice. I had visited the pass before, but I found it was a subject so interesting to my pupils, that I again took it in my route.

On the former occasion I ascended from Martigny; it was the first pass I had made. I had just parted from my friends, in a broiling hot day, and I recollect well the great heat in the valley, the gradual putting on of coat and cloak as the cold increased, then the getting off my mule to warm myself by walking, till I became gradually enveloped in cloud, mist, and sleet. The mule, smelling at last the well-known shelter, trotted on, and was soon lost to sight. The guide ran after to catch him, and I, being left to pick out my path alone, soon became bewildered and lost, plunging knee-deep in the thick snow; suddenly I broke through an icy crust, and hung suspended over a

roaring torrent beneath, only supported by my alpenstock across. Glad was I to struggle out, and at last catch my runaways, just as we came in sight of the hazy lights from the many little windows of the Hospice. This time I was rather too late in arriving, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen were just rising from dinner, or supper, as we entered the cheerful-looking refectory, but our polite attendant comforted us by the assurance that there would be a second supper in half an hour.

I must tell those of my young friends who have not visited this interesting pass, that the Hospice is placed at the very highest point, close to one extremity of the lake. It is a massive building of stone, well arranged to resist the violent storms it has to withstand, and can accommodate about seventy travellers with beds; and when we were there we found them nearly all engaged. Besides these, there are sometimes as many as three or four hundred peasants lodged and fed in one night. A second house, on the other side, was built as a refuge in case of fire, an event which has twice happened since the foundation of the establishment. It is used for offices, but I found it was customary for all the women peasantry to sleep there. The basement is occupied by stables, store-rooms, and the far-famed dogs. On the first floor are the chapel, a long corridor, and offices; and on the second floor the refectory and apartments for visitors. In the capacious dining-rooms, we found the first party seated round a blazing fire of huge logs; and while enjoying a good supper of soup, chamois, and other refreshments, we had the additional pleasure of hearing some agreeable music, both from some of the brethren, and the lady visitors. The pianoforte was excellent; it had lately been presented to the Hospice by the Prince of Wales, who spent a night here some years since.

In the morning I made acquaintance with the dogs, whose deep baying sounds very fine, as they play about in these wild solitudes. Since the time when the faithful Victor died, and nearly all the dogs with him, they have quite recovered the breed; one of the finest being five years old, and black muzzled, named Pluto, another Turk, a third, a fine young puppy of ten months, I longed to bring away with me. However useful these dogs are, you must not suppose that they go out by themselves, and bring home little chubby boys in a fancy dress clinging on their backs, as represented in a French print, or even carry warm cloaks strapped round them, and little kegs

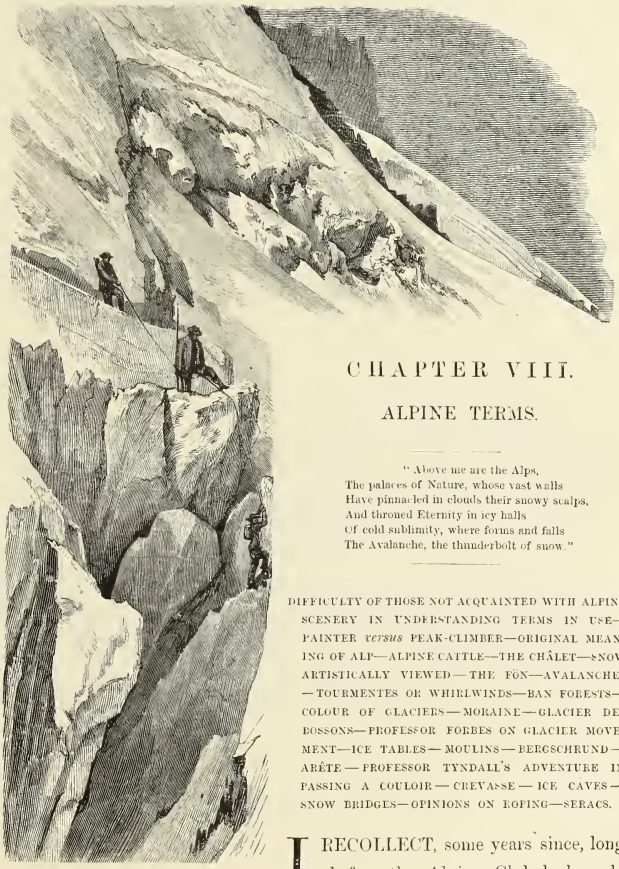
of spirits to restore warmth. Their chief use is going the rounds with the domestics or monks, after a storm, to discover the buried travellers. In this they are very useful, and it is said, that they can smell those thus overwhelmed, even when fifteen or twenty feet beneath the snow, and greatly assist in scratching down in the direction they lie.

"Great is truth, and all prevailing," says the proverb, so it is my duty to impress truth in Art upon you, by telling you of another picture that is false. It is that of Napoleon crossing the Alps on a white charger, by Horace Vernet. Now it is well known that Napoleon rode a mule on the ascent, and was saved from falling off, when in a deep sleep, by his guide. This, the true manner of journeying, has been painted by Paul de la Roche. Keep to the truth, then, and trust to that for making your sketches interesting.

This keeping to the truth holds good in many things; I was much struck by an article in the *Times*, commenting on a description of the English character by a well-known writer, and taking as an illustration sketches made without sufficient care or knowledge of the subject. It says, "Yet meanwhile it seems to you somehow or other short of the truth, or rather beside it. Truth has been sacrificed to facility of arrangement and expression. It is like one of those clearly defined and highly coloured pictures of the Alps, or Swiss lakes and towns, you buy on the spot, and which, you fancy, may serve your memory ten years hence; but they are really not a bit like the thing they stand for. You know it; you see the coarseness of the presentment, and that beauteous Nature never was so lackered and burnished up as in the picture before you. That mountain was never so decidedly pink; that water so uniformly blue. The disappointment is felt all the more, when you know the scene well."

In the morning, notwithstanding the continued snow, I took a sketch of the Morgue, or house where they place all the poor creatures found dead in the snow, a touching scene, as they still remain in the same position in which they died: the mother with the babe in her arms—the sleeping group, all appeared to me the same as long ago. It was very difficult to get a sketch, as I had to peep through latticed bars, and the interior was very dark; such as it is, I have placed it before you. I was glad to hasten down from this cold desolate region, the snow falling, and the eaves of the hoary old Hospice dripping away very miserably. I met a long string of horses, carrying wood up from a distance of four leagues.

I still wanted a sketch or two, to complete my tour, of the magnificent Valley of Sixt and the *cul-de-sac* called the Fer du Cheval; this was recommended to me by my friend Mr. Alfred Wills, the well-known author of several interesting Alpine books. I was not at all disappointed; it is the grandest amphitheatre, I think, I ever saw, superior even to the Gemmi from Leuk. My sketch is taken from a mass of fallen rocks, and on this very spot, 200 years ago, 180 human beings were overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain in the night. The chapel on the left is raised in commemoration of the event, and bears an inscription, promising, as usual, the customary indulgence for prayers said for the souls of the poor people. The pinnacle of rock, on the right, towers immediately over head, and when one is looking up for hours together, it is easy to imagine the same thing likely to occur in an instant; whether this idea is aided by the constrained position of the head, or some optical effect into which I am not qualified to enter, I cannot say; but the perpendicular cliff appears at last actually to curve over, and threaten instant destruction. I then proceeded rapidly from Sixt to Geneva, where I was fortunate in getting such trains as brought me home in twenty-eight hours. And now I have only to hope that the sketches I made may be interesting to you, and that these additional remarks will enable you, if so inclined, to take the same tour yourselves, and that I may then have the pleasure of seeing your sketches on your return.



A BERGSCHRUND.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALPINE TERMS.

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow."

DIFFICULTY OF THOSE NOT ACQUAINTED WITH ALPINE SCENERY IN UNDERSTANDING TERMS IN USE—PAINTER *versus* PEAK-CLIMBER—ORIGINAL MEANING OF ALP—ALPINE CATTLE—THE CHÂLET—SNOW ARTISTICALLY VIEWED—THE FÖN—AVALANCHES—TOURMENTES OR WHIRLWINDS—BAN FORESTS—COLOUR OF GLACIERS—MORAINE—GLACIER DES BOSSONS—PROFESSOR FORBES ON GLACIER MOVEMENT—ICE TABLES—MOULINS—BERGSCHRUND—ARÊTE—PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADVENTURE IN PASSING A COULOIR—CREVASSE—ICE CAVES—SNOW BRIDGES—OPINIONS ON ROPING—SERACS.

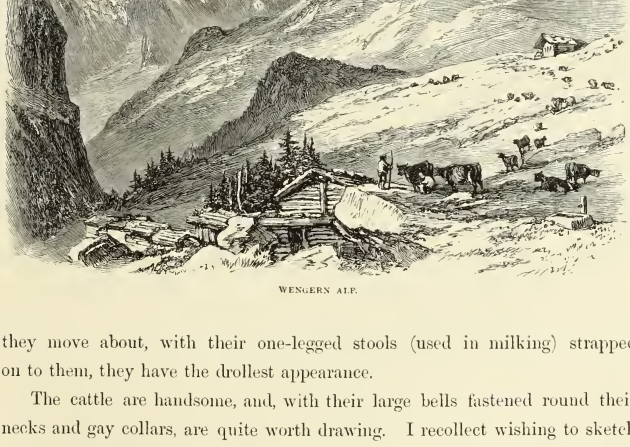
I RECOLLECT, some years since, long before the Alpine Club had made Switzerland and its wonders familiar, that I frequently found myself at a loss as to the meaning of various terms and expressions commonly used by the guides and travellers; and, although a vast amount of travelling and research have now made them generally known to all who have once seen

Switzerland, among my pupils there may be many who have not yet become acquainted with the magnificent scenes and wonders of the Alps. I think, therefore, that a short time may be well spent in defining and illustrating such Alpine terms. No mere explanation can give so vivid an impression as a representation in colour, however rough it may be; I have therefore brought before you a few of my own scenic studies,* premising that you must not consider me as being, or ever having been, a great summit climber. Although I have for many years found my greatest pleasure in studying amongst the Alps, I have only climbed sufficiently high to obtain the views I wished to paint, finding that if time and strength were spent in climbing there was little left for careful drawing; for it is not surprising that, after a long day's walk of thirty or forty miles, the sketch then made should be hasty, or thrust aside with pleasure at the welcome sound of the dinner-bell. You will therefore understand that although most of these descriptions are drawn from my own sketches in the high Alps, there are others that I have found in the notes or journals of my Alpine Club friends. Amongst these I ought to mention Mr. Reilly, an old Rugbeian, and pupil in this class, one who possesses so much power in using his pencil, that I mention his name as an example of what can be done with it even by an enthusiastic climber.

I must begin my definitions with the common word ALP. What is an Alp? What are Alps? Why, we all know what we think they are, the highest summits and mountains in Switzerland, whereas the word really means a mountain pasturage. But every one seems to use the term as describing generally mountain peaks, therefore it is as well at once to explain that in Switzerland the original meaning is retained. Thus the Wengern Alp is a wide stretch of mountain pasture opposite the Jungfrau; it supports a large number of fine cattle, and as it is not one of the highest Alps, they continue there for most of the year. The custom throughout Switzerland is to graze these Alpine pastures in rotation; thus in the spring, as soon as the snow has disappeared, and the young grass sprouts, the cattle are sent from the villages up to the first and lower pastures, and so mount upwards as the season advances, the very highest pastures never being occupied more than three or four weeks.

* The author regrets that he is unable to introduce (even as woodcuts) many of the sketches that originally gave interest to this and the succeeding papers.

The life of the senner, or cowherd, is spent in making butter and cheese in solitude, and is not so charming and luxurious as some young people may imagine. He has to collect the cows morning and evening, to milk them, to make butter and cheese, and he lives on little else than their milk, the poorest kind of cheese, and coarse bread; meat he tastes but seldom, and the consequence is that to me these peasants always have a pallid, half-nourished look. I have very little doubt that almost any English tourist, after a fortnight's training, could do more hard walking and climbing than most of them; mind, I do not speak here of the guides, who live a very different life, eating very freely of good meat, and taking as much wine, &c. as is good for them. These cowherds are sometimes picturesque fellows, but when



WENGERN ALP.

they move about, with their one-legged stools (used in milking) strapped on to them, they have the drollest appearance.

The cattle are handsome, and, with their large bells fastened round their necks and gay collars, are quite worth drawing. I recollect wishing to sketch some on this Wengern Alp many years ago, and was surprised to see with what ease my guide collected them. It was by putting his hand in his pocket, and then holding it out to them, as if containing something, and, as they are in this way treated with salt, they soon surrounded us. When

I had finished my sketch, and wanted them no longer, he said, "Now see how soon they will go," and off they all started, tearing away in the greatest fright. This was entirely owing to a little buzzing sound he made, imitating a gadfly; this fly is their great torment, and the least appearance or sound of one will send them off for miles; they stand also for hours on the glaciers or in ice-caves to avoid this plague. The Ranz des Vaches is of course the cowherd's song, and when well sung is a charming kind of melody, varying in different districts of the Alps; it consists of lengthened trills and notes, now abrupt, now protracted. The jödel is still more extraordinary, but is not so often heard now as when I first knew the Alps. I asked a guide to jödel for me one day. "Ah, sir," he replied, "a man who is getting old and is poor has no breath for jödelling;" and indeed for my part I find very little desire to jödel or sing in the awful solitudes of the Alps; perhaps, however, the exhilarating air with young companionship may have a different effect on my friends around me.

The Châlet, or in German Sennhütte, in which the herdsman resides, is literally a log-hut, formed of trunks of pines, notched at the extremities so as to fit into each other at the angles of the building where they cross; it has a low flat wooden roof, covered with shingles, and weighted with stones to prevent its being blown away by the wind. Some of these Châlets are, however, only used for the storing of hay, and this may give rise to much disappointment to travellers in search of hospitality.

Now we must say a few words on the Snow which lies constantly on these grand mountains; when they are above 11,000 feet high, it is rare to find a spot uncovered with snow, except where the rocks are so perpendicular that it cannot rest upon them; and these dark precipices, contrasting with its unsullied purity and the purple sky, add greatly to the beauty of the scene.

As Alpine subjects with snow and ice have occupied much of my attention, I must tell you some of the difficulties that all artists feel in drawing from Nature under this aspect. Of course these difficulties are greatly increased when one has not yet acquired a perfect knowledge of the materials used. The paper must not only be white, but the different washes and tints must be mixed with considerable dexterity to imitate a substance so white, so pure, and so filled with light, transmitted and reflected, as driven snow. But how feeble are our means to represent the colours that we find in Nature!

and when brilliant and peculiar effects of light are added to these, we are obliged to confess the most successful efforts are but indications of our intentions.

Perhaps the dazzling solid snow on the summit of a mountain or layers on a mass of rock is the least difficult, for in sketching on tinted papers we can put the snow on with Chinese white, with a sharp and defined edge; we can also pass a film or wash of some colour over this white, and thus modify or warm the tones. When the pencil alone is used the line should be clear but firm, not ragged, or even with the broken rough touch with which we imitate the edges of rocks. I must not discourage my young pupils, but we may just hear what an excellent judge of Nature and Art thinks are some of the difficulties in depicting a snow-drift.

Ruskin says:—"In the range of inorganic nature I doubt if any object can be found more perfectly beautiful than a fresh deep snow-drift, seen under warm light. Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish; the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly colour; the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light. No mortal hand can approach the majesty or loveliness of it; yet it is possible, by care and skill, at least to suggest the preciousness of its forms, and imitate the nature of its light and shade."

At great heights the snow does not fall in large flakes but in a dry powder, and, as it does not cling together, is often disturbed by the wind, which rages with great violence on the lofty summits, blowing with a fury quite unknown in the plains, and often, indeed, when it is perfectly calm there. The snow is thus swept away and deposited in the valleys; but powerful as all ordinary winds are in removing snow, it is more particularly the south wind, called the Fön, which, after passing over the hot sandy deserts of Africa, suddenly melts the snow with its fiery breath, and when accompanied by warm rain causes fearful floods and damage. Then torrents, usually almost hidden at the bottom of gorges, and crossed, without thought, by springing from rock to rock, are increased a hundredfold, and carry away everything in their course; trees are uprooted, and borne along in the boiling flood; châlets, cattle, bridges, and sometimes human beings, are swept away,

and huge rocks are frequently deposited on the roads, rendering them quite impassable. I tried after one of these Föns to pass the Simplon, generally a very good carriage road, and had to cross the torrent on a pine-tree instead of a bridge, but could not resist taking a sketch of this picturesque scene. I have, however, a most lively recollection of the hazards I then ran, and the extraordinary incidents produced by the hot simoom.

The Avalanche is a mass of snow, which falls down the mountains with a noise like thunder, scattering death and destruction around. At a distance avalanches are very beautiful; they look like graceful waterfalls, descending so gently in white foam and silvery spray that you wonder what can cause the awful sound. If, however, you were nearer you would cease to wonder, for thousands of tons thus fall at once. Forests are cut through, and great trees broken off short, as if a gigantic mower had been busy with his scythe; houses and villages are buried, and the inhabitants suffocated without a moment's warning. Then, again, the avalanche is accompanied by a violent rushing wind. The vacuum created by the snow torrents is instantly filled by the rush of air, which produces a perfect hurricane. Houses are unroofed, haystacks sent whirling through the air, and trees torn up by the roots. In certain conditions of the snow and atmosphere, and when the former hangs on a steep mountain, a very slight concussion of the air is sufficient to bring down an Avalanche; and indeed guides sometimes caution travellers against even speaking in such situations. As Byron says:—

> "Ye toppling crags of ice!
> Ye Avalanches! whom a breath draws down
> In mountainous o'erwhelming."

You can therefore easily imagine how the concussion of the air produced by one Avalanche sets another going; and thus with increasing power and awful noise they rush into the valleys, where at length, after their wild and mighty course, they lie still and dead, and all is silent as the grave.

In particular states of the air, Tourmentes, or whirlwinds, arise, and lifting the fine particles of snow, whirl them round and round, and letting them fall in bewildering masses, bury the unfortunate traveller many feet deep in a moment. A friend once saw a Tourmente of this nature, which revolved about the summit of Mont Blanc as quickly as I pass my hand round my head, the snow moving at least 150 miles an hour. A party of poor guides

were caught in a Tourmente of this kind, and becoming bewildered on the St. Théodule glacier were all lost, their remains being found years afterwards, when I happened to be at Zermatt. I was once caught in a Tourmente of this character in passing a col above Bad Gastein, and had to crouch down behind a rock with my companion and guide, and was heartily glad when we were able to creep on again, and still more when we heard the welcome sound of a Hospice bell. We then saw the use of the small solitary houses of refuge, one that we passed having been gained by a number of poor travellers, who had burnt all the wood, even the fittings of the cabane, including the door, to keep themselves alive.

These Tourmentes may be considered to belong to the kind called Staub-Lawinen or dust avalanches, also to Schleich-Lawinen or slide avalanches, which slip down from inclined plains, often without disturbance of the surface; and it is only when they begin to roll over and bound that they become Schlag or Grund-Lawinen. The greatest avalanches fall in spring, when the sun begins to undermine the foundations on which the snow rests, but smaller avalanches are falling all the year. In some places, such as the steep sides of the Jungfrau, as seen from the Wengern Alp, avalanches are falling every few minutes. In many parts of Switzerland forests of fir trees, planted above villages to protect them from injury, are religiously preserved, a curse being pronounced against any one who would cut them down; thus Schiller makes Tell say:—

"Die Baume sind gebannt—das ist die Wahrheit,
—Siehst Du die Firnen dort—die weissen Horner,
Die hoch bis in den Himmel sich verlieren?
Walther. Das sind die Gletscher, die des Nachts so donnern,
Und uns die Schlag Lawinen niedersenden.
Tell. So ist's und die Lawinen hatten langst
Den Flecken Altdorf unter ihrer Last
Verschüttelt, wenn der Wald dort oben nicht
Als eine Landwehr, sich dagegen stellte."

We must now come to the greatest and most sublime feature of the Alps —Glaciers (German, *Gletscher*). A glacier may be described as a stream of ice, descending into the valleys of high mountain chains, fed by the snow which occupies their tops, and fills the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges. What it loses at its lower end by the increased temperature, is supplied by the descent of new masses from the upper regions. The snow

which falls upon the summits and plateaux of the high Alps is at first, as I have said, a dry and loose powder. The action of the sun gradually converts this into a granular mass; as the portion which is melted during the heat of the day is recrystallized in irregular rounded grains. In this state the entire mass appears white and opaque, but the separate grains are transparent. In the course of successive years, in consequence of repeated thawings and freezings, the whole becomes consolidated into a seemingly solid mass of ice; but when closely examined this mass of glacier ice is found to be penetrated by innumerable fissures, and consists in fact of separate granules, closely compressed and cemented together; for this reason a glacier is not so slippery as ordinary ice.

With regard to the colour of ice, a subject of the greatest interest to the artist, it does not appear to be dependent upon the tone of the sky or clouds above, nor on the rocks which are under and around it, for I have seen in the glacier of the Rhone the ice of the purest blue in the midst of heavy rain, the clouds being at the time intensely murky and dark. It varies, however, at different times and with different glaciers, and the young artist will find it very desirable to keep his colours and washes as transparent as possible. Photography, although very useful in giving the forms of masses of ice, fails entirely in denoting the quantities of tone, or light and shade of different colours; for instance, parts which are pure blue in Nature are rendered either black or white, instead of a medium tint.

The inhabitants of the Alps have distinct terms for the various modifications of the snowy covering of the high Alps. The upper granular and unconsolidated part they call Firn, or Névé in French, and apply the term Glacier to the lower limbs of more solid ice, which stretch down into the valleys. The firn occurs only at a height where the snow, which falls in the winter, does not entirely disappear in the course of the following year, while that which falls on the lower glacier is almost always melted during the next summer, and never combines with the ice.

Glaciers are exceedingly numerous in the Alps. Some calculate them at 600, and the extent covered by them at 100 square miles. They vary from a few square yards to acres and miles in extent, covering in some instances whole districts, filling up entirely the elevated hollows and basins between the peaks and ridges of the Alps, and sending forth arms and branches into the

inhabited valleys below the region of forests, and as far down as the level at which corn will grow. Glaciers are of different lengths and thicknesses. Professor Forbes calculated the Mer-de-Glace at 350 feet in depth. Glaciers are undergoing a perpetual process of destruction and renovation; the lower portions, descending into the valleys, are gradually dissolved by the increased temperature which prevails at so low a level. The summer sun, aided by particular winds, acts upon their surface; so that, in the middle of the day, it abounds in pools, and is traversed by rills of water. The constant evaporation from every part exposed to the air produces great diminution in the upper beds, the temperature of the earth also, which is at all seasons greater than that of ice, melts yearly a small portion of its lower surface, reducing the bulk and height of the glacier, which towards the end of the summer is many feet lowered and shrunken. The vacancy thus caused is entirely filled up from above by the winter's snow falling on the mountain tops, and on the whole upper region of the high Alps, and passing into the valleys, pressed down by its own weight; thenceforth the ice-stream, like the river, moves steadily onward by day and night, even in the winter, though its progress is then slow.

Leaving the theory of the progression of glaciers and other points of scientific interest, I will touch upon some of the wonders visible to the least instructed eye. Perhaps the most striking thing to one who has never before seen a glacier, is the existence of such an immense mass of ice low down in a valley, in the midst of meadows and cornfields, and with the summer sun blazing overhead; for many glaciers spread quite down the mountain side, far below the pine forests, and, if advancing rapidly, push up the grassy turf, or squeeze over the bushes, which may be still in full leaf. I have gathered nuts from bushes at Grindelwald glacier that would be covered in a few hours. Then the continued motion of glaciers is most wonderful, for they look so massive, so much a part of the surrounding rocks and mountains, that you can hardly believe they are moving on at the rate of two to three feet in twenty-four hours.

I cannot resist quoting here Professor Forbes's fine comparison of human life to a glacier:—

"Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the

history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers, which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward, seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which during the progress of existence it has made its own—often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value; at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new and lovelier and disembarrassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises, 'another, yet the same'—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite."

The apparent solidity and immoveability of a glacier are greatly increased by its being frequently covered with débris, stones, gravel, and from large rocks being imbedded in it; and on some glaciers, when standing on a medial Moraine, and seeing nothing for hundreds of yards but immense blocks of stones, it seems almost impossible that all the surrounding masses, yourself included, should be moving on together. I have mentioned the word Moraine, and am trying to recall my impressions; and, placing these wonders in the relative order in which they struck my imagination, I count Moraines amongst the most striking features of the glaciers. One has read so much about the cliffs and seas of pure ice, that at first sight one is disappointed to find their surface rough, tossed about in hillocks, ploughed into gullies, and, except when covered with fresh fallen snow, or at very great heights, without the purity which might be expected in fields of ice. Glaciers

exhibit a surface of dirty white, soiled with mud, and often covered with stones and gravel. Such beds of stone, dirt, and rubbish, common to most glaciers, are called Moraines; when running along them in parallel lines at their sides, lateral, or in the middle, medial, and also when pushed up before the glacier, frontal or end Moraines. They are formed in the following manner:—The edges of the glacier at its upper extremity receive the fragments of rocks detached from the mountains around by the destructive agency of moisture and frost. As the glacier itself is constantly descending, this fallen rubbish goes along with it, increased from behind by the débris of each succeeding winter, so that it forms a nearly uninterrupted line from the top of the icefield to the bottom. Whenever the glacier from one valley meets that of another, the Moraines from the two unite, and form one, running down the centre of the united glacier, instead of along its margin as before. This can be seen exceedingly well in the great glacier descending from Monte Rosa; six or eight of these run side by side, each traceable to its origin by the nature of the rocks composing it.

The Moraines remain upon the surface of the glacier, and unless after a very long or uneven course they are not dissipated or engulfed. On the contrary, however, the largest stones attain a remarkable pre-eminence, and the heaviest Moraine, far from indenting the surface of the ice, or sinking into its substance, rides upon an ice ridge as an excrescence, like a colossal backbone of the glacier. Sometimes it appears like a noble causeway, fit, indeed, for giants, stretching away for leagues over monotonous ice, with a breadth of some hundreds of feet, and raised from fifty to eighty feet above its general level. Almost every stone, however, rests upon ice; the mound is not a mound of débris, as it might at first sight appear. The most magnificent Moraine I have ever studied is that which descends with the Glacier de Miage into the Allée Blanche from the south side of Mont Blanc. Basil Hall, who had seen much of the wonders of the world, says of it:—"I am acquainted with but one other scene in the world which can pretend to rival in natural magnificence the Glacier de Miage, I mean Niagara;" and indeed it does appear to rush into the valley like a grand cataract or torrent of rock and ice.

Scrambling amongst these Moraines in search of the picturesque, or in passing across a glacier, is not very easy work. A Moraine has been

described by one of the younger members of the Alpine Club as "100,000 cartloads of stones, carefully piled up by Nature on scientific principles, with a view to the dislocation of the human ankle."

One word more on the motion of glaciers: they move quicker in summer than in winter, and the centre moves quicker than the sides; in fact, it appears to drag down the sides.

Professors Forbes, Agassiz, and Hugi have made some interesting experiments on the movement and rate of progress of the glaciers. Hugi noticed numerous loose blocks lying on the surface of the Aar glacier, relatively to the fixed rocks at the sides. He also erected a hut upon the glacier, which hut in seven years' time had advanced 2,184 feet. A mass of granite, containing 26,000 feet, originally buried under the snow of the firn, which had become converted into glacier, had not only been raised to the surface, but was elevated above it in the air upon two pedestals or pillars of ice, so that a large party might have found shelter under it.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the progressive motion of glaciers was furnished by the finding of the remains and clothes of the guides in the summer of 1862, at the bottom of the Glacier des Bossons at Chamouni. I happened to be there at the time, and went across the glacier, finding morsels of the ladder, clothes, &c. I have since seen many interesting relics such as parts of a metal lantern, a straw hat, the leg of a fowl, wrapped up, as is usual in Switzerland, in coarse blue paper, part of a tumbler, and portions of a book, which we hope to be able to decipher. To make this incident more intelligible to those who may not have heard of it, I must mention that, these poor men, the three guides who perished about forty years ago, when ascending Mont Blanc with Dr. Hamel, were swept away with an avalanche, and buried under hundreds of feet of snow in a crevasse. Professor Forbes had calculated that, according to his rate of glacier motion, they ought to arrive at the bottom in forty years, and he told Balmat that he should look out for them about that time, for one of them was a relation of his. Strange to say one of the bodies was recognised by the colour of his hair as the very relative.

I have mentioned a huge block of stone, that had in the course of years been lifted up and set upon a pedestal, and have often seen these curious objects; they are called Glacier Tables; and the way in which they become, as it were, hoisted up on these pinnacles is very curious. When a single

large mass of rock has fallen upon the glacier, the shade and protection from the sun's rays and the warm rain prevents the ice on which it rests from melting, and while the surface around is gradually lowered the block remains supported on a pedestal, forming a table, like a mushroom on a stalk, often attaining a height of several feet. At length the stone falls off the pillar, and the process recommences. The glacier has been ascertained to lose three feet of surface by melting in as many weeks. An exactly opposite phenomenon occurs when a small stone, not more than an inch thick, rests upon the ice. As it absorbs the sun's rays with greater rapidity than ice, not merely its surface but its entire substance is warmed through, and instead of protecting it melts the ice below it, and gradually sinks, forming a hole, which not unfrequently pierces the glacier entirely through. These pools, or holes, filled with water, are a source of great amusement to young travellers. It is very common to send down an alpenstock into the beautiful blue water until it is completely out of sight, when it soon, by its buoyancy springs entirely out again. One of my friends, however, lost an alpenstock, with all his achievements burnt on it, by its getting hitched against the sides.

Although these glaciers and moraines seem the most desolate regions on the face of the earth, yet there is life even in them. Whilst studying on the Gross Glöckner glacier, my guide said to me that he could find me animals in full life and activity all around; he immediately lifted a stone, and there was a glacier flea swimming about quite merrily, and nearly every stone we lifted disclosed the same proof of life. There are little streams of water running over the surface of the glaciers, which sometimes make their way down one of these round holes with a loud rumbling noise; on listening at the apertures one hears a noise like that of a mill, on this account they are called Moulins. There are also streams which are continually running under the glaciers, and during the whole summer the traveller who crosses the glaciers hears them rustling and running below him at the bottom of the azure clefts. These are generally all collected in one stream at the foot of the glacier, which in consequence is eaten away into a vast dome-shaped arch, sometimes a hundred feet high, gradually increasing, until the constant thaw weakens its support, when it gives way, and falls in with a crash. I have seen such at the source of the Arveiron, at Chamouni, and at Grindelwald. I also made

a study of a grand fallen vault last summer at the glacier of the Rhone. It puzzled me exceedingly to imitate the intense blue of the fragments of ice under the vault; the day was cloudy, and even rainy, nor could I discover the origin of so pure a colour. The ice is granular, and when we scooped out holes with our alpenstocks the colour was greatly increased.

If we trace a glacier rapidly from its commencement to the terminal Moraine, we find the following striking features:—When the snow which falls on the sloping side of a mountain becomes gradually changed into Névé and ice, there commences a settlement or shrinking away downwards, called Bergschrund in German (see heading); it forms, therefore, the first grand crevasse in the Névé or upper glacier, as it separates from the mountain or rock. In climbing, these crevasses are most formidable obstacles, and cause the climber to make long détours over steep slopes of snow or icy snow. "The quality of surefootedness, a mountaineer's first desideratum, depends upon two habits, both easily acquired: first, that of lifting the foot well from the ground, and bringing it down at once; secondly, that of observing the spot on which the foot is to rest. It is not merely in order to choose the ground for each footstep that this is useful, though in some places it is requisite to do so; the chief advantage is, that the muscles, being warned by the eye, are prepared for the precise exertion that is wanted at the moment. If aware that the next step is to be on rock worn smooth, an instinctive movement of the body is made to maintain the hold of the ground, when otherwise a slip would be inevitable. In the same way, a suitable slight effort often prevents débris from slipping, but here the choice of the particular stone on which the foot is to rest becomes important; with habit the slightest glance at the ground is sufficient, and the process is an almost unconscious one."

An Arête, when of snow, is a ridge like the roof of a house, sometimes with an ascent, and sometimes a plane; it also, when rocky, somewhat resembles the backbone of a fish, being sharp and jagged, and this has, it is said, given rise to the name. I should imagine that this is the result of the alternate action of the fierce winds, of the sun's heat, and of the frost piling the snow up on each side of a mountain, melting and freezing it, until it assumes a somewhat consolidated form. He who walks along the Arête should have a firm foot and steady head, for he looks down thousands of feet of steep slopes of snow, or, which is still more trying, into clouds beneath his

feet. It is strange, but experience proves, there is a comfort in seeing something to fall upon, even if it be at an immeasurable depth. Sometimes, I am told, these Arêtes are so extremely pointed and slippery, that one is obliged to straddle across them, and hitch oneself along. The word Arête is also applied to tracts which may form a projecting ridge or buttress, of course at any angle, and being sharp and jagged, are often chosen by Alpine climbers in preference to the snow or ice, as giving better footing.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in describing an Arête on the Weisshorn, says, "It was dreary work laboriously turning one rocky shoulder covered with big loose stones, only in order to see another rocky shoulder covered with big loose stones just in front of you. Imagine a fraction of a vast stony horizontal wilderness heaved into long parallel ridges, like a long ocean swell. Suppose that this wilderness had performed a miracle analogous to that by which the pavement of Glasgow astonished the Scotch divine after his whisky toddy, when it rose up and smote him in the face; you will then have some idea that the whole mountain-top was kept in exceeding bad repair."

At the summits of some ridges or mountains there are huge clefts or open fissures which are sometimes called Cheminées or Chimneys, and exceedingly disagreeable they are to climb. There is one about fifty feet high on the Brévent, and I recollect climbing one many years since with a young friend in the Tyrol. We had trusted to a faithless guide to lead us over a mountain col from the head of one valley to another; in order to avoid a long détour, he led us by most fearful precipices and slopes, until we found ourselves under some stupendously precipitous slatey rocks, and up one of these Cheminées it was necessary to climb. We did so, my friend cutting one of his hands to the bone; and I never shall forget the blank dismay we felt, when we sat straddled across the sharp ridge at the top. There was nothing but an immense dome of snow, stretching away into the distant rocks, which unfortunately began to get dim in an approaching snow-storm. If caught in this, we should have been most assuredly lost; so after a pull at our solitary flask, I took the lead and attempted to descend. I was not aware that the upper surface was frozen into slippery ice, and after a few steps I fell down on my back, and began a rapid descent, which would have soon landed me in a crevasse, if I had not been fortunately brought up by a projecting rock. After this I proceeded more cautiously by cutting my steps, my friend and

wretched guide following until we gained the rocks. I sketched the scene afterwards as nearly as I could, but, as may be imagined, I was in no condition for drawing on the spot.

A Couloir may be defined as a gully or steep slope of snow on the mountain's side, forming the channel for many a shower of stones or masses of ice. It is frequently quite a feat to pass one of these active Couloirs; the loose masses of rock or ice above are so easily set in motion, that one does not know when they may come bounding down, as Leslie Stephen says in his droll manner, "It is always unpleasant to have the prospect of a few tons of ice playing leap-frog about your ears." It requires coolness and quickness of eye and foot to dodge some of these, and one ought to be careful oneself, and to be in careful company, to escape accidents. I was once very nearly bowled off a steep rocky slope by a huge rock, set in motion higher up by my son. Another time, in ascending the Oberland Alp, I was terribly persecuted by showers of stones, sent down upon me by a troop of goats, who would follow me on the rocks above, and when about to enjoy a delicious bath in a cool pool under some precipices, fairly pelted me out from above, appearing curious to see what I could be doing there.

Dr. Tyndall, in relating a recent and perilous adventure on the Piz Morteratsch, gives an excellent description of the danger of passing a Couloir: —"We at length reached the point at which it was necessary to quit our morning's track, and immediately afterwards got upon some steep rocks, which were rendered slippery here and there by the water which trickled over them. To our right was a broad Couloir, which was once filled with snow, but this had been melted and refrozen, so as to expose a sloping wall of ice. We were all tied together at this time in the following order:—Jenni led, I came next, then my friend H. an intrepid mountaineer, then his friend L. and last of all the guide Walter. L. had had little experience of the higher Alps, and was placed in front of Walter, so that any false step on his part might be instantly checked. After descending the rocks for a time, Jenni turned, and asked if I thought it better to adhere to them, or to try the ice-slope to our right. I pronounced in favour of the rocks, but he seemed to misunderstand me, and turned towards the Couloir.

"I stopped him before he reached it, and said, 'Jenni, you know where you are going; the slope is pure ice.'

"He replied, 'I know it; but the ice is quite bare for a few yards only. Across this exposed portion I will cut steps, and then the snow which covers the ice will give us a footing.

"He cut the steps, reached the snow, and descended carefully along it—all following him, apparently in good order. After a little time he stopped, turned, and looked upwards at the last three men. He said something about keeping carefully in the tracks, adding that a false step might detach an avalanche. The word was scarcely uttered when I heard the sound of a fall behind me, then a rush, and in the twinkling of an eye my two friends and their guide, all apparently entangled together, whirred past me. I suddenly planted myself to resist their shock, but in an instant I was in their wake, for their impetus was irresistible. A moment afterwards Jenni was whirled away and thus all five of us found ourselves rolling downwards with uncontrollable speed on the back of an avalanche, which a single slip had originated.

"When thrown down by the jerk of the rope, I turned promptly on my face, and drove my batôn through the moving snow, seeking to anchor it in the ice underneath. I had held it firmly thus for a few seconds, when I came into collision with some obstacle, and was rudely tossed through the air, Jenni at the same time being shot down upon me. Both of us here lost our batôns. We had in fact been carried over a crevasse—had hit its lower edge—our great velocity causing us to be pitched beyond it. I was quite bewildered for a moment, but immediately righted myself, and could see those in front of me half buried in the snow, and jolted from side to side by the ruts among which they were passing. Suddenly I saw them tumbled over by a lurch of the avalanche, and immediately afterwards found myself imitating their motion. This was caused by a second crevasse. Jenni knew of its existence and plunged right into it—a brave and manful act, but for the time unavailing. He is over thirteen stone in weight, and he thought that by jumping into the chasm, a strain might be put upon the rope sufficient to check the motion. He was, however, violently jerked out of the fissure, and almost squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope.

"A long slope was below us, which led directly downwards to a brow where the glacier suddenly fell in a declivity of ice. At the base of this declivity the glacier was cut by a series of profound chasms, and towards these we were now rapidly borne. The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the

avalanche, and were at times almost wholly immersed in the snow; but the moving layer was thinner behind, and Jenni rose incessantly, and with desperate energy drove his feet into the firmer substance underneath. His voice shouting, 'Halt! Herr Jesus, halt!' was the only one heard during the descent. A kind of condensed memory, such as that described by people who have narrowly escaped drowning, took possession of me, and I thought and reasoned with preternatural clearness as I rushed along. Our start, moreover, was too sudden, and the excitement too great, to permit of the development of terror. The slope at one place became less steep, the speed visibly slackened, and we thought we were coming to rest; the avalanche, however, crossed the brow which terminated this gentler slope, and regained its motion. Here H. threw his arm round his friend, all hope for the time being extinguished, while I grasped my belt, and struggled for an instant to detach myself. Finding this difficult I resumed the pull upon the rope. My share in the work was, I fear, infinitesimal; but Jenni's powerful strain made itself felt at last. Aided probably by a slight change of inclination, he brought the whole to rest within a distance of the chasms over which, had we preserved our speed, a few seconds would have carried us. None of us suffered serious damage. H. emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial; Jenni had a bit of flesh removed from his hand by collision against a stone; the pressure of the rope had left black welts on my arms; and we all experienced a tingling sensation over the hands, like that produced by incipient frost-bite, which continued many days. I found a portion of my watch-chain hanging round my neck, another portion in my pocket; the watch itself was gone." It is interesting to know that the watch was afterwards found by its owner, not having sunk in the snow owing to the reflective power of the metal.

It was in going down one of these Couloirs on the Col de Géant that three unfortunate Englishmen perished a few years since. They were descending, and unfortunately left the Arête, and to get along more easily took to the Couloir, when one, it is supposed, began to slip, and all three, with one of the guides, were dashed down tremendous precipices; the two other guides, who held the rope in their hands instead of having it secured around the body, let it go to save themselves. It is necessary to mention to young travellers that the rope should always be round the body, so that the

alpenstock can be used with both hands, when almost any slide can be prevented.

A Crevasse is almost explained by its name. It is met with when walking on a glacier in the form of slits or cracks, which are sometimes not above an inch, sometimes forty or fifty feet wide. They are often very deep, frequently descending to the bottom of the glacier, a depth sometimes of 700 or 800 feet, and the principal difficulties and danger of glacier walking arise from their occurrence. If your foot should slip while walking along a narrow ledge or steep hill of ice, bounded on each side by a crevasse, nothing could save you from falling into the abyss, and your chance of escaping with life would be small indeed.

The following description by Mr. Reilly, one of the most enterprising members of the Alpine Club, will give you some idea of the perils encountered in attempting to cross one of these fearful chasms:—

"We were cutting slowly up the slope, clinging to it with great difficulty, as the blast threatened every moment to jerk our frozen toes and fingers out of their insecure hold, when our guides, who were about fifty feet above, gradually ceased to make any progress at all, and remained stationary, cutting steps, now on the right, now on the left, but in vain, for at each stroke the axe broke through the thin crust of frozen snow, which bridged over an enormous chasm, the extent of which we could not guess, as no external peculiarity of the névé betrayed the hollow which lay beneath. They were, in fact, working on a thin crust of snow, tilted up to an angle of fifty-three degrees, with nothing underneath; and we, although fifty feet below them, appeared to be in the same position, for on handling, without that tenderness which was necessary, a step which served me for handhold, my arm plunged through the crust into empty space, and I certainly expected every instant that the whole surface which supported us all, weakened as it was with steps, would break through. In this agreeable position we froze for half an hour, but neither Croz nor Couttet could reach the limits of the crevasse, or find any spot where the crust was sufficiently firm to afford any hopes of crossing it; and then, as I felt my feet losing all sensation, in a suspicious manner, and recollected the delicate tread which such a ticklish ladder would require in descending, I lifted up my voice, and suggested a retreat, a course which no one vehemently opposed. It was time, for we had had nearly enough

of it, and one of Conttet's hands was frost-bitten, but by excessive friction with snow all evil results were prevented. In our second attempt we found the spot where we had been, fallen in, but were still unable to judge of the size of the crevasse."

Amongst the wonders of the glaciers are Ice Caves, of the most magical, fairy-like beauty. I have walked in these caves, with an ice roof above me, an ice floor under my feet, and ice walls on each side of me. The ice was so transparent that I could see at least a yard into its substance, which was all of the most beautiful blue colour.

Snow bridges in and across crevasses are very wonderful; the snow seems to cling together so much, especially in the soft or melting state, that one is able to cross over many places that would otherwise be impassable; it is, however, always better to be roped together.

Mr. Ball, in the Alpine Guide, says that a practised mountaineer can pass the Théodule 500 times without accident, and the 501st time he might be lost in a crevasse, as has happened once or twice on this pass. I might also say the same, for when traversing it some time after the sad accident occurred to the Russian gentleman, I was determined to have a rope, which my young guide, one of the Taugwalders, maintained to be quite unnecessary, and I have no doubt he thought it unmanly in a guide to be roped to a gentleman on such a lady's pass. But what happened? Before long we were caught in a blinding snow-storm, and the party just before us, losing in some degree the track, as nearly as possible fell into a crevasse, which they warned us to avoid.

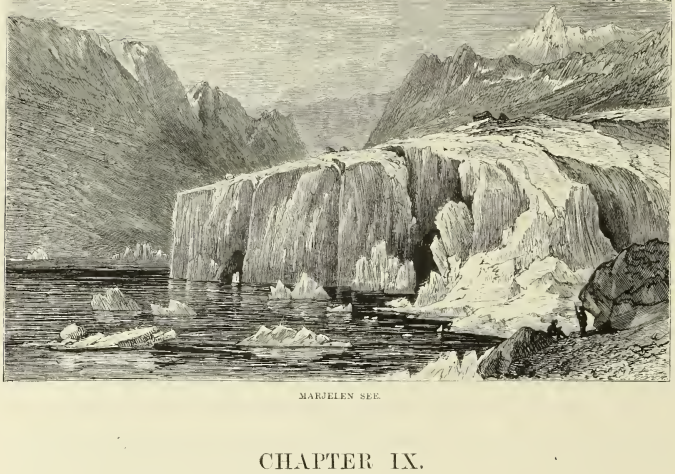
Of the use of the rope in real climbing I can say little, but quote the highest authority, which the late most tragical accident on the Matterhorn has made doubly interesting. Mr. Alfred Wills, the President of the Alpine Club, says, in his letter to the *Times*,—

"Young and inexperienced climbers should neither go nor be taken on expeditions of this kind. Another warning, hardly less distinctly uttered and hardly less important, but valuable chiefly to those who engage in similar undertakings, is against the *slackened rope*,—the best friend of the climber, converted only too easily into his most insidious and dangerous foe!"

I cannot resist quoting from Mr. Whymper's most eloquent letter after the accident:—

"Poor Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; *the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both as on one man.* We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice, on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them."

But I must leave this most interesting subject, to give you a short description of one other Alpine term which you might not understand,—it is Seracs. These are enormous blocks and masses of ice, occasioned by the glaciers in moving downwards over an irregular rocky bed, which causes the ice to divide, split, and toss about in the wildest and most picturesque confusion. When these are lit up with the brilliant sunlight, the rays falling sometimes on them, and showing grand chasms and crevasses of the most intense blue, I know not of any wild wonder of the Alps more beautiful. The name is supposed to be given them from the great likeness these masses bear in shape to a substance that the Swiss cowherds have continually before them, namely, the lumps of curds when broken up to make cheese. With this somewhat hasty description I must conclude, trusting that I have made some of the most usual terms more intelligible to you.



MARJELEN SEE.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ALPINE SKETCHING TOUR.

REALITY OF ART—ADVANTAGES OF MUTUAL CRITICISMS—CHARACTER INDICATED BY DRAWING—RIGHT COURSE TO DISCOVER TALENT—GENERAL TREATMENT OF SUBJECT—DUTCH PICTURES—PICTORIAL EFFECT—POWER OF OBSERVING—FARADAY—NEWTON—ALPINE CLUB—OBJECT OF PRESENT LECTURE—ARTIST'S WALK, TEN MILES A DAY—MONCH AND EIGHER—PREDOMINATING EFFECT—MATTERHORN, EXAMPLE OF BREADTH—BRUNNEN, LAKE LUCERN, ETC.—COLOUR INTENSIFIED BY MOISTURE—COATS AND PIGS—KLAUSEN, SUSTEN PASS, STEIN ALP—MEYRINGEN, MÜRREN, JUNGFRAU; STAUBBACH—RESTIVE MULE—MARJELEN SEE—ALETSCH GLACIER.

AT the time when a prize for the best set of sketches from Nature was awarded, I promised to exhibit some studies which I had also made during the summer. These are now placed before you, and I will proceed, after briefly explaining the principles which have guided me in my work, to give you a short account of my tour, illustrating both by reference to my sketches. I trust that these examples will prove the practical utility of rules founded on those principles, for it is of the first importance that you should believe in the reality of Art; from the very beginning of your practice you must feel that the rules of Art are no sham, invented to impose upon the ignorant; but that those who teach must practice the principles they inculcate, or inevitably fail in their attempts.

The advantages of such mutual reviews of our labours are manifold; the

most obvious, that we may become aware of the causes of success or failure in our studies, and that we may produce records of the steps of our progress, thus encouraging the diligent to persevere, and stimulating the idle to exertion. Let me advise you not to destroy your early sketches; bring them forward for exhibition, submit them freely to criticism. It is only by humble submission to comparison with others, and constant reference to our great and infallible guide, Nature, that we can form a just estimate of our own powers.

Artists submit to this ordeal to a very trying degree in sending their pictures for exhibition to the Royal Academy or elsewhere. The criticisms they undergo are often cuttingly severe, every weak point is dragged into notice, while even to excellence praise is sometimes grudgingly awarded. *You*, at any rate, meet no unfriendly critics here. All are anxious that justice should be done; each step in the right direction is rewarded by a corresponding increase of marks, sometimes by a "first or second class;" and this in addition to the pleasant feeling which accompanies successful exertion.

Another advantage we may mention; if there be truth in the assertion, that character is indicated by handwriting, is it not more strikingly the case with drawing, especially from Nature? Writing is merely copying symbols of a recognised form, and only by minute shades of difference in strokes and curves can character develop itself; while in delineating the features of a landscape, symbols must be invented at the moment to convey to others the impression produced upon us, and thus greater scope must be afforded for indicating qualities of mind.

Supposing the spark of genius to be lying latent among us, we are surely pursuing the right course to draw forth a manifestation of it; and as surely we may assert, that without steady persevering study, genius will exercise rather a baneful than a beneficial influence on its possessor. "Excelsior!" then, be our motto.

First, then, it would be a complete waste of valuable time, if an artist began his sketch before he had formed some clear scheme for the general treatment of his subject, and with which all the parts must combine to produce that beautiful harmony we so much admire in nature; for he who depends upon his mechanical skill in the representation of individual objects, and relies too much upon what he imagines to be nice finishing of parts, without considering them chiefly as a means to enable him to produce a whole, will never

be able to complete such a picture as the eye of taste can contemplate with satisfaction.

Now we have to consider what it is that makes sketches agreeable: it is not in reality the subject, but the treatment. There are subjects enough in Switzerland, and most magnificent ones, as every one knows; but beautiful pictures of the Alps are exceedingly rare, whereas Holland, one of the least picturesque of countries, has furnished materials for a countless number of fine works of art. It is pictorial effect that is wanting. Forms, of course, we all ought to draw correctly; but more than this is necessary, more even than the common light and shade belonging to each object; we must learn to place the objects, or the whole subject, before the spectator, with an adjustment of light and shade and colour that shall be true, and at the same time pleasing. This effect is wholly independent of the objects introduced, and should never be neglected, even in the slightest sketch; the Jungfrau itself taken from the Wengern Alp would be nothing but a huge wall, unless represented with some choice of pictorial effect.

Of course, such a country as Switzerland affords pictures the most complete and beautiful, with effects all that the artist could desire; but, alas! these appearances are but momentary, and while we open our folios and colour boxes they frequently entirely disappear, and the very abundance of forms and intricacy of details prevent us from sufficiently recollecting the one prevailing effect. How important it is, then, to understand what it was that made the subject so beautiful, in order that we may reproduce it at our leisure. And here, among these evanescent splendours, the full value of the educated eye is felt, for by the aid of careful training alone can we trust our memory to store up effects so fleeting that no human hand can transfer them to paper while they remain.

Few people are aware of the difficulty of the art of observation; to observe properly, in the simplest of the physical sciences, requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer: Faraday has said that he always doubts his own observations, and he once told me that he had made 3,000 different experiments without arriving at the desired result, until one final and successful trial furnished the clue to the whole. There is a wholesome lesson in this for the artist: observation, in its strict sense, is not every man's gift, and but few men's actual habit of mind. Newton used to

say that, if in any way he differed from other men, it was in his power of continued attention, of faithful, unbroken observation; his ladder had its steps entire, and he went up with a composed, orderly foot. It requires more strength and fineness of mind, more of what deserves to be called genius, to make a series of genuine observations, than to build or draw any number of castles in the air.

Exact, patient, honest, and delicate observation is neither easy nor common; but if this be followed up with skilful manipulation of the brush and pencil, and the whole be guided by sound rules, the result will be successful progress. Careful research and close observation have had their devotees of late, who have given their leisure time to explore the most beautiful parts of the Alps, not of course all, or perhaps most of them, for artistic purposes; many scientific men are investigating the construction of glaciers, the effects of heights upon temperature, &c. and these last few years have witnessed a vast amount of enterprise, of energy, and talent expended in exploring the higher and less accessible parts of Europe. Switzerland has benefited most largely by these exertions; it has been traversed in every direction, the beaten paths made easy of access, and the most difficult passes rendered so comparatively simple, that those which, but a few years since, were considered impassable, are now trodden even by the feet of delicate women.

A proof has been given of the great interest taken in these researches by the formation of the Alpine Club, an association of gentlemen engaged for the greater part of the year in studious or sedentary pursuits in London and elsewhere, who seize with eagerness the opportunity afforded by the Long Vacation to brace their limbs by climbing and expand their lungs with the mountain air. Among these rugged peaks they can gratify that craving with which all men are, at some time or another seized, for physical exertion and exercise, for testing their steadiness and powers of endurance, while their minds are filled with the most magnificent scenes, the marvellous wonders of the ice world, and glorious visions of snowy summits, which all recur to them afterwards in the crowded city, refreshing them as they labour at their vocation through long days of toil. Then follows the pleasure of communicating their experience to their friends and the public; and many are the delightful papers which are published from time to time, revealing to the tourist fresh scenes of Alpine travel.

This natural desire to share pleasure or amusement with others is, in fact, the foundation of all our truly national sports. Our games of cricket and football, our boat races and our fox hunts, are instances of this love of sympathy; but, while we acknowledge the necessity of action, and confess that for youthful frames exercise to the full extent of the bodily powers should be encouraged, we must recollect that the mind has also its duty to perform, and that mere bodily exertion, however diversified, will never be sufficient to satisfy an intellectual and cultivated man. Of course every one has his own favourite way of employing the mind; and the artist, or he who loves art, selects drawing as his pursuit, and the principal object of this lecture is to clear away obstacles to a more general use of the pencil in your summer excursions.

The first thing is to go with the intention of sketching, and to associate with those who have the same desire. Now amateurs, as well as artists, if they really wish to work, must be content to limit their excursions. Ten miles is but a short walk, but quite as much as those who really wish to draw, ought to average per day. Sometimes a beautiful sunrise will occupy one for hours; and not unfrequently a sunset is so exquisitely tinted, and in settled weather so exactly repeated, that it may be worth while to spend two or three evenings in studying it carefully, and working up one's sketches of it on the spot. The sketch of the Monch and Eigher is the result of such study. The first evening was sufficient to impress this transitory effect on my mind; the next day the outline was carefully made and a few general washes laid in; then, when the sun again sank to the horizon, I was able to add my notes of colour, a third evening, most fortunately similar and equally beautiful, allowing me to finish my effect.

With artists of some experience, you must be aware that the predominating effect forms their principal study, for they have passed through that elementary stage which now occupies you, the outline or even the light and shade being but secondary matters when they contemplate painting a picture.

In this subject I was anxious to portray the fascinating but evanescent effect of the last gleams of the setting sun, as they strike the snowy summits of the mountains, a most difficult thing to attempt. To bring out or give value to this most exquisite and fleeting light and colour, which change more rapidly than the tints of the dying dolphin, the rest of the picture must

be in shadow. I have therefore kept the whole of the foreground deep and quiet in tone and unobtrusive in form, but passing upwards over the greenish and purple grays of the glaciers, the eye rests on the chief point of interest, the glorious peaks, lit up with a burst of rosy light, enhanced by a carefully worked sky, in which I have endeavoured to give all the space and air I could, although approaching darkness. The only pigment to accomplish this is ultramarine. Another study of the same time of day is the Matterhorn rising over a sea of pines, in which everything is kept subdued to heighten the peculiar effect of moonlight struggling with the last rosy tints of the setting sun: this is an example of breadth.

Unfortunately, the roseate tint cast by the sun takes away a portion of the light of the paper, while that of the moon remains white and pure; it is thus not quite true in scale. I am often asked by my pupils how such effects as this of deep twilight, or that of Monte Rosa by moonlight, are produced. They are in a great measure the result of a carefully cultivated recollection, assisted by a faithful sketch of the outline, and perhaps a hasty blot of colour. We all know that the memory is much strengthened by practice, and many artificial ways have been invented to aid it; and not only does the outline preserve the form of the subject for the artist, but also reminds him of the colour that accompanied it.

In order to become imbued, as it were, with the wonderful beauty of moonlight, I arranged my plan, this last year, to pass ten days, about the full of the harvest moon, on that most charming and romantic of Swiss lakes, Lucerne, the choicest part of which is Brunnen, where I fortunately secured a good bedroom, with a balcony overhanging the lake.

One who has been passionately fond all his life of the higher Alps might be almost tempted from his allegiance by the exquisite effects I saw during this sojourn, when coasting under the huge perpendicular limestone cliffs in a small boat, watching the glancing of the silvery beams on the waves, or looking over to the snows of the Rothhorn; a fire of pines, kindled by some men in boats collecting driftwood, casting a lurid gleam across the waters, and forming a striking contrast with the pearly green moonlight. The harmony of the scene was completed by the wild plaintive jödel of a solitary boatman.

Of course I visited Tell's Chapel, of which I took a sketch, and also one in the midst of the forest of pines, but the latter was a more difficult subject

to treat. You will observe I have kept a broad mass of light on the clouds, and brought it in contact with the greatest dark in the picture (the trees), and as these, being in themselves very deep in tone, could not be in light, they are thrown into shadow, where the colour only heightens the effect.

From Brunnen I went up the Muotta Thal, the Pragel Pass, and Klön Thal to Glarus; then through the Lint Thal to the picturesquely situated baths of Stachelberg, much frequented by Germans, French, and Swiss, but not yet well known to English tourists. Perhaps this may be considered an advantage by some who sympathise with a young bank clerk, whom I met at the table d'hôte, who said he did not want to see any English, or pictures of English buildings, when out for his holiday, and declared that he had had his appetite once taken quite away by a print of the Bank of England at the bottom of his plate; and on another occasion was exceedingly disgusted, after climbing up the Col de Balme, by being suddenly accosted by some old City acquaintance, who had come up the opposite way, with, "Now, sir! Are you for the Bank! Bank! Bank! All the way, sir, for twopence!" The remembrance of his monotonous drudgery took away all his enjoyment, poor fellow. You can hardly wonder, then, that a painter, when he has gradually wrought up his mind to cope with a fine subject, likes as little to be interrupted by uncongenial minds. It breaks the stride of a good high-mettled racer to be stopped by a donkey or a wheelbarrow, and, strange to say, I have heard the same thing of a fine locomotive.

A first-class engine-driver told me the other day at Rugby that engines have their little tempers as well as horses and women. "Why, sir," continued he, "do you think such an engine as *he* would work well in a stopping or luggage train? No, sir, he snorts, and jibs, and rushes, and would soon wear himself out. He likes to come down to Rugby at a sharp slapping pace, picking up his water by the way; he don't mind *that* drop cold and fresh, but otherwise he takes the rest of his water, here and at London, with the chill off, and is very particular about his coke and his odd lunches of coal. Why, sir, put such an animal on to shunting trucks for a month on the Camden Station, and he would soon be in the hospital, with most likely his constitution ruined."

Almost the only drawback to the beauty of the Lint Thal is the number of gigantic cotton-mills built across it, taking advantage of the vast amount

of water-power, but at the same time destroying the romance of the valley; the colour also of the meadows is changed by hundreds of yards of red cotton handkerchiefs and dresses laid out to dry. The eye is, however, led away from these to where the snowy peaks of the Glärnish and the Todiberg tower beautifully over the luxuriantly wooded valley. Among the waterfalls, the Fätschbach and Schreyenbach are the most striking. The latter is shown in the foreground of one of my pictures, but its importance is lessened by the superior height of the mountains beyond. This was taken in a showery day, as you may perceive by the numerous clouds; sometimes one is very much annoyed by the continuance of cloudy or showery weather, and this was my case here.

It is well, however, for artists to recollect that the varied effects produced by clouds on the landscape are a great source of picturesque beauty. The true form and situation of rocks, cliffs, and mountains are often revealed to us by the shadows of clouds passing over them, and a patient study of Nature under these circumstances is often desirable. Even the obscurity caused by clouds and rain is not without its beauty, whilst we have a rich compensation for this shading of the tints with darkness, in their brightening by moisture; for as it is well known every colour wet is twice as brilliant as it is when dry.

The climb one day up to the base of the glaciers, which descend from the Todiberg, took me nearly five hours. I had hoped to be able to sleep at the châlets there, and spend the whole of the next day sketching. After dining upon abundance of milk, curds, and black bread, I was shown the low loft filled with hay, over the cowhouse, where I was to sleep with four or five others; but when after two hours it began to rain heavily, with every prospect of continuance, and I thought I should be shut up in such a confined hole, with such companions—my courage failed, and I fairly ran away, and had my five hours' walk back again. However, I got two sketches, one of which is from the summit of the Sand Alp.

In this climb I was amused, but annoyed by a flock of goats, which would follow me, as they do most passengers, for salt; I was heartily glad when a barrier shut them off. Goats, you must recollect, do not merely follow, but leap from rock to rock over one's head, sometimes sending down showers of stones, to one's surprise and discomfort. You have heard that pigs can see the wind coming, and I had a ridiculous instance of their capacity in this respect,

for whilst sketching in the most beautiful sunshine, all at once several stout pigs came tearing along, squeaking and grunting to gain the warm retreat of their sties. They had seen the white ghosts of clouds rise up from the valley below, and knew that wind and rain were to be expected.

From Stachelberg I took the pass of the Klausen, resting a night at one of the wildest little places near the summit, called Urner Boden, and was well repaid for any temporary discomfort, by a fine sunset, twilight, and sunrise, in a picturesque spot. Then over the Susten, by the Stein Alp to Meyringen.

From Meyringen the pass of the great Scheideck begins, which, although not very high, is full of beauties for the artist. At some sawmills, a few miles from Rosenlaui, a magnificent view of the Wellhorn and Wetterhorn with the glacier, opens out. At the distance of an hour, another equally fine picture may be obtained, just on the flat grassy plain of some meadows. I have attempted to depict the astonishing blue of the glacier of Rosenlaui, the loveliest in all Switzerland for colour. A party of the Alpine Club were employed in making their researches, and I was greatly indebted to their coloured flannel dresses, for adding a little warmth to such a cold scene.

Grindelwald, with its interesting glaciers, I passed this year almost without stopping, being anxious to sleep at the Wengern Alp Hotel, opposite the Jungfrau. At Lauterbrunnen I took but a hasty look at the Staubbach, and immediately struck up the hillside to Mürren, a new hotel, beautifully placed on a grand terrace, pleasing me better than the crowded hotel in the valley. You will find that most of my sketches this year are from mountain heights, as I rather avoided the larger and more frequented hotels below. The gravity with which cockney tourists, whether from London, Paris, or Vienna, march along the level valleys, armed at all points for the refreshment or the support of poor frail human nature, is sometimes amusing. Never venturing off the beaten track, or more than a few hours from a comfortable resting place, they yet take the greatest care to supply themselves abundantly with barrels and gourds for drinking—chiefly, I should suppose, for the benefit of the guides—and formidable alpenstocks, branded, from the chamois horn at the top to the bottom, with the names of the precipices they have scaled. The crowds of beggars and girls selling carved toys, as remembrances of Switzerland, all about Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, are quite annoying. They seem to

think that no true Englishman ought to be without a large deal box of these round his neck. I rather longed for Leech's pencil one day at Lauterbrunnen, when a group marched before me; there was Paterfamilias, with four stalwart daughters, each armed with a gigantic alpenstock, chamois horn and fringe of goats' hair all complete, their long dresses raising a cloud of dust from the level road, flasks and gourds suspended from one side, and opera glasses from the other, while the ever faithful guides, with a half-concealed smile, led the loaded horses behind. The constant interruptions these apparitions make to the artist's ideas made me select more secluded spots for study. While sitting at work above the falls of the Staubbach, the continued sound of the Alpine horn, with the report of the cannon, was at last very wearisome. How different to the feelings raised, when one hears a few unexpected notes, with their wonderful echoes, from the rocks and snowy summits!

The level terrace at Mürren along the edge of the Lauterbrunnen valley is just the spot from whence to watch the lovely Jungfrau wakening to the first glow of the morning or shrouding herself in the whitest of veils at night; or if one is more actively disposed, to dash down the rugged goat path to Trachsel-Lauinen, to study the Schmadribach with the glorious granite rocks at its base, round perhaps by the Capricorn at Lauterbrunnen for letters, but always back again at night, for one sees more clearly, thinks more truly, and feels more vividly when alone.

One lovely evening, after some hours of solitary thought, I opened my window overhanging the deep blue gulf and watched the filmy clouds passing over the moon and across the snowy breast of the Jungfrau, white clouds were also beginning to arise in ghost-like pillars from the depths below; as I put out my hand to close the window I started to see an immense shadowy spectre, with arm outstretched, pointing upwards like the ghost of Cæsar. I felt with Brutus when he exclaimed:—

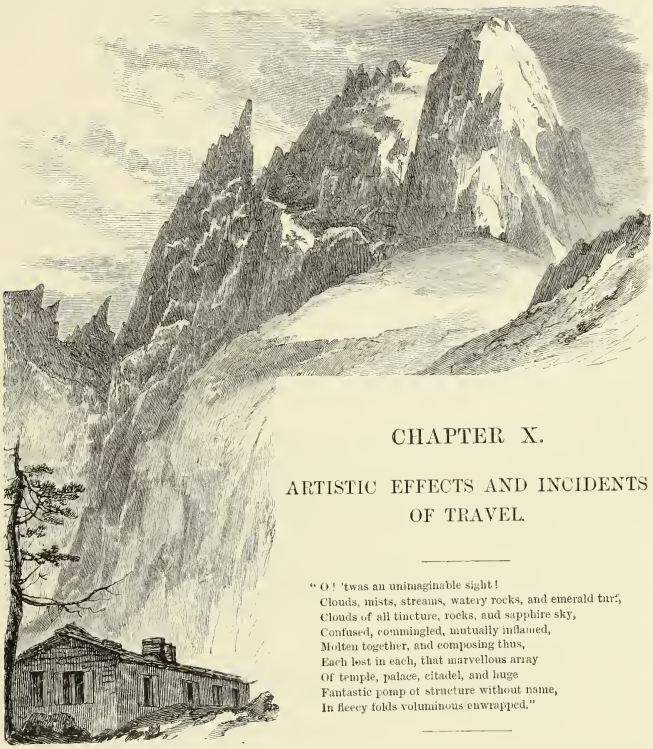
> "Ha! who comes here?
> I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
> That shapes this monstrous apparition."

A moment after I saw it was but my own shadow thrown by the light behind me on the uprising cloud—a simple representation of the spectre of the mountains.

From Mürren most delightful excursions can be made to the top of the Schilthorn, and also to the extremity of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, a wild and secluded spot, perhaps containing more beauty than any other that I know. As I was prevented by a heavy fall of snow from taking the short cut over the mountains, I was obliged to make a long détour by Interlaken and Kandersteg to cross the Gemmi. Here I was nearly losing all the fruits of my labour—for my mule, which had all my sketches and effects slung over his back, took a restive fit, ran down the fearful pass, and finished by kicking all the packages off, and they narrowly escaped a fall of 2,000 feet over the precipice.

I finished this tour by a careful study of the beautiful Märjelen See, with the great Aletsch glacier, and found this little lake a charming miniature representation of such scenes as we read of in McClintock's "Voyage of the Fox," and the deep and brilliant blue of the ice, with the intense green blue of the lake, has not, I believe, been at all exaggerated in my studies. I had the good fortune, whilst sketching, to see one of these huge cliffs of ice topple over, and fall in a thousand fragments into the lake, with a roar like thunder, and raising a wave as if a man-of-war had been launched. Some of the floating icebergs I found of most fantastic shapes, and I lost a little time in pushing off with my alpenstock some of those stranded on the shore. I was not, however, so venturesome as Dr. Tyndall, who told me he got on one to float about the lake, until it rolled over, and gave him a cold bath. The lady who wrote "A Tour round Monte Rosa" mentions these extraordinary shapes, and, with a graceful feeling for the poetic, says, "In one place, the broken ice appeared to form a kind of landing place from the lake to the glacier, with rude steps and balustrades leading up to the small deep blue caverns. But where, to complete this scene of enchantment, was the fairy boat?—and where the ice-queen, to step forth from those lovely caverns and descend the staircase?" (See heading.)

I concluded with the grand panoramic view from the summit of the Æggishorn, which has been compared with that of the Görner Grat; but, although it embraces more celebrated peaks, they are too far distant to form a striking picture. From this point I turned my face homeward; and having now brought you back to England, I must here take my leave, hoping that this short description of an artist's tour will not have proved tedious to you.



AIGUILLE DE CHARMOZ.

CHAPTER X.

ARTISTIC EFFECTS AND INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

"O! 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped."

VALUE OF ARTISTIC EFFECT—NATURAL PHENOMENA OF SWITZERLAND—STUDENT TO BEGIN WITH LEAST AMBITIOUS SUBJECTS—MONT BLANC—AIGUILLE DE CHARMOZ—CLOUDLAND—ROSY GLOW—MISTS—FOREST ON FIRE—STRANGE ACCOMMODATION—DOGS UNDESIRABLE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS—VALUE OF A SKETCH—ADVENTURE IN THE VAL ANZASCA.

AFTER our long vacation we have met once more; we have shaken hands as we clustered round the hospitable hall-fires, and recounted some of our adventures, aiding the descriptions by showing our various trophies. Our alpenstocks, our knapsacks, and sketch-books are now doubly endeared

to us, calling to mind, as they do, the different scenes through which we have passed. It is of the sketches you have made that I have now to speak, for we have had to determine to whom should be awarded the prize for the best set of four.

I must congratulate you on the general excellence of the whole, and the set which has gained the prize is particularly distinguished for a large amount of artistic effect. This is a quality which, after good sound drawing, is sure to be greatly valued, not only by artists, but by the world in general. A sketch, or even a careful drawing, may be pronounced most correct, and may even gain great honours, but yet may not touch the feelings or convey any sentiment; some discourses, as we well know, are only addressed to the understanding, while others, not perhaps so talented, from having some more intimate association with ourselves, call forth our highest aspirations and carry us along with the speaker. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and the power to portray some pleasing incident, or striking effect, is a talent to be earnestly sought for, and is sure to be greatly admired.

Having fulfilled my promise this evening as regards your sketches, and awarded the prize, I have also brought down some of the results of my own tour, which you will see, by the map before you, has been somewhat extended. I do not, however, intend to recount my adventures, for really, in these railway days, with the exception of smashes and crashes, these become more rare every day; so that I must content myself with describing to you a few artistic effects, and surely no country in the world is better suited than Switzerland for observing the ever-varying aspects of Nature.

It is there we may contemplate with delighted eyes the infinite beauties of sunrise and sunset, of sunlight streaming through clouds, or from behind a mountain, with all the inexhaustible phenomena of rain, storms, &c. while the impression produced by the grandeur of a chain of lofty mountains seen for the first time is, perhaps, one of the most forcible that the mind receives.

When I first went to Switzerland, I recollect well how hopeless I thought any attempt to portray the glorious scenes then opened to me, and not until many days had, in some degree, familiarized me with the magnificence of the surroundings did I gain courage to draw forth my pencil.

Should any of you go again next summer to Switzerland, I would advise you to begin with the lower valleys and hills, and gradually work up to the grander mountains. One cannot well study small objects, after the sublime peaks seen from the Montanvert or the Görner Grat have been enjoyed. Thus the Münster Thal comes well before Lauterbrunnen; Thun before the Grimsel. With regard to lakes we find that almost always the highest mountains are at the head of the lake, so that it is better to begin at the lowest end; for instance, Lucerne from the town, Como and Maggiore in the same way if possible: but a young artist's first wish naturally is to gain the most commanding view of the mountains, every other object being secondary.

On a bright day nothing can be more clearly and distinctly defined than Mont Blanc, with his attendant mighty ranges, cut in dazzling snowy brilliancy against the pure blue sky, and surrounded by countless smaller peaks appropriately termed Aiguilles, which, though of inferior altitude to the great summits, add much to the grandeur of the whole. Those which present the most striking and peculiar features rise almost precipitously from the icy base of the Mer de Glace; the Aiguille Dru, Aiguille Verte, and Aiguille de Charmoz, are the most imposing, the latter even appearing to be out of the perpendicular and to threaten to topple over (see heading of this section).

I recollect well my first view of Mont Blanc, that monarch of mountains, from a distance of eighty or ninety miles; and the sight of those glorious glittering fields and pinnacles of ice and snow produced immediately a longing to be there among them. They make an impression upon the soul of something supernatural, almost divine, and no language, spoken or painted, can convey the magnificence and sublimity of the scene.

Again, there are days in which the air around the mountains seems itself of such a hazy whiteness that the snow melts into the atmosphere, as it were dying away in the heavens, like the indistinct outline of a bright but partially remembered dream. There are other days in which the fleecy clouds, like light veils over lovely faces, rest upon and seem to mingle with the snowy summits; so that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends. Sometimes you look upon the clouds, thinking they are mountains, and then again the summit itself will be revealed in such far off,

unmoving, icy grandeur, in such wonderful distinctness that there is no mistaking the mountain for the cloud.

It is surprising to see how long Mont Blanc retains the light of day, and how long his snow-covered peaks glow after the sun has sunk from view behind the green range of the Jura. Then the crimson tints die away, and it seems that the sun has left the mountain to a companionship with the stars alone, and you also are ready to depart, the glory of the scene being over; when suddenly and unaccountably the white robed summits redden again as if the sun were returning upon them, the countenance of Mont Blanc is "filled with rosy light," and the cold gray gives place for a few moments to a deep, warm, radiant tint, which again fades in the deepening twilight.

Clouds and mists add wonderfully to the beauty of Alpine phenomena. Sometimes when all the valleys are shrouded in mist, we find the mountains in beauty and sunshine. I have seen, on such occasions, an ocean of mist, as smooth, soft, and white as the down of the eider-duck's breast, lie over the whole lower world, and on ascending the mountain to its overhanging verge I seemed to look down on an infinite abyss of vapour, where only the mountain tops were visible, the lower range like wooded islands, the higher summits as glittering icy peaks and snowy pyramids. No language can describe the extraordinary sublimity and beauty of the view. A level sea of white mist in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, with a continent of mighty floating icebergs on the one side, and on the other a forest promontory, with a slight swell on the bosom of the sea, like the long smooth undulations of the ocean in a calm. Sometimes bright sunset colours stream athwart this sea of cloud, which then rolls in waves burnished and tipped with fire. Going down into the mist again, and leaving behind you the beautiful sky, clear bracing atmosphere, the bright sun, and the resplendent mountains, is like passing from heaven to earth. Such are scenes in Cloudland, possessing mysteries of beauty that defy the skill of the most talented painter.

I regret much, for the sake of the youthful part of my audience, that I have no romantic accidents to relate, no surprising adventures, no hairbreadth escapes by field or flood. Even in my youth, as student, I never sought for them, never put myself in the way of being attacked by picturesque

banditti, or wished to be taken prisoner by them in order to live with them in wild caves in the mountains, like Salvator Rosa, until ransomed. My ransom has, perhaps, in one or two instances, been demanded, but it was by some rather exorbitant innkeeper, and a bank note from England has effected my release.

Still, although I have not found the excitement of adventures, in the course of many summer rambles I have seen some striking phenomena, one of which occurred many years ago, and remains strongly impressed on my memory. We were travelling over the Appenines by night, and jogging on in a very leisurely way, lulled to sleep by the musical bells of the mules in the diligence, when we were roused by the stopping of the vehicle to let an old Italian woman get in. She seemed in great distress, and after some time began to wring her hands and cry, "Oh, oh! Il fuoco! Il fuoco! Poveretta mia! Poveretta mia!" After some consideration I managed to find enough Italian to ask her what was the matter, when she replied, "Alas! the whole forest is on fire! and our road lies through it." This fully awakened us, and anxiously we watched for the first signs of the conflagration, which became visible at the next village. The whole of the inhabitants were astir; some had escaped from their burning houses; some had been vainly trying to beat the fire out or stop its progress by digging trenches, and so cutting it off; but the summer had been long and hot, not a drop of rain had fallen for months, so the flames had it all their own way. Soon we were in the midst of the forest, among the tall fir trees, and most exciting it was; the fire roared around them, pursuing its course in rings and belts up the sides of the mountains, devouring everything in its way, and driving all the wild denizens before it. We heard strange stories of wolves slinking away and crouching in the outhouses amongst the sheep and cattle, also bears, in no pleasant mood, one would think, but too frightened to attack anything.

Of course we were far too interested to stop in the carriage, but climbed slowly up the hill. The rolling smoke and heat were at times almost stifling, and once or twice a burning tree fell crashing across our road. It was a magnificent sight. Sometimes the fire would play amongst the lower shrubs at the root of a tall pine, the tongue-like flames licking up the bark as it got dry, until like a devouring serpent they reached the branches and leafy top, when the whole would burst into flame at once, and explode like a cannon

or a volley of musketry; these occurring all through the forest made a continual roar. After a time we passed the worst of it, but before altogether leaving it we had time quietly to run up the bank to light a soothing cigar at a burning fragment. Of course to sketch was out of the question, and much as I sometimes impress upon you the necessity of having your sketch book at hand, ready for entering notes on the spot, still I think I could in this case recommend you to do as I have done, draw it from memory.

Sometimes the love of adventure causes Alpine climbers to put up with strange and droll accommodation: thus I have been told by a lady, that their party during an ascent slept remarkably well on some hay in a loft, and we know that the large bands of young Swiss or German students must put up with such rough accommodation; but I get less and less inclined to try it, for when I have done so, I find my next day's studies always the worse, perhaps very slight and hurried. The last time I vowed I would for the future do much to avoid such romantic nonsense.

The low loft, only three feet high, nearly filled with hay (which although very sweet, is to me very oppressive when stored in such small spaces), then the rough, uncouth companions, the strong odour of the goats, cows, or pigs underneath, or the smell of cheese or cheese-making, are enough to keep me awake all night long. I think I should much prefer the hotel of the Neuchatelois, which you know was a hole between or under a rock, that Agassiz lodged in for weeks on the Aar glacier, or that in which Mr. Wills slept when he ascended the Wetterhorn, where he had just room enough to crawl in, and lie at length and see the stars pass over the crevasse above him, in the morning being pulled out by the legs by the guide Balmat. Or, again, if only climbing and in company, the cleverly constructed tent of Mr. Whymper, with a waterproof bag to creep into; but to cultivate the peculiar temper of mind of a painter, one requires less action and more repose of body, and one turns to the stationary hut or tent of Holman Hunt on the shores of the Dead Sea, or that of Hamerton on Loch Awe. These are earnest students of Nature; so also were Atkinson in Siberia, and Catlin in America, although their studies were made in a more roving or Arab-like character.

In all these excursions one must endure a certain amount of trial; patience and fortitude are necessary; an artist particularly must travel with those of

the same tastes, or be alone sometimes in utter solitudes. I for one think this the best for quiet study, but then it is pleasant to return to friends in the evening and have a chat over a fresh trout, a bit of chamois, and a glass of wine. I have tried the companionship of a dog, but found him much in the way, the creature with his impatience disturbing my attention. A well-known Alpine traveller once told me that a friend of his went with a party up Mont Blanc, and one of the guides asked leave to bring his dog with him, as he said that one that had been to the top of such a mountain would be worth a good deal of money. This was refused, as they thought the dog would be a great nuisance, and away they went without it. Of course it soon overtook them, though the guide protested he had ordered it to be tied up. Well, the dog was a trouble, he got between their legs and bothered them, and they were obliged to throw him over all the crevasses.

He was what is called a Spitz dog, a kind distinguished by a very pointed nose, sharp black eyes, and a tail curling stiffly over the back. The mountain atmosphere had an extraordinary effect on this dog; it made him uncurl his tail! As he went up this bushy appendage gradually got straighter and straighter, till at last it hung down behind as straight as a broomstick. No Spitz dog's tail was ever before known to uncurl; and, curiously enough, as he came down his tail by degrees curled up again as usual. As the dog got towards the top of the mountain, the air had the same effect on him as it had on human beings. The traveller had taken up a cold chicken with him—cold enough it was, as you may imagine; when he reached the top he thought he would eat it, but he found he could not swallow a morsel, so he cut off a bit for the poor dog. The dog rushed at it, as if he would have eaten it up ten times over, but he could not manage it: he bit it, and bit it, but his throat was so dry and his mouth so parched it would not go down, and at last the poor brute dropped it in despair.

If a dog is in the way amongst climbers, he is still more *de trop* when hours of uninterrupted thought and study are desired. The Landscape Painter has to be thoroughly imbued and strongly impressed with his subject before he can successfully transfer it to his canvas; he will then guide the spectator, and lead him to look at the subjects as they were regarded by himself. Then indeed he may hope to make him a sharer in his own strong feelings and ideas, and leave him delighted and instructed.

Every one who has travelled at all knows the pleasure he experiences when he happens to meet with a view of some spot that he himself has visited. How immediately it recalls to him the scenes, the feelings, the very atmosphere of the past! If it be a careful sketch he may even have the satisfaction of pointing out the inn where he lodged, the hill he climbed, and the stream he leaped; to these he adds, in the excitement of the moment, all the little incidents and adventures that befell him there. Before he saw the sketch, had he been asked for a description of the place, he would very probably have answered, it was so long ago, that he had forgotten all about it, or if pressed have laboured through some languid statistical account of no interest to a single person present. Watch him after you have placed a faithful sketch before him: see how his eye brightens as he recognises one spot after another; and when a thorough examination has refreshed his memory, and he has warmed at the sight of the once familiar scene, if he has a moderate power of expressing himself, you are sure to have secured at least one half hour of agreeable reminiscences.

With us artists also, the lapse of years and hard actual life seem entirely to obliterate portions of our existence, till chance leads us to turn over the folio containing the sketches made at that period, and there we find the key to events, sensations, and circumstances, that ten minutes before we should have said were completely forgotten. The rough sketch that I point out to you may recall, to the memory of those who have visited the place, one of the most beautiful spots in the valley of Anzasca; but to mine it brings circumstances, and particularly *sensations*, all of which it is not possible to depict. The intense heat of that August day, the exquisitely grateful shade of the overhanging vines, the languor and total repose of Nature during mid-day, when all but energetic, strong-minded Englishmen take their siesta, —all this might be portrayed by a Turner's pencil; but as I gaze at this early sketch after the lapse of many years, I am not first struck by the grandeur of Monte Rosa, the rival of Mont Blanc (in modern estimation), nor yet by the frail structure which spans the torrent, but involuntarily my eye glances to a rope across the old balcony, on which hang some articles of clothing.

I had ascended and descended the long but beautiful pass of Barranca to Banio, made in fact a forced march, and though in much need of repose, almost despaired of finding a house to rest in, for the châlet-like buildings which

appeared so numerous from the summit of the pass were only filled with hay. However I came at last to a little village, and by dint of numerous inquiries, in a language composed of French, Italian, and dog Latin, I found a poor little albergo, kept by an ill-favoured and scowling-looking man, who at first gruffly denied me admittance, but seeing by my clothes, or finding by my voice, that I was an Englishman, he suddenly changed his tone, and said, "If the signore would be content with humble fare, I think I can find him a bed in the village." I eagerly drew near the common fire on the kitchen hearth, for my clothes were soaked with the snow and mountain torrents, and, what was still more annoying, my boots were completely cut to pieces by scrambling over the glaciers and rough slatey rocks. My first business then was to search out a cobbler. One of the swarthy fellows who were crowded round the fire, and who I was painfully aware stared at me most unceasingly, and inquired as I thought most curiously into my future destination, was introduced as possessing the requisite skill; to him therefore I entrusted my boots, on his promising faithfully to return them to me early in the morning. Having set this important affair *en train*, I next turned to my supper, of which I was really in want.

My mountain appetite caused me to eat more than, on any other occasion, I should have thought possible of the miserable supply of mouldy Indian corn bread and dried hard pork sausages set before me. I seasoned my repast with a draught of very fair "vino d'Aste," and then declared myself ready for bed, upon which the surly landlord, taking a candle, conducted me, bootless as I was, across a bridge to an old broken-down house, up the creaking staircase, and, traversing a long gallery on which numerous doors opened, finally introduced me into a deserted-looking chamber, most meagrely furnished. The bed was anything but inviting; but, finding it was either that or nothing, I smothered my disgust, and declared that it was "Sta bene;" the fellow set down the candle, and, gruffly wishing me "Buona notte," withdrew. I, half asleep already, and tired to death, threw off my upper clothing and soon found myself within the blankets, where I immediately fell asleep.

After some time I woke with a terrible suffocating feeling about the chest, as if somebody was keeping me down by main force. I struggled violently, at the same time exerting all the strength of my lungs to shout for assistance;

but produced only hideous husky sounds. At last, by a great effort, I released myself, and rushed to the door—all was dark. Out I burst upon the gallery that overhung the roaring torrent, the door swinging behind me, felt my way along the loose and broken boards of the gallery, and had begun to descend the stairs, when suddenly I was jerked off my feet by

MONTE ROSA FROM THE VAL ANZASCA.

a rope thrown under the chin, and flung violently on my back, at the same moment I received a slap on the face from something that felt like a wet hand. For some moments I lay on the ground half stunned. As my senses gradually returned, I ventured to rise, and listened intently to find out who or what were my assailants. I could distinguish nothing—

the torrent roared and foamed within a few paces of me, and the wind moaned and sobbed through the valley—all else was still. My courage and common sense began to resume their functions, I stepped forward, missed my footing, and fell to the bottom of the stairs.

This time, however, I rallied immediately, and finding the door through which my surly host had led me locked on the other side, I shouted and kicked and hallooed manfully, all to no purpose!

At length, with desperate resolution, I ventured to reascend and grope along the gallery in the pitch darkness, hoping, at least, to find my own room again; but here fresh difficulties awaited me, for there were several doors opening out upon it. One or two that I tried were locked; but in a third, which I decidedly thought was the one I had occupied, I stumbled over two or three men sleeping on the floor, whose outcries and maledictions caused my most precipitate retreat.

At last I gained my own room, which I recognised by the position of the bed, and sat down to recover breath. By this time I had a suspicion of the real state of the case, namely, that nightmare had taken possession of me; so, after a careful examination of the room by touch—for very foolishly I had no means of getting a light—I ventured to throw myself once more on the bed, whence I was roused next morning by the landlord without having my rest further disturbed by the vision of inquisitive bandits, by ghosts of pork sausages, or any more tangible messengers of evil.

As I descended the stairs, on my way to breakfast, a clothes' line, with a wet stocking dangling from it, hung so low as to cause me to stoop, and forcibly reminded me of my adventures of the past night, provoking a smile as I thought how different things appear under different lights.

My breakfast was better than my supper, my boots were repaired, the company of travelling muleteers, whom the cautious landlord had locked in lest they should decamp without payment, looked more amiable than my companions of the preceding night; and, my equanimity restored, I returned to the old house once more to take a sketch of the lovely scene with its, to me, *peculiarly* interesting foreground.

PIC DU MIDI D'OSSAU.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OUTLINE OF A TOUR IN THE PYRENEES.

"The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine
And loiters slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

TENNYSON.

PYRENEES AND ALPS—BORDEAUX, ITS WINES—LES LANDES, STILTS—FROG CONCERT—BAYONNE, BAYONET FIRST USED—BIARRITZ, BATHING—PAU TERRACE, VIEW FROM: SUNSET EFFECT—PYRENEES, A BARRIER OR WALL—COLS OR PORTS—OUTLINE OF MOUNTAINS—CIRQUES—PRIMITIVE TEAM—LES EAUX CHAUDES—IMPATIENT GUIDE—VALLEY OF GAVE, BEAUTY OF—VAL D'OSSAU—WOODED HEIGHTS OF GABAS—STABLE—BEAR HUNTS—LES EAUX BONNES—PEST OF FLIES—COL DE TORTES—COL DE SAUCEDE—CAUTERETS—"LES POITRINAIRES"—PONT D'ESPAGNE—LAC DE GAUBE—LA CHASSE PHOTOGRAPHS—LUZ—CIRQUE DE GAVARNIE—LUCHON—LOVELY MOUNTAIN LAKES—HIGH WIND IN PORT—"MALADETTA"—SMUGGLERS' CAVE—LOSE THE WAY—DANGER OF BEARS—HERMITAGE—BACK TO LUCHON—EXCITEMENT AT HOTEL—PARIS—ENGLAND—COMPARISON OF PYRENEES AND ALPS IN PYRENEES MORE ABUNDANT FOLIAGE, RICHER COLOUR, ATMOSPHERE MORE MISTY AND WARMER—CLIMATE NOT GOOD FOR PEDESTRIANS—SADDENING EFFECT OF THICK MISTS IN VALLEYS.

I WILL endeavour this evening to give you a sketch, and will call it an Outline of a Tour in the Pyrenees. It will be made more with a brush and colours than described by words, but still a few words may assist you to understand these cartoons, and enter into the feeling with which they have been drawn; and I shall premise that my chief object is to assert the usefulness of the art that I teach.

Drawing adds greatly to the power of explaining and illustrating events and thoughts, and it is a language intelligible to all—to the unlearned as well as the learned, to the ignorant peasant as well as the most polished inhabitant of cities. Mr. Murray has often told me that notes made on the spot, or at the time, are always acceptable, and I find that sketches made on

the spot are still more appreciated, conveying a more vivid impression than words. I wish, therefore, this evening, to encourage you to persevere in sketching from Nature, while I explain where even a practised artist finds difficulty, for, when trying to copy infinitely beautiful Nature, I assure you he finds as much reason for discouragement as you can.

However, there is a very great pleasure in even a small measure of success, and it is satisfactory to find that when we turn away from the perfection of Nature, our efforts, which appeared on the spot so weak, so futile, immediately become more valuable, increasing in value (if conscientiously made) as time passes.

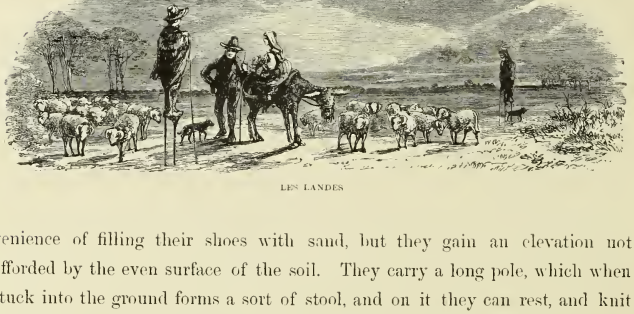
It requires a strong determination to surmount difficulties; the weather will always be too hot or too cold, the subject too large or too small, the paper or the colours of the wrong kind, and above all, as every idler tells you, the time too short. I have no magical means of transmitting pictures to paper, and I know full well what great resolution it requires to make even a beginning; but remember a wise man never waits for opportunities, but makes them, and perseverance will enable you to bring home memorials of scenes which you may never see again. A well-known writer has thus expressed herself on this subject:—"I have often heard the complaint that young ladies cannot draw from Nature, that they have never drawn without a master; and I am sure that something must be wrong in the system of instruction pursued in our schools, if, after years of expensive lessons, after the attainment of a degree of excellence in the art of copying almost equal to that of the master himself, numbers of young ladies loiter up and down the promenades of Pau, wishing the lovely aspect of the scenes around them could be transmitted to their sketch books, yet never, even at the solicitation of their parents, or the entreaties of their friends, being induced to attempt even so much as an outline."

Having been long known as an enthusiastic student of the mountain scenery of the Alps and Tyrol, I had often been asked how it was that I had never visited the Pyrenees—"a range of mountains," as one friend assured me, "which, though inferior in height, were far more picturesque in form, and infinitely more diversified in colour, and the verdurous beauty of their valleys; with the additional charm of abundance of wild, savage, and untrodden scenery in many of the higher passes." Another friend promised me "the finest study

of foliage, and the most picturesque of fir forests, untouched by the axe of the woodman." The only answer I could give to those remarks was, that as an old Alpine traveller, I had been so accustomed, during the long vacation, to study and walk in Switzerland, and had still so many fresh points of interest to examine, that I hardly knew how to tear myself away. I confess I had also a suspicion that the mountain air of the Alps was more invigorating and more suited for the refreshment of mind and body, after a long season of professional engagements, than the warmer and more southern air of the Pyrenees, which appeared to me to be better suited to invalids, or to those requiring the use of the waters. Having, however, been rather harassed during a late visit to Chamouni by crowds of uncongenial cockneys, I determined for this once to turn aside from the main shoal of travellers, and visit the Pyrenees instead of the Alps. I do not in the least regret the decision I came to, as mountains, perhaps the most glorious portions of inanimate Nature, should be depicted under a warm and misty atmosphere, like that of the Pyrenees, as well as under the clearer and dryer air of Switzerland. The journey is certainly rather more tedious than to Switzerland, but a good long day will take one to Bordeaux, where there is always much to interest. Its handsome quays, forest of masts, and noble river, strike the stranger almost as much as Liverpool or London, and the presence of the Union Jack on many of the vessels tells us how largely our countrymen partake of its commerce. One feels that here man works and prospers. It is impossible to visit Bordeaux without becoming interested in its principal source of wealth, that of the far-famed wine, which is stored in innumerable barriques in vaults, or seen ranged on the spacious quays. The vine which produces the best wine is grown on a poor stony soil—an accumulation of sand and pebbles, apparently brought down to the Garonne by the torrents from the Pyrenees. The long tongue of land stretching north from Bordeaux towards the sea is called Médoc; the wine being known by that name on the spot, and not by that of claret. Why some English should persist in calling the wine, which grows around Bordeaux, claret, I do not know. We find great fault with the French for altering the spelling of names, such as Cicero to Ciceron, or our London to Londres; this we are apt to call conceit, but why should we then show our ignorance by calling wine grown at Médoc, or exported from Bordeaux, by the name of claret, which is perfectly unknown

to the French. I suppose for the same reason that we artists call a greenish citrine pigment by the extraordinary name of brown pink.

It is curious to think how closely a soil producing such treasures borders on the barren Landes, which begin close to the strip of land called Médoc. I left Bordeaux for Bayonne by the rail, and a few miles soon brought me to the dreary, and apparently interminable wastes of Les Landes. From my earliest youth I had felt the wish to visit these sandy deserts and morasses. After the deserts of Africa I think those of the Landes take the greatest possession of the youthful mind; and if the camel, the ship of the desert, be absent, we have instead the Landais peasant, with his stilts or échasses, which, to a boy, are almost as interesting. By the aid of these they are not only enabled to stalk over the prickly bushes, and avoid the incon-



LES LANDES

venience of filling their shoes with sand, but they gain an elevation not afforded by the even surface of the soil. They carry a long pole, which when stuck into the ground forms a sort of stool, and on it they can rest, and knit stockings all the day through. The Landais peasant is a primitive-looking being, and the long woolly sheepskin that he wears does much to increase the singularity of his appearance. I have given you a sketch of one stopping with a few of his ill-conditioned sheep to have a chat with some acquaintances as they go to market. In another sketch I have shown some of these peasants in a retired nook in a pine wood, with their tubs, oxen, wain, &c. and here there is more appearance of society, for you may see a figure employed blazing or scoring the bark of one of the pine trees, while another

is collecting the resin from an incision previously made. It is pleasing to know that these vast deserts of shifting sands are gradually becoming cultivated and profitable. Large portions of them have been sown with seed of the common broom, the plants of which were covered over with pine branches, pinned down to keep the sand from shifting; amongst these were introduced seeds of the Pinus pinaster, which gradually have grown up and supplanted the broom which protected them. The pine soon becomes very valuable for the resin and tar which it produces. As you pass through the forest, inhaling the sharp aromatic odour of the pines, you will notice that almost all the larger trees are blazed or scored down the lower part of the trunk; the resin flows down this, and is caught at the bottom of the stem in a small trough, fashioned in a few moments from the bark removed by the cut; this process is repeated till the tree has been entirely scored round, and yet, strange to say, it is not killed. Tar is also made from the roots and thick portions of the stem.

I was informed, by the proprietor of a large tract of these forests, that owing to the American war, all his produce, namely, resin, tar, and wood, had greatly increased in value, and that Les Landes were not after all such bad property. Although the main portion of Les Landes is an arid and sandy desert, there are lagunes and morasses near the sea-shore which impress one powerfully with their extreme solitude, and perhaps an artist who is generally much alone in his rambles feels this more keenly than others; but still some of these marshes have innumerable inhabitants, and such as can make a most prodigious noise in the world—namely, frogs. The first time I heard a frog concert I was truly amazed. I was returning to my lonely auberge after studying a lovely sunset, the twilight was gradually deepening into gloom, the air was filled with a tender bluish light, into which the eye penetrates without giving the forms of objects. The stems of the gray firs had become less distinct against the distant forest, and although the branches and foliage still relieved against the purple clouds it was not with that clear outline which had charmed me so much in the earlier sunset. From time to time my eye had caught the silhouette of a shepherd upon his stilts, leaning against a tree, or standing erect like a solitary heron; his sheep were already lost in the herbage and bushes at his feet. Thus I was sauntering along in a dreamy mood, when all at once I heard a call, like "Who are you?"

repeated several times; this was immediately responded to by five or six others, of different tones, some very rattling and hoarse. Then burst forth from all around a deafening uproar perfectly astounding; and this was a frog concert. It is no exaggeration to say, that when the concert was at its height it would have been quite impossible to hear myself speak. It is not the duck-like quacking of our English frogs, but a sort of rattle that beggars all description. The sound is loud enough to disturb and harass people when shut up in their houses half-a-mile off; and before the first French Revolution it was a complaint of the poor peasants that they were forced by the nobility to be out all night thrashing the ponds, in order that their lords might sleep. It, however, amused me for a time very much. It seemed quite like a scene in life. One little fellow finds a stone, with some difficulty he crawls upon it; when seated he calls out, "Who are you? Who are you?" till he is pushed off by a big bully. The chorus joins in, "Who are you? Who are you?" and then comes the grand uproar, until a stone is thrown among them, when all is still.

Again the railway engine rushes on, carrying one through this desert track before, perhaps, the lonesome solitude has been fully realized; but as the evening shades advance, and the warm glowing sun declines to the horizon, and long golden and crimson clouds, tinged with its rays, mingle in form and colour with the stretches of the distant sandy plains, the mind is wonderfully impressed with the scene. It reverts to the sandy shores and vast expanse of the boundless ocean; but the endless monotony of these deserts, never broken by storms into waves, and the noiseless solitude of all around, so different from the ceaseless wash of the wave on the shore, make one if possible feel the loneliness more; for the ocean in the greatest calm reflects on its bosom the ever changing hues of the sky and clouds, but the dull gray coloured sand of the Landes, save in some stagnant morass, reciprocates but little of the heavens above. On the strand we likewise picture to ourselves the living monsters of the deep, the fish that approach the shore, and even the shell that we pick up as the wave recedes, all recall to our thoughts the abundance of life with which it teems. The murmur also of the tiniest wave as it breaks on the beach gives a more cheerful turn to the thoughts than the sough of the heated air through the branches of the withered pine, and the distant sail bearing, as we believe, its numerous crew, conveys to our minds far different

ideas to the solitary being we see stalking away on his stilts or leaning against the fir tree.

But leaving the Landes and their dreamy thoughts, I arrived at Bayonne, where I had some difficulty in procuring a bed, as the hotel was completely filled with Spaniards.

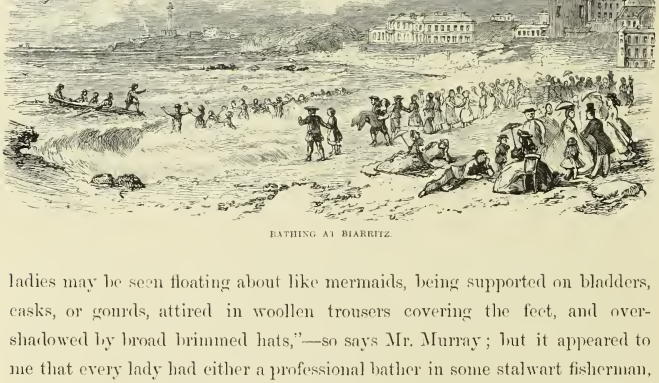
I visited the Citadel, which, though considered very strong, did not interest me so much as the Adour below Bayonne, where Wellington crossed in the Peninsular war. This passage is styled by Colonel Napier a stupendous undertaking, which will almost rank among the prodigies of war.

It may be worth while to mention that the bayonet was invented near Bayonne, by a Basque regiment which, having run short of powder, assaulted the Spaniards opposed to them by sticking the long lances, usually carried by the Basques, into the barrels of their muskets. The French subsequently fastened the bayonet outside the muzzle of the musket, and greatly astonished our soldiers by using it, after having fired a volley upon them. This occurred about the beginning of the 17th century.

The markets, always interesting to me from the various produce, costumes, and scenes of life which they present, were here rendered more attractive by the picturesque dresses of the Basque peasants, and the lively and active fish-women, who wait the arrival of the boats with fresh sardines, and immediately rush with full speed through the town, uttering a shrill cry resembling that of the fish-women in Newhaven. Some very picturesque old men, with mules in gay trappings, carrying sacks of large fir cones, and charcoal covered with fern, caused me a long trot after them to get a sketch as they cried their goods through the town. But the great heat and fatigue of the long journey from Paris made me sigh for the refreshing sea breeze, and I soon found myself on the top of a diligence on the road to Biarritz, five miles distant. It used to be the custom to ride these *en cacolet*, that is, by occupying a pannier on one side of the back of a horse or ass, while the other is filled with a Basque paysanne, and I have been told that it required some dexterity to mount, for unless both jumped to their seats at the same moment, the equipoise was destroyed. Now however, with a good road, it seemed hardly likely that many would ride in that manner, nor did I see any but single lasses on their panniers.

I had heard much of Biarritz and its rolling waves, and perforated rocks, its bathers *en toilette de bain*, and its promenades; and if its picturesque beauty

is somewhat spoiled by building, there is still much to amuse a stranger. Here it is evident that the French love and live for society, without it they cannot exist; they are positively frightened at the idea of being left alone. Even the Empress Eugénie has her palace placed in such a situation that it is overlooked on every side, and she may be frequently seen bathing on the Côte Napoleon. The favourite promenade is the narrow semicircular strand extending between the base of the cliffs, hollowed out by the waves into fantastic forms, and the Villa Eugénie. The smallness of the space is in its favour, as the French are a gregarious race, and like to jostle in a crowd. There, when the tide serves for bathing, you meet all the bathers, the custom being for visitors of both sexes to promenade in their *costume de bain* before they enter the water. The scene is very French and very curious. "The



BATHING AT BIARRITZ.

ladies may be seen floating about like mermaids, being supported on bladders, casks, or gourds, attired in woollen trousers covering the feet, and overshadowed by broad brimmed hats,"—so says Mr. Murray; but it appeared to me that every lady had either a professional bather in some stalwart fisherman, or some friend; and it was necessary, for, as the waves roll in from the Bay of Biscay with considerable force, they have to keep up a succession of leaps to avoid being overthrown, and it is a very amusing sight on a rather rough day to see the rows of bathers popping up and down as they meet the waves. Some ladies, however, seem to prefer being carried till a large wave comes, and then to be dipped in head first, afterwards being held floating about while the

waves wash over them. This appeared to me to be almost as luxurious for a lady, as a plunge off a boat is for a gentleman. For those, however, who like a more retired spot, a dive and a swim, there is a good place called Le Vieux Port.

The woodcut gives a general view of Biarritz, with the palace of the Empress Eugénie.

I did not, however, come to lounge amongst these idlers, but to study, and therefore made my way back to Bayonne; from thence the railway passes by Orthez, celebrated for the victory by the British over the French in 1814. In this battle the Duke of Wellington received what appears to have been his only wound. The remains of a very picturesque bridge and tower made me wish that I had arranged to stop and sketch it, but I passed on to Pau. I need scarcely remind you that Pau was the ancient capital of the little kingdom of French Navarre and Bearn, and was the birthplace of the good king Henri IV. who was born in the fine old castle which stands so loftily upon a ridge overlooking the river Gave. This chateau is full of interest, but time would fail were I to enter into details. Pau, however, owes its principal interest with us to its having for many years been the chief place of resort for invalids during the winter; the genial climate and the numerous comforts that can be there found render it perhaps one of the most charming of winter residences. On the terrace there is a magnificent promenade; the distant mountains look clearest at sunset, while the line of vine-clad hills is painted against the evening sky with that distinctness of outline which renders every tree, one might almost fancy every leaf, visible upon their summits. Still more lovely is it to study the mountains towards Bayonne, along which the rays of the setting sun are glancing; they are tinged with all the glories of the sky, and their very forms are so melted into air that at times one can hardly be distinguished from the other. The eye marks harmonious changes, from the faint blue line of the distance down to the richer and deeper purples of the woods and fields that compose the varied banks of the serpent-like Gave beneath; this charming river, bathed in a broad expanse of gold, forming a beautiful contrast.

The colours of evening in this climate may be more evanescent than with us, but while they last they are also much more varied and intense.

> "All its hues
> From the rich sunset to the rising star,
> Their magical variety diffuse."—Byron.

Even the snow on the distant mountains, though still retaining its purity, partakes of the colouring of the scene, so that sometimes, on looking up, you suddenly behold them wrapped in a mantle of pale roseate madder; then this deepens into stronger tones, changes even to crimson, then to gold, passing into the palest yellow, until one peak after another loses the parting radiance of the sun, and all are again clothed in that cold blue, and colder white, which has been well described by a distinguished traveller as resembling the aspect of death when the spirit has but just departed. Byron also says, with more feeling of an artist than he generally showed—

> "Parting day
> Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new colour as it gasps away,
> The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and all is gray."

Of course a painter can do little else at such moments than silently stand and admire, treasuring up in his memory the most striking points of the effect. He aids himself in this great effort by taking rapid notes of the forms, and with a kind of short-hand of letters, figures, or symbols; with these and a rough outline he fixes still firmer the chief beauties in his mind; thus the lover of Nature studies to imprint on his memory an effect, which if he attempted to wash in, even with the hastiest colours, would be all confusion. He photographs the scene, as it were, complete and entire at the most favourable moment; then as soon as possible he opens out these hasty notes adding here and there, and perhaps blotting in examples of the colours and tones. Not only thus, but, as in this favoured and settled climate, when evening after evening the same effect occurs with only some fresh beauty, he takes again his favourite walk; his note-book is filled with additional treasures; and, studying part by part in detail, he learns to know and appreciate the whole. One can well believe that thoughts thus studied, ripened, and corrected, become at last of inconceivable service to him in painting his picture at home.

The view from the park, of the Pyrenees distant some twenty-five miles, is beautiful, and while sauntering under the magnificent trees I had to arrange in what manner I should commence my studies of this noble range, of which every mountain and valley would be new to me. First, I must tell you, I was far too impatient to sit down and take a sketch of the mountains

from this great distance; they were too far off, nor was the panoramic view at all comparable to that from the terrace at Berne. I had obtained a few notes from various friends, who were well acquainted with the country, so that I settled to make *three* general divisions of my time, and take three valleys or points of interest, with two or three connecting cols in passing from one to the other. I was well aware that I could not hastily run over the whole country, nor yet take even the shortest of Mr. Murray's tours, for an artist must occupy more time than one who travels merely to see the country; he has to spend days where the cursory observer spends only minutes or hours, or his time would all be wasted. I therefore had to reject much that was beautiful and picturesque, and choose these three different centres of interest. First, the magnificient Pic du Midi d'Ossau, with its cloven summit, claimed my attention. I had heard much of its beauty, and of that of the whole valley up to its base. Its very name has something attractive in it, for it means, "the vale by which the bears come down." On my way to the grand object of interest, I should also see Les Eaux Chaudes and Bonnes. Next I should study the beautiful and romantic valley from Luz to the Cirque de Gavarnie; and, lastly, finish off with Luchon and its lovely vicinity. I have to explain to you that by the Pyrenees I mean only those mountains that divide France from Spain; for, notwithstanding the expression of Louis XIV. after a certain event, that there were no more Pyrenees, I can assure you that they still exist, and are a very remarkable barrier or wall between the two countries, stretching in a straight line about two hundred and eighty miles, and being in some places fifty miles across. You will see by this map their general direction, from near Bayonne to Perpignan, and on it I have marked my route, which, you will observe, leaves much of this picturesque country for future exploration. This range of mountains is remarkable for its wall-like form, indented by gaps or Ports, as they are called, which give passage between France and Spain. There are, besides these high passages, five carriage-roads in the chain, all lying to the extreme east or west; and through one of the lower passes a rail-road, from Bayonne to St. Sebastian, has lately been carried. The Ports, which answer to the Cols of Switzerland, though generally higher, present scenery of great grandeur, rising on each side in perpendicular walls of two hundred to three hundred feet high. In consequence, however, of the Pyrenees

lying further south than the Alps, and of their vicinity to the sea, there is much less snow and ice than on the Alps.

A remarkable and very interesting feature in the Pyrenees is the basins—"cirques" or "oules" is their local name. They are situated in the transverse valleys, lying between the buttresses of the principal ranges, and are generally surrounded on three sides by lofty walls of rock, opening into the valley by a narrow gully. The scenery of these cirques is peculiar, uniting sublimity with great pastoral beauty. One of these, called the Cirque de Gavarnie, generally considered the grandest, has the additional beauty of a fine waterfall, which is supposed to be the highest in Europe.

Having sketched out this scheme, looked at my map, and made a somewhat hasty breakfast, I secured a place in an excessively crowded diligence, coming from the railway-station, and going to Les Eaux Chaudes. I was not sorry that it was necessary for me to sit beside the driver up above the coupé, as there I had the best view of the country, and had the amusement of seeing the manners of the coachman with his drolly-harnessed horses. I little thought in these railroad times to see such old-fashioned teams, with immense collars hung about with little tinkling bells, and loose rope harness, allowing the horses to trot about in every part of the road before they settle to their work. One of our leaders had the impudence to turn quite round, and look at us. "Ah! ha!" said our Jehu, "you have forgotten something, have you? I'll teach you to remember," and with that he administered a severe cut with his whip.

I had heard much of the great beauty of the first view of the Pic du Midi near Sevignac, but a heavy shower and continued clouds prevented my enjoying this, or stopping to sketch. Thus an artist is governed by circumstances. I passed therefore at once to Les Eaux Chaudes, losing also one or two fine forests by the way from the increasing darkness. At Les Eaux Chaudes I got a fair study; but, this place being wedged in a narrow gorge, and the hotel full of invalids, and also very uncomfortable, I determined to walk up the lovely Val d'Ossau to Gabas. I passed by the hot springs, bursting forth out of the granite close to its junction with the limestone. This outbreak of hot sources near the points of contact of granite, or trappean rocks, is of usual occurrence among the Alps and Pyrenees. I enjoyed this walk exceedingly, although sorely hurried by an impatient young guide,

whom I was obliged to check when I overheard him telling a friend that he should be back again in two hours. "No," I said, "I shall not walk at that rate, for I want to see the country." "Oh," he replied, "Monsieur peut rester *même cinq minutes*." This was not the sort of guide for an

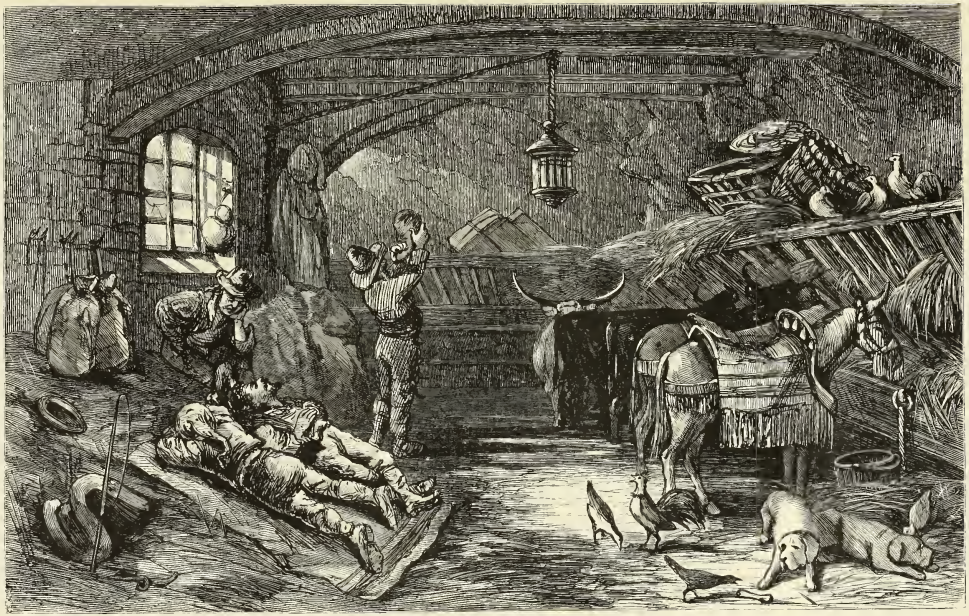
LES EAUX CHAUDES.

artist, and indeed it is preferable to be without one. I strolled up and down this lovely valley more than once, always finding fresh beauties.

The chief distinguishing points of the Pyrenees are the great beauty, transparency, and colour of the foaming torrents, which are not at all like the muddy, cold, leaden-coloured glacier rivers of the Alps, but are of the most exquisite and delicate pale green colour, like the beryl or chrysoprase. From the foam, when the rays of the sun shine through it, to the deepest pool, when in shadow of the richly tinted marble rocks, the most remarkable tones are seen. Then again the colour of the water of the little lakes is perfectly marvellous, seeming to be uninfluenced by the surrounding rocks, or sky above, and to have some independent source of colour. The charming Gave struck me the most, I think. Not merely was the water with its

numerous falls beautiful, but so rich and varied were the colours of the rocks, and the enormous boulders of marble, limestone, and slate, when heightened by moisture, that a far greater mellowness of hue was produced than we see in Switzerland. Upon these rocks, lovely little knolls of grass and velvet tufts of the greenest moss were frequently seen, and their crevices were made purple by the deep-coloured gentian, and a thousand other flowers, not only interesting to the botanist, but affecting and enriching the colour of the moss. Over the bed of the roaring torrent are sometimes seen the elegant branches of the birch, drooping like the weeping willow; the elder, with its well known clusters of yellowish white blossoms, and another kind with lovely scarlet berries. More rarely seen, but still more striking, was the mountain ash, with its pendant and gorgeous clusters; the noble beech, equally beautiful in its glossy foliage, waving branches, and varied silver gray trunk. Beyond and above these rose shelving and woody heights, clothed with the gloomy pine, the young trees shooting up fresh and vigorous, while the gray and storm-shattered trunk of the old shewed the ages that the forest had remained untouched by the hand of man. Far above all these were seen the summits of the mountain range, sometimes tipped with the eternal snow, and the heaven ascending walls, which appear inaccessible, save to the wild izzard, or to the floating eagle which wheels his happy flight the highest heavens.

In about two hours, which I could easily have made four, from the wish to linger if not to sketch, I arrived at Gabas. This solitary little village is the last in France, and being the only place where one can stop to study the Pic du Midi, I determined to put up with rough accommodation. Unfortunately I was persuaded by my guide to take the worst of the two little inns. The first night I got very little sleep, for the shepherds and Spanish muleteers kept up such a noise all around me, especially in the kitchen, which was divided from my room only by a thin partition, that I heartily wished their wants were all supplied, and themselves laid to rest. This was not all, for the floor of my room being immediately over the principal stable, the braying of mules, and the lowing of oxen, with various other noises, smells, and annoyances, prevented me for a long time from sleeping. The vibration of the boards was so remarkably strong, that when the mules brayed I was glad to take my feet off the floor. In the morning



INTERIOR OF THE STABLE OF A SPANISH POSADA

I explored the dark cave-like stable, which was partly hewn out of the rocks around, and presented a scene never to be forgotten—a subject worthy of Lewis or Phillip. There were the mules feeding away, with their rough pack saddles and gay rugs on their backs, while the Spaniards had unrolled others and were quietly reposing in a corner. Strange wild-looking men too, who might have been banditti from the other side of the frontier, were seen emerging from dark recesses, or standing about in those picturesque attitudes natural to Spaniards. The principal part of their merchandise appeared to be wine, held in the customary pig-skins, which were either standing against the walls, or hanging on pegs, whilst one of the men was solacing himself with a drink from a smaller kid-skin bottle. This manner of getting a draught requires practice; the bottle is held above the head, and allowed, or forced with a gentle squeeze, to squirt into the mouth from a distance of a few inches, an affair of considerable difficulty to those not accustomed to it, for if you do not take care when you close your mouth to swallow or get breath, it is sure to inundate your neck and clothes with strong red wine. On entering the kitchen I was equally pleased with the costume of the group surrounding the fire; there was the landlady with her crimson hood folded on the top of her head, and on which she always placed a spare napkin, her short full petticoat of massive folds, and her close black velvet jacket. Around the blazing wood fire were seated men, women, and children, evidently travellers, while the walls were hung with the black velvet conical hats of Spain, and the woollen mantles worn by travellers of that country.

I spent six days in this picturesque village, visiting the Bioux Artiques, to study the Pic du Midi, three times, a view of which heads this section; but in every direction there are abundant materials for the artist. I frequently drew the shepherds, with their long-woolled sheep, amongst which three or four goats are always kept, I was told, to furnish milk for the shepherds and their dogs. Their bonnets of brown cloth, and general appearance, reminded me much of the Scotch peasant, but the colouring was far richer, and the frequent addition of a broad crimson sash contributed not a little to the effect of the whole figure. During my frequent and solitary rambles I had a good deal of chat with the peasants and hunters. I wanted, above all, to hear about the bears from which the whole valley is named. I once found a hunter who had killed a fine bear only three weeks before; he said it was

quite fat, and that the fat was very valuable, as much as sixteen francs a pound; it was good for rheumatic pains, but he did not speak of its being applied to the head. He had eaten the whole of the bear, and it was very good. I offered a sponge-cake to him and his companion; he said he would eat it if I would assure him it would do him no harm. "Oh, no," I said; "on the contrary, dipped in a little of this good wine, it is not at all bad," and so he found it. A bear, I ascertained, is more profitable than a wolf, although the government gives a reward for the death of the latter, but not for that of the bear; the hunters also carry the wolf round to the different farmers and levy contributions. I found the bear was generally supposed to feed upon fruits and roots, as well as mutton and beef, and I was also told that he always skins the animal before he eats it, taking the skin off with his long claws most cleverly; however, he sometimes carries a cow right away.

One of my studies was a picturesque rock, which had fallen in such a way as to make a good cavern, and which was inhabited by some shepherds; at night they always have a large fire, and if a bear or wolf come crawling about after the sheep, the faithful dogs rush out, and the shepherd snatches a blazing brand from the fire to fling at the intruder. I intend painting this subject, and if you can imagine a beautiful moonlight night, with clouds sailing across the moon, the firelight glancing on the frightened flock and startled mules, the large dogs rushing after the rascal, and the shepherd throwing his fiery weapon, you will have some idea of my picture.

But I was obliged to quit this charming place, to leave untouched many a lovely scene, many magnificent pines and pleasing groups of figures, and return to Les Eaux Chaudes, and afterwards to Les Eaux Bonnes.

This latter much frequented bathing-place is situated in a sort of cul-de-sac, with high mountains on every side, above all which towers the majestic Pic de Ger. The collection of hotels and lodging-houses with the promenades, and above all the incessant whip-cracking of the fantastically dressed equestrians, were not at all to my taste, and the table d'hôte dinners occurring just at sunset put the climax to my impatience, so I took my leave with a guide and horse for Pierrefitte.

We passed the very picturesque Col de Tortes, and later in the day another called Col de Saucède. At Pierrefitte I took a sketch of a very

picturesque old church, and could plainly see that the country and valley about St. Savin and Argelez abounded in beauty, but the weather in these valleys was so oppressive, and the heat so intolerable, that after a study or two I again turned my face to the mountains. In these hot scorching valleys, irrigated for the sake of the maize, or sweltering in white vapour after rain, about the greatest plague that an artist can have is that of insects, for occupied as his hands are, and intent as he necessarily is on his work, they inflict stings upon him which take days to get rid of. I thought I had made acquaintance with all kinds before, but in the Pyrenees was yet another

in the shape of hundreds of small yellow flies, which remained apparently motionless between my eyes and the white paper, harassing the sight; I thought they never settled upon me, but I found they had stung me all over the face and eyes, causing most severe annoyance. As I was sitting thus tormented, I saw a group pass, which in spite of my ill-humour made me laugh; it was a donkey in a cart, with a queer old man and his boy. It appeared the poor brute had, like myself, suffered from this plague, for his

kind master had furnished him with a very respectable pair of trousers for his fore legs, leaving him to protect his others with his tail. As it is customary to put something in the pockets when first worn, he had most considerately stuffed in one a mouthful of hay.

After a very long day's walk and sketching, I reached the well placed mountain village of Cauterets. On arriving here I found that the landlord at Pierrefitte had not forwarded my luggage as he had promised.

This was no small vexation, as can easily be imagined; I therefore set myself to write a terse and vigorous epistle in what I might call Duke of Wellington French, and gave it into the hands of a returning coachman. After a few minutes, passing through the yard again, I saw him to my astonishment quietly perusing my letter, and intensely enjoying the contents. "Comment le trouvez vous," said I, "est-ce mal écrit?" "Mais non, Monsieur, c'est fort, bien fort," replied he with the coolest impudence, not at all discomposed at my sudden reappearance. I may add the letter had the desired effect, my luggage arriving at ten o'clock that night.

The Hotel de France was perhaps the best at this much frequented place, the salle-à-manger and other rooms overlooking a pretty shady garden, filled with idlers sipping their coffee or smoking their cigars, while some lively Spanish pedlars, with their showy rugs and scarfs, tried to tempt them to buy. The fair invalids, or "poitrinaires," who use the waters, are most extravagant in their costumes and crinolines, and their frequent changes of morning, promenading, dining, and ball-dresses, made it quite evident to me that the enormous round-topped cases with which they travel were not at all too large for what they had to contain. Some of the riding costumes, indeed, were so fanciful, that even without the white linen masks which were worn to protect the fair faces from the burning sun, they looked to me more like masquerading dresses, than an out-of-door costume. The time consumed at the table d'hôte being more than two hours, I determined to lose no more sunsets in this most unsatisfactory way, but to start by day-break the next morning.

It is, I believe, supposed necessary for consumptive patients to eat largely, and one lady apologized to a friend of mine for her voracious appetite; she was consumptive indeed as to entremets; "Je mange beaucoup, n'est ce pas, Monsieur? Mais, mon Dieu, je suis poitrinaire;" and a

landlord of one of these hotels assured me in a plaintive tone, that the continual drinking of the waters, and the bathing, made people so hungry, that he could hardly provide enough. As I was suffering from long exposure to the sun of the previous day, I resolved to take a guide with two horses to the Lac de Gaube, one of the most charming excursions in the Pyrenees. The guide would fain have made me take a third horse for himself, but to this I objected, as it was but a short morning's ride; such a disgrace, however, do these fellows consider it to be seen walking, that the last fifty yards before reaching the Lac de Gaube he threw himself on the top of my luggage, at the imminent risk of crushing my folios, in order to appear before the cabane and arrive in proper style, cracking his ridiculously ornamented whip. On another occasion I had engaged a stout fellow with his mule to carry my luggage, which weighed rather over thirty pounds, when he very soon put himself behind it, leaving me to trudge after him in the dust. Passing the Cascade Cerizet, over which during the morning is a very beautiful rainbow, the road winds amidst charming trees, and moss-grown rocks, until it reaches the Pont d'Espagne, a wooden bridge, high above the stream, the road which leads into Spain being carried over the Col de Marcadou, a pass abounding in wild and savage scenery. The upper waterfall is here exceedingly beautiful, and, when seen with the slanting rays of the evening sun across it, furnished a fine subject for the artist. To reach the Lac de Gaube I was obliged to turn back again to the Pont d'Espagne, and begin a steep and rugged ascent, abounding in splendid bits for study.

The Lac de Gaube is reached in an hour; it is a lovely though lonely basin of emerald tinted water. As this wild spot is nearly six thousand feet above the sea, and consequently much cooler, I determined if possible to rest here a night or two, and my first inquiry was about a bed in the little cabane. This secured, I turned with pleasure to contemplate the exquisite mirror at my feet. The sun was shining brightly, and the snowy peaks of the magnificent Vignemale were reflected in its glassy waters. Every slight breeze that glanced along its surface altered the colour and effect; at times the reflection was so complete that one could hardly distinguish the image from the reality. I was never tired of studying the varied effects that came over this lovely lake; encircled by magnificent mountains, reflected in its pure depths, it reminded me of the constant changes in a beautiful

eye. It was indeed the eye of the whole picture, and although small, contained much study for a painter. This fair spot was the scene of a melancholy catastrophe some years ago. A young Englishman and his bride, not married a month, were in the wretched little fishing-boat, and by some accident in pushing off from the precipitous shores he fell in; his bride threw herself in after him, and both were drowned. The little tomb on the shores of the lake is raised to their memory. I worked here for six days, passing the early mornings close to the lake; then breakfasting, and descending to a magnificent cascade at the Pont d'Espagne, made drawings of both these points. All this study was not without its trials, for frequently there were dense fogs, then thunderstorms every evening, and excessive heat nearly all the time. I was struck by a coup de soleil, and suffered for two days with swelled face and inflamed eyes, living all the time on the simplest of food and tea, which I always carry with me, and use at night when sleepless. On one such night I heard a great rush of horses past my window, which was close to the ground. I found on inquiry that they had been disturbed by a bear, and that when this took place they always came close to the cabane. How I wished I had been looking out at the clear moon, and had seen picturesque Bruin prowling about. I was now obliged by my arrangements to break up my camp, and descend again to Cauterets, once more to mix with the lively, chatty invalids and other visitors. This time their talk was all of "La Chasse," of which, like many people that I had seen at the Lac de Gaube, they expressed the greatest admiration.

This ardour for "La Chasse" makes them mighty hunters in imagination, and especially in costume. I had seen one of these tourists at the Lac de Gaube, fully equipped; he had a black velvet cap, with a large peak, a heavy highly ornamented whip, with immense rosettes in crimson tied over one shoulder, over the other a magnificent French horn, on which to sound the onset or proclaim the victory, light yellow slippers, with long scarlet ribbons bound and crossed like Malvolio's up the leg; I forget whether he had spurs, but in general they are worn. On he rushed to the face of the fall, shouting, cracking his whip, and at last blowing his horn; but, alas! there was no echo! I often thought how much more like children the French are than either the English or Spaniards Think

of one of our quiet business men of the Alpine Club dressed and acting thus! It is all explained by the horror of solitude the French always express.

With this fervour for "La Chasse," they sometimes get taken in. Once at Cauterets, when there had been great talk at the table d'hôte about "La Chasse à l'Ours," several had committed themselves to follow it up the first opportunity, and "do or die." The ladies were particularly excited, and entreated their husbands and friends not to hazard their lives in so serious an encounter. Strange to say, as a party rode up the next day to the Pic du Midi, they reported that they had seen a large bear on the rocks above them, and a hunt was at once arranged, with abundance of chasseurs guides and porters to carry provisions, and bring the bear back. They had a grand day; firing away, and blowing horns, and a magnificent pic-nic lunch, but no bear was seen or found. It afterwards leaked out that the bear was one of the hunters, dressed in a real bear's skin, and this party was arranged by himself and comrades to put a little money in their pockets, as they were rather dull.

From Cauterets I descended the valley again, and visited the picturesque castle of Lourdes, formerly the property of the Black Prince, having been yielded up to the English by the French king John, as part of his ransom. Lord Elgin was also confined here, when he was returning from the East in 1804. From Lourdes I went to Bagnères de Bigorre, a busy town and great bathing place, having the reputation of being the most lively and agreeable of the baths. It is situated in a valley, and, in my opinion, is exceedingly hot—far too hot to be agreeable in July. There is, however, a cheerful and shaded promenade in the middle of the town, called the "Coustous," with houses, shops, and cafés on each side, which is crowded in the evening. The town is well watered by numerous canals and streams, some of which turn paper, and others marble mills, this place being noted for the many beautiful marbles obtained in the valley of Campan. Another of the uses to which some of these canals are put, affords many a droll sight; horses, asses, and pigs repair to them twice a day, and after wading knee deep are refreshed by water being thrown over their backs with a wooden scoop; this they enjoy exceedingly.

At Bigorre I had an agreeable change by meeting several people I knew,

and amongst others the very talented chemist and photographer, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, who kindly gave me a number of his beautiful photographs of various interesting points of the Pyrenees. With regard to these, I may say that, far from thinking they interfere with an artist, I consider that they assist, just as a map does, perhaps not much more, even when they are done with such acknowledged skill: the best of them cannot convey the sentiment of a picture—there is no light and shade, and above all no colour.

BAGNÈRES DE BIGORRE.

I cannot resist quoting here some remarks from Mr. Weld's work on the Pyrenees. "Passing," he says, "amidst these glowing colours, I could not help thinking how vapid are all representations of the Pyrenees when colour is discarded. Photography makes you acquainted with the outline of the peaks, the swelling domes, the folds of the hills, and the curves of the valleys; but how short of the glowing reality are those monotonously brown pictures! Nature, everywhere adorned with harmonious lines, is gorgeously arrayed in the Pyrenees, and scenes of beauty in those mountains can never be adequately and truthfully represented without colour."

An excursion is frequently made from Bagnères de Bigorre to the summit of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre; a fine mountain, from which is a magnificent view, and also to the interesting mountain baths of Barèges, the waters of which appear to be exceedingly efficacious. There the Government has two large military hospitals for the cure of soldiers; for it appears that gunshot wounds are speedily healed by the use of these waters.

Luz is an interesting old town, with a very ancient church, which belonged to the Templars, surrounded by a wall, with battlements. In this church a portion was set apart for the proscribed race called Cagots, and I saw a small door by which alone they were allowed to enter. You are aware, I dare say, that the Cagot was a leper, and was not allowed communication with other human beings.

Near Luz is St. Sauveur, a handsome bathing-place, perched on the side of a hill, and noted for having been frequented by the Emperor and Empress. A fine stone bridge has been presented to the inhabitants by the Emperor. Over this bridge you enter the beautiful valley of the Gave de Gavarnie, containing some of the finest scenery of the Pyrenees. Gèdres, a village half way, is charming, and would detain an artist a long time to study all its beauties. Then "The Chaos," a short distance on, is exceedingly interesting. It is a wonderful confusion of huge masses of rock, and looks as though a mountain had tumbled to pieces. One fallen mass forms a natural bridge, through which the river rushes and roars, and—

> "Doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder everlastingly."

I sketched several views here, being particularly pleased with the rich colour of the rocks, and the green lichen which covered them. Far above all, in the distance, towered the wonderful Cirque de Gavarnie, with the Brèche de Roland, which I had so long wished to see. I established myself in the little inn at Gavarnie, and immediately took a stroll to the Cirque, distant about three miles. As it had rained hard for many hours, I found all the torrents much swelled, and had great difficulty in reaching the foot of this magnificent amphitheatre, down the walls of which dashed a waterfall of 1,300 feet. There are many of these cirques in the Pyrenees, but this is generally considered the grandest: the great height of the rocks, the fine ledges of snow, with the strange and romantic Brèche de Roland, make

a combination of savage grandeur rarely equalled. The Brèche de Roland is a gigantic cleft in the mountainous walls separating France from Spain, and is reported to have been made by the brave Paladin Roland, with his trusty blade "Durandal," to open a passage in pursuit of the Moors. It is a rough and hazardous climb in early spring when there is much ice.

I stopped at Gavarnie several days studying, aided by the knowledge which my friend Mr. Packe (who has published an excellent guide) possesses of the country. We visited and sketched several times in the Val d'Ossone and neighbourhood. My friend is very well known in the Pyrenees, but his usual quarters are at Gavarnie, which he considers the point of greatest interest. My last point of study was Luchon and its neighbourhood, approached by the charming valley D'Aure, and the Col called the Hourquette d'Aspin. Luchon is itself a beautiful little town, with very agreeable gardens and promenades for the bathers: it was curious to see them issuing forth in the early morning with gay hoods and long gray cloaks. In August this place is always hot, lying as it does in a basin exposed to the full glare of the sun, and I soon found it desirable to mount again to a cooler atmosphere, and therefore ascended to Lac d'Oo, and sketched there two days; finding the sleeping accommodation very rough indeed, and other things to match. I had intended climbing still higher, to the Lac Glacé, but after engaging a guide was prevented by a dense fog. I got, however, a careful study of the Lac d'Oo, which is of a lovely green blue colour, and on a fine day, the various shades occasioned by the reflections of the rocks, the waterfalls, and delicate rays of sunlight along the surface, form a beautiful picture.

One of the most charming walks from Luchon is to the Val de Lys; after half an hour you pass the picturesque border tower of Castel Vieilh, perched on a projecting crag, and then crossing the river at Pont Ravi, leave the road to the Port de Venasque, and enter the gorge, out of which the Lys rushes. The whole of this little valley abounds in bits for the artist's pencil, and it reminded me continually of Lymouth in Devonshire; it expands into a beautiful basin at last, and is there shut in by lofty mountains, forming a magnificent cirque, the centre of which is finished by a cascade. Above this is a gorge called the Trou d'Enfer; from whence there is a fine Alpine walk to Lac d'Oo. Here I was driven from sketching by the gathering

clouds of a magnificent thunderstorm, the whole effect of which was so fine that I did not the least regret the drenching I got before reaching Luchon. My last study was now to be made, for my time was almost gone, so I arranged with a lady and gentleman to visit the famous Port de Venasque, get a glimpse of the Maladetta mountain, and just pass into Spain. The night was stormy, and at four o'clock in the morning both guides and landlord said it was not a safe day for ladies, at any rate; however, as it was my last chance, and the weather after an hour or two appeared better, I thought I would just stroll off alone. After a good fagging walk the ascent to the Port began, and a hard climb it was; I reached at last a cavern, called the Trou des Chaudronniers thus named, because a party of nine poor tinkers were here overwhelmed in the snow. The strong gusty wind blew down upon me very heavily, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet. In a recess of the mountain I came upon a charming sight; four little lakes or tarns, frozen over a great part of the year, and still encumbered with many floating blocks of ice, although the sun was shining fiercely. These little lakes were wonderful for colour, one was purply black, another steel-gray, the others like sapphires, and all encompassed by rocks of the richest yellow and roseate hues, reminding me of precious jewels set in chased gold.

Standing in a niche of the rocks, to avoid being jerked into one of the tarns by the gusts of wind, I could do nothing in the way of sketching; many times did I say to myself, "Now I am come so far must I not have a sketch at all?" But the wind was imperative, threatening to blow not only my folio, but myself, down the precipice; so committing the scene to the choicest corner of my memory, I left it for the last climb. Zig-zaging my way up to the Port, or gigantic wedge-like opening, almost another Brèche de Roland, I could hear the wind roaring through it with tremendous force. I threw myself against it, but was obliged to cling to the rocks on the ground, or otherwise I should have been blown away like a shred of paper. I had been warned indeed, that it was wild weather on the mountains, but as it seemed tolerably quiet below, I did not expect such a blast. I now realized the truth of the Pyrenean proverb, "In the Port when the wind rages, the father waits not for his son nor the son for his father," and, "He who has not been on the sea, or in

the Port, during a storm, knows not the power of God." Stooping and creeping along, I got under the huge precipices, at least 200 feet high, which I could touch on each side, but stay a moment I could not, nor indeed could scarcely breathe, so I had to descend a little on the Spanish side, and crouch down under the shelter of a mass of rocks.

Then I had time to take in the grand scene before me. There was the enormous mountain, called, from its utterly barren and dreary air, and from the desolation spread around it, "The Maladetta." Its summit and ridges are covered with everlasting snow, with the exception of some gigantic black peaks, which break through it; its glaciers hang down the shattered sides until lost among deep ravines and gulfs. They seemed to me of a most extraordinary colour, whether owing to their position, or to a dense cloud and thunderstorm which overhung the whole. Lower down were scanty and blasted pines, greatly adding to the miserable look of the whole. Altogether it struck me as one of the wildest and most weird-like scenes I had ever witnessed. I almost expected the witches to fly across on the wings of the rapidly approaching storm. You may be sure I did not stay to cut pencils or chalks, but dashed away with charcoal, chalk, or brush, as they came to hand, or were blown away in turn; at last down came the livid storm and darkness, and I had to fly below, for I saw a cabane under a fallen rock, and thought I descried smoke. Out rushed a huge Pyrenean dog to devour me, but a man followed calling him off, and in I went to the smugglers' cave. Over the fire crouched two bandits, eating some stew or hash out of a red bowl; the fire of wood on the ground, the various arms, hats, and cloaks, hung on pegs stuck in the rock, made the whole very picturesque. "Well," I thought, "I am fairly in for it, so I must make the best of it." They proved, however, very civil, offering me some wine out of their bottle; but, as the drinking of this in trickling streams was almost always sure to end in its squirting down my neck, I declined, preferring a cup; this, and a good cigar, which they accepted of me, made us firm friends.

I found they had seen my friend Mr. Packe, as he had travelled into Spain by the Port more than once. Having obtained some directions from them as to another Port or pass back again, I started on my return. I succeeded in finding the Col, but when just at the summit I was again overtaken

by the storm, and most unfortunately lost my way in the darkness and uproar. I went on and on, descending a most perilous path into one of the wildest of valleys, sometimes having to cross torrents, which every moment became wider owing to the rain. At last I encountered herds of mules grazing, and these made me suspect I was again in Spain, but still I went on, and plunged into a dense forest. I now began to think seriously that I should have to sleep in it, and come into much closer contact with bears than I wished; neither house nor sign of habitation could I see. Greatly to my relief, I met a young peasant driving a cow; asking him where I was, I had the satisfaction of hearing that I had quite mistaken my way, and that I was in Spain, and had no chance of seeing Luchon that night, or indeed any town or place. "Where are you going, then, my good fellow?" "Up into the mountain with this cow, to sleep under a rock, and there I shall kindle a good fire, and you had better come with me." "No," said I, "rather tie your cow to this old withered pine, and show me the way to some house or cabane." "Oh, no!" said he, "that would scarcely do, since at the root of that tree a cow as good as mine was killed and devoured by a huge bear only two nights ago, and her skin was taken off as well as a butcher could have done it." "Oh, ho! if that is the case, turn back again with me and I will repay you." "Well," said the youth, "I do know of a hermitage about an hour off, where they might let you sleep." As night was fast approaching I trudged contentedly along with him and his cow, wading across streams without any ceremony; and at last, like the valiant Black Knight in "Ivanhoe," we did come to a cabane beside a ruined chapel, and there the good woman made a mess of French beans and potatoes, and by good luck some one had a trout, so that I did not go supperless to the bed that they prepared for me in haste. Before my supper was finished every one within reach had come in, and two Spanish douaniers sat down with me, inquiring into my adventures. They took a friendly glass of wine, and smoked some cigars, which fortunately I had purchased of the smugglers, and we passed a pleasant hour, telling of most romantic encounters with bears, wolves, banditti, smugglers, &c. &c. all of which I must beg you to imagine, for I have no more time to describe than I had to draw them. Feeling myself intensely sleepy and tired, I just threw myself on the bed, and slept soundly until called by the landlady at three o'clock in the morning. Although quite dark, we

were obliged to get up, for we had before us a fatiguing climb over a Col, and a long walk back again into France, in order to save a place I had secured, and paid for, in a diligence. My guide and his sister accompanied me to Luchon; she was a very pretty Spanish girl, dressed in a black velvet jacket, blue gown tucked up, and scarlet petticoat, cane sandals on her feet, and a bright orange handkerchief on her head. Merrily did she and her brother bound over the rocks, and up the crags, tasking all my powers to keep up with them; after five hours and a half we reached Luchon;—the diligence gone just a quarter of an hour; gentleman's name had been called over and he had been reported absent. Great outcry and rejoicing arose when I showed myself at the hotel: landlord in ecstasy, table d'hôte friends much delighted.

The guides were recalled who had received orders to go and search the crevasses in the glaciers for me; so, having received congratulations all round, and calmed down a little, I went up to my bedroom to change my travel-stained dress. Here another scene awaited me, for on the bed, which had been turned down in the most inviting manner, was my night shirt expanded, with arms outstretched in desponding attitude, slippers, candle, and matches all at hand for the recreant wanderer. In rushed the chambermaid: "Oh! Monsieur, combien j'ai souffert pour vous! Ou avez vous passé le nuit? Mais vraiment! vous n'avez pas tombé dans une crevasse donc, pas même cassé la jambe; que je suis charmée de vous voir." Taking all this as it was meant, I slipped my parting bonne main into her hand, and bequeathed to her my boots, which had suffered in the sole almost as much as my sympathising chambermaid. Having taken some breakfast, I was so fortunate to secure the last place in another diligence, and, travelling day and night through Paris, arrived safely in London.

I am often asked by friends who have not visited the Pyrenees to compare them with Switzerland; but I fear by doing so I should run great risk of offending those of my friends who are said to be "Amoureux des Pyrénées," and those who certainly are "Amoureux des Alpes."

They should not be compared, for each has beauties of its own, and even after so many years' study of the Alps I confess myself greatly delighted with the Pyrenees. My first impression was, that the forms were not so wild and striking; but there are ample charms and graces in the colour to

compensate; and if there is not so much snow, nor the wild and extraordinary glacier, there is greater variety of trees and shrubs, and these, with their autumnal tints, must add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. There is indeed something fatiguing and monotonous in the incessant fir all through Switzerland, but it is not so in the Pyrenees, for from the valleys to the summits in these southern countries, the shrubs and trees are constantly changing, giving to the general aspect far richer colour and more varied forms. Thus the beech and birch are very abundant about Les Eaux Chaudes and Les Eaux Bonnes, and in addition to these, we find some smaller trees and shrubs, well known for their great beauty and richness of colour, such as the mountain ash, with its clusters of scarlet berries, the elder of two kinds, one with scarlet berries, the other with white blossoms, such as is common in England. The shrub that affects the lines and colour of the hill-side the most, is undoubtedly the box, which here grows almost large enough to be called a tree. After these in importance, come the hazel, the alder, and wild clematis, with a great variety of plants and flowers, forming in spring a perfect delight to an enthusiastic botanist like Mr. Packe.

Perhaps one is not so much struck by sudden transitions from highly cultivated meadows to forests and rocks, as in Switzerland; but there is more picturesque wildness throughout. There is also more variety, for many of the trees and shrubs are deciduous, and the consequence is that there is more appearance of life; for it is well known that birds do not like, or will not inhabit, forests of trees that do not shed their leaves, preferring foliage that admits the light, and bushes that are placed on the sunny sides of hills.

One of my chief objects in visiting the Pyrenees was to obtain more variety of colour in combination with mountain effects than is found in Switzerland, where the atmosphere is so pure and clear that the landscape does not harmonize well. In the Pyrenees, where there is more mist and hazy warmth of colour, this difficulty vanishes. Owing to the almost entire absence of snow and ice, the whole picture is more in harmony, for although snowy summits add to the wildness of the subject, they are not easy to make into harmonious pictures; and although blue glaciers descending into the valleys add to its singularity, they increase the difficulty

of representation. Most persons have a great preference for pictures with rich and warm colouring, and subjects for these can be more frequently found in the Pyrenees than in Switzerland.

Now I must take the privilege of an old campaigner amongst the mountains to say a few words to my young friends on the preservation of their full walking powers whilst in the Pyrenees. I have mentioned to you that I was surprised to encounter no pedestrians nor any guides walking, every one throwing himself on horseback as often as possible, and very few indeed going further than a carriage would roll or a horse could climb. At Les Eaux Bonnes, I found a guide to walk with me over the Col de Porte and Col de Saucede to Pierrefitte; but he assured me that he and another were the only two who would undertake a walking expedition, although there were a hundred who rode. "None could do it," he said, "in that climate," and at first I attributed this to the great desire of these gasconading fellows to show off with the ladies, exhibit their finery, and crack their detestable whips. It was always enough to excite my spleen to see how they dashed past a poor pedestrian like myself, and threw the dust in his eyes, or entered with great éclat into the villages, creating a sensation amongst the idlers at the hotels, the guides being always on horseback.

I began, however, after two or three long walks in these steamy valleys, to find it very different from the Alps, where four or five hours' climbing, pumping the fresh mountain air into one's lungs, invigorates instead of fatiguing. In the Pyrenees it is impossible to walk with the same comfort; the digestion becomes disordered by the heat, and the system is not braced by the air, when it blows across the arid plains of Spain. It is almost essential to an artist to be on foot; he is more at liberty to move about, to climb a rock, or turn right or left, away from the beaten track, in order to choose the best point of view for his subject; in fact, it is only by this mode of examination or study that he becomes well acquainted with the details.

An accomplished writer has lately stated so fully the advantages of a pedestrian tour, that I am tempted to quote his words. "After all, there is no way of seeing even the least portion of Nature like visiting it on foot. Horseback has its unquestionable advantages, but it has its draw-

backs. 'I came because my horse would come,' is true of many a rider besides John Gilpin; but the negative proposition, 'I couldn't come because my horse couldn't,' must be true of all. What a magnificent view over both sides of the coast that rock must command, which is but ten paces above you, but shuts out all the promontories which your eye longs to trace out! But you are on horseback, and there is the trouble of alighting, tying up your horse, and remounting; and so you leave it unvisited. On yonder bank of olives, you see a strange bright flower; what is it? Between the chinks of the wall, which bound your path, springs some unknown fern-like growth; can it be the Asplenium septentrionale, hitherto only pictured in books, or mythically reported as inhabiting Borrowdale? These questions must remain unanswered; the terrace your horse could not approach, the wall, he in all probability, would not on any persuasion. And so the horseman, if he is also a sketcher and a naturalist, misses much that would delight him, and makes his mountain way amidst many regrets." It is equally important to draw in the early morning, when the effects of light and shade are the most charming, and when the coolness of the mountain air enables one to study without so much fatigue; the evening is also valuable to the artist, as the warm glowing tints, at that time, melt the landscape into a whole picture, with the most harmonizing effect. Under these temptations to use the best or cooler times for his study, the artist is often induced to walk in the middle of the day, when of course it is hottest, and, I need not tell you, prejudicial to health. I arranged, as much as possible, to stop for the night up in the little cabanes or posadas to avoid this loss of time, and thus sometimes remained for four or five days in very solitary places; for after the whip crackers have departed there is often a most charming solitude and poetical effect, accompanied of course with rather rough living and lodging.

Doubtless the most agreeable and healthful time to visit the Pyrenees would be the winter or early spring, when also there would be more snow on the mountains, the absence of which greatly diminishes their grandeur. Again, the Pyrenees are subject, during the month of July more particularly, to dense fogs; and while they lasted, my walks under the trees or by the banks of the Gave were very depressing. One could now and then, when the fog lifted itself, just catch a glimpse of the summit of the mountains,

but not long enough to make any sketch. There was consequently no effect —no distance, no light and shadow; the air was motionless and sad, not even a morsel of blue sky to be seen. A bird would spring from a group of bushes, or sing a few notes, and suddenly stop as if sorrowful. It made me ask, "Is this the joyous south, or foggy England?"—the country, as the French say, of fogs and melancholy. However, with the next morning came a brilliant sun; one could see the mountains again, and penetrate all along the valley, could mark the solitary cloud sleeping in some crevasse, or watch the more rainy clouds rolling themselves about the base of the mountain, and then vanishing: all this was charming. After the gloom—the whole chain seeming to stretch itself, and bask in the glorious sunshine,—a pale white light spread from one side of the horizon to the other, and the heart dilated in the contemplation of the immensity of space:—

"When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance far,
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky,
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath."

Thus I beg to take my leave of you, and hope I have not drawn too long an Outline of a Tour in the Pyrenees.

PYRENEAN PEASANT.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

MEANS AND ACCESSORIES.

CONCLUSION.

IN concluding this Work I must say a few words, from a purely practical point of view, on some of the difficulties experienced when studying Nature, especially as the foregoing instruction has been principally addressed to amateurs and young artists rather than to those who by daily intercourse with the Schools of Art in London and elsewhere have already acquired the necessary information.

The time has long gone by when the painter of Nature was content to make his notes on the backs of letters or in writing, with a few hasty scratches to assist his memory; the study of Nature has become so much more lengthened, earnest, and accurate, that some moveable shelter has been found necessary in order to render the student independent in his choice of a spot from whence to make his sketch.

During the summer months, and where varied and slighter study is required, nothing is better for this purpose than the sketching umbrella, made of brown holland, for this will not affect the tone of the paper by any transmitted colour; it should also be as light and portable as the requisite serviceable size will allow. This, screwed on to its lengthened pike, and sometimes pinned down with guy ropes to render it still more steady, can be planted firmly in the ground, and enables the student to remain undisturbed when his position is invaded by the sun, and keeps him dry in many a passing shower. But when longer sittings and closer study are required,

when the mountain side, the grand but chilling glacier, or even the damp forest glade is the scene of labour, the tent or moveable wooden hut is necessary; for constant study at all times of the day, and during all seasons of the year, is killing work without adequate shelter from the changes of weather. There is indeed something in the mere name of a tent that seems to indicate a dweller with Nature, a soldier of Art ready for warfare with the elements, pitching his camp on the very spot for action. Against the tent it has been urged that its form is not convenient, for the artist requires room for his picture to stand up before him, and thus the light is too much reduced by the canvas, and certainly the moveable square hut is preferable, and is really very comfortable, if a finished picture has to be painted on the spot. These huts are made so that the whole may be taken to pieces and transported in a light cart; and, as they are furnished with one or two large plate-glass windows with good shutters, they can be locked up at night and left quite secure. A little stove and a warm rug or carpet adds greatly to the comfort during the sharp keen winds of the early spring, or when the artist has been tempted by the rich tints of the woods to lengthen his stay far into the autumn, while doubtless the winter snow is likely to be painted more patiently under such advantages.

The most portable seat is a three-legged stool, but this is not by any means too luxurious. I prefer an air cushion or shawl thrown on a rock or bank, unless when sketching in or near a town; the fold-up stool is, however, much more comfortable and better for ladies. There is also a very convenient stool and easel combined, called after Pyne; but it is heavy, and almost necessitates a lad to carry it.

As to paper, it should be thick and well stretched on a light board, or the well-known block of several sheets saves trouble and is very compact.

The moist colour-box, either in pans or in tubes to be squeezed out on a palette, is of course the best; even oil painters are tempted to adopt it by its superior ease and freedom from the trouble of setting and unsetting the palette. I well remember the first year I painted in oil from Nature, often forgetting, in my fatigue after a long day's work, to unset my palette and wash my brushes; and when in bed, having to rouse myself, get up, and do it, well knowing the misery that would result from its being neglected. Then in the morning, what a weary hour it took to prepare a good palette

of tints for a fine day's work; how vexatious to find it impossible to proceed because the paint was not dry! No wonder water-colour has its converts, for sketching at least. But even water-colours want looking at the night before, to see that they are in good working order, as one would at a gun or a fishing-rod and tackle, but this takes only a few minutes.

The water bottle should be filled with boiled water before starting, for one may find oneself in many a situation where not a drop of any kind is to be got. On the Görner Grat one day I had foolishly forgotten mine; but, as there was plenty of snow, and the sun shone fiercely, as it sometimes does, I managed, by means of the black cover of a sketch-book, to get a supply melted.

A little dissolved gum, a few drawing pins, a bottle of white, a small note-book, &c. make nearly all that is required; and, though deprecating the reduction of sketches to a very small size, I should advise the student, by a wise and careful selection, to limit the number of his materials, and thus save himself much inconvenience when travelling.

In conclusion, I can only say that I have endeavoured to trace, in the foregoing pages, the way in which the study of Drawing should be commenced, and the method by which it has been taught for twenty-five years in Rugby School and London, and I trust that, although the best instruction that an artist can give must always be with his hand and voice, as supplying at the moment both example and precept, yet there may be much conveyed in a work throughout which there shall be found abundance of examples and clear directions for study.

In a former work, called "Landscape Painting in Water Colours," this plan was followed, and as the public has stamped its approval, by a very large and continued demand, I have felt encouraged to spend far greater time in rendering this more elementary work a fit instructor to those who have not always the advantage of a master, and as an aid to many in public schools, who have not so much time to give to the study of Drawing.

To ensure success, however, it will be necessary on the part of the student to practise in private diligently and earnestly, with full concentration of thought and powers, and in public schools that the masters should honestly give the study a chance, in proportion to its acknowledged importance in a liberal education.

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